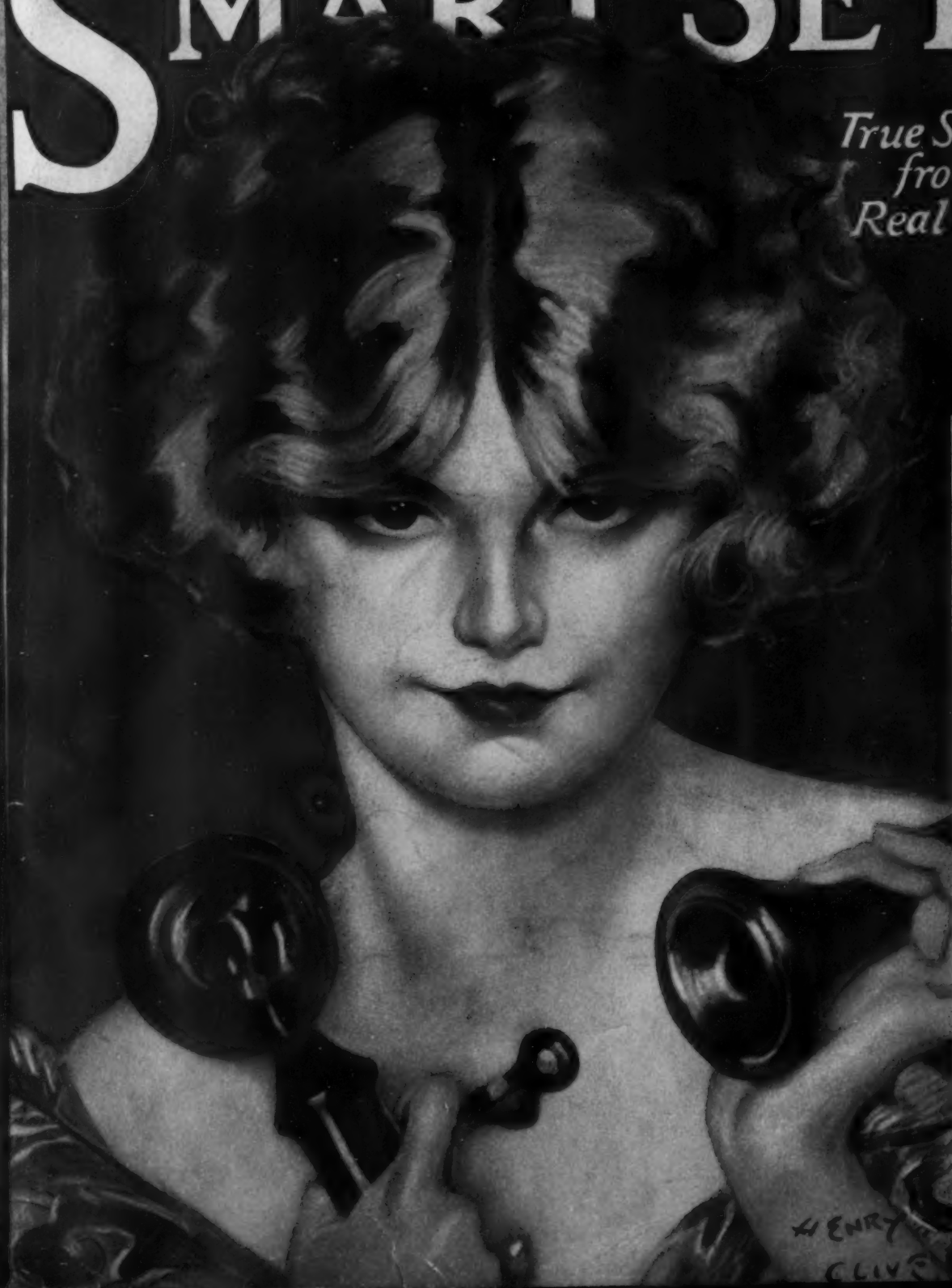


\$2,000 FOR A TIP

*July - 25 Cents*

# SMART SET

*True Stories  
from  
Real Life*



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**Free** Tests of any—  
See Coupon

## Man-Made Beauty

I give credit to men in large part for my beauty and my youth. To the scientists of France and elsewhere who gave their best to me. Mine is a cultivated beauty. All that women envy in me is due to expert care.

The helps I use are due to 40 years of searching. I have made 34 trips to France. There as a girl I learned how to multiply my beauty, and thus gained my glorious career. There I learned how to keep my youth. Now at a grandmother's age, I look like a debutante. The thousands who see me daily on the stage marvel at my bloom.

I am sharing these helps with others. Any toilet counter can supply you Edna Wallace Hopper's beauty aids. They are the best beautifiers the world gave me and I believe them the best in existence. This is to urge you to try them at my cost. See how quickly they bring new fascinations. I believe you will be amazed and delighted.

*Edna Wallace Hopper*



MISS HOPPER as she appears to-day

Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

## Do What I Do

Watch the new loveliness develop  
Your friends will marvel at the change

By Edna Wallace Hopper

These are the leading Edna Wallace Hopper beauty helps. These four preparations combine 52 ingredients and embody the best I have found. Send coupon for a trial. When you once learn what any one can do, I believe you will use them all.

### White Youth Clay

This is a new-type clay, the final results of 20 years of scientific study. It is white, refined and dainty. It combines with three clays other factors which every skin requires. So don't confuse it with the old-type crude and muddy clays.

Youth Clay purges the skin of all that clogs and mars it. It draws out the causes of blackheads and blemishes. It combats all lines and wrinkles. It brings the blood to the skin to nourish and revive it. The quick result is a rosy afterglow.

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The first night's use of my Youth Cream will be a revelation to you. My baby-like complexion shows what daily use can do.

### My Facial Youth

My Facial Youth is a liquid cleanser which I found in France. Today this formula is recognized everywhere as the greatest of skin cleansers. The leading beauty experts advise and employ it, for nothing else known can compare. But my Facial Youth is first to offer this great cleanser at a modest price.

Facial Youth contains no animal, no vegetable fat. It cannot assimilate in any way with the skin. It simply cleans to the depths, then departs. And with it goes all the grime and dirt, dead skin and clogging matter.

I never knew what a clean skin meant until I found this product. Nor will you. And a clean skin is the foundation of beauty. I urge you to learn what it means.

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### Your Choice FREE

Mail this coupon to Edna Wallace Hopper, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago. Check the sample wanted. My Beauty Book will come with it, also samples of my face powders.

- ☐ Facial Youth      ☐ White Youth Clay  
☐ Hair Youth      ☐ Youth Cream

Name .....

Address .....

*One sample is free. If you want more than one, enclose 10c for each additional sample. 88-S.S.*



# Fyr-Fyter's Amazing New Plan to Develop \$10,000 a Year Men

**M**EN in every walk of life will be interested in the details of an announcement now being made by the great Fyr-Fyter Company—world leaders in the manufacture of fire extinguishers. For with a background of growth without parallel in this field, this organization is now on the eve of an expansion that is making itself felt in the whole business world. Every man—whether he has ever sold anything or not—no matter where he lives or what his occupation—can cash in on the very peculiar and amazing new opportunity which is now made possible.



**Frank DePries, Ohio**  
One of our highest-paid men, who was making \$85 a month before he joined our organization.

## Our New Plan

Now, due to the fact that the whole nation is awakened to the necessity for fire prevention equipment—and because Fyr-Fyter has developed a line of this equipment to fit every need (approved by the Underwriters Laboratories)—because business men all over the country have become acquainted with the special fire prevention service offered through Fyr-Fyter men—a great expansion in this business has been started.

National advertising of an extensive nature is one of the things that will be put behind this expansion.

## How to Make \$10,000 a Year

Undoubtedly the surest way to make \$10,000 a year is to enter a field where plenty of other men are making \$10,000 a year. Everybody knows that \$10,000 a year is impossible without an extraordinary proposition. Once in a decade such a proposition comes along. Such an opportunity is now definitely open to men who connect with Fyr-Fyter.

We make this definite statement only because we have a definite new proposition to offer. It comes to you from a company which in six short years of selling direct from the factory to the buyer has built the largest business of its kind in the world—bar none. And what we say backed by the fact that Fyr-Fyter Factory Representatives are one of the highest paid sales organizations in the world—by the fact that they earn hundreds of thousands of dollars a year—by the fact that dozens of these men, whether they work one hour a day or eight hours a day—one day a week or six days a week—are now earning at the rate of \$10,000 a year—and many are earning more.



**L. D. Payne, Iowa**  
One of the big-money men who have been with the Fyr-Fyter Co. for several years.

## Free Training for \$10,000 a Year

Our greatest need in this movement is representatives who can devote all of their time to all classes of prospects, or at least part of their time to supplying large factor-

ies, new buildings and large institutions. We have developed a sure fire plan for selling this wonderful fire equipment—a plan that has already been successful in placing our apparatus in such institutions as the Packard Motor Plant, the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, the Elks Memorial building, and thousands of factories, schools, department stores and homes throughout the country.

The surface has only been scratched. Countless thousands of buildings need this protection from fire. Everybody wants fire protection. The field is enormous. With a

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**M. C. Viles, Wis.**  
Another \$10,000 man whose earnings are still increasing steadily.



**Louis George, Illinois**  
Another man in the \$10,000 class who expects to make \$15,000 this year.

## THE FYR-FYTER COMPANY

1146 Fyr-Fyter Bldg.

Dayton, Ohio

**The Fyr-Fyter Company,**  
1146 Fyr-Fyter Bldg., Dayton, Ohio.  
Send me at once full details of the Fyr-Fyter Plan FREE and without obligation.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

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|---------------------------------------|---|
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Hair Youth   | <input type="checkbox"/> Youth Cream      |

Name .....

Address .....

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Dayton, Ohio

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1146 Fyr-Fyter Bldg., Dayton, Ohio.

Send me at once full details of the Fyr-Fyter Plan FREE and without obligation.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....



## "Tell me the truth"

**S**HE had been dismissed that very afternoon as a salesperson in one of the exclusive shops.

It was a terrific disappointment to her: she had wanted so much to make good.

As she received her final pay-check, she demanded of her employer: "Please tell me the truth—why am I let out?"

"I'd rather not discuss it," the other replied, leaving her even more mystified.

\* \* \*

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. **It puts you on the safe and polite side. Moreover, in using Listerine to combat halitosis, you are quite sure to avoid sore throat and those more serious illnesses that start with throat infections.**

Listerine halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. *Not* by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears.

This safe and long-trusted antiseptic has dozens of different uses; note the little circular that comes with every bottle. Your druggist sells Listerine in the original brown package only—*never in bulk*. There are four sizes: 14 ounce, 7 ounce, 3 ounce and 1¼ ounce. Buy the large size for economy.—Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.

### A Challenge

We'll make a little wager with you that if you try one tube of Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll come back for more.

LARGE TUBE—25 CENTS







**N**OT so long ago the majority of women were afflicted with a self-consciousness which prevented a frank discussion of personal subjects. Now this state of affairs has been replaced by a more fearless attitude. The motto of the younger married woman of today seems to be "Knowledge itself cannot harm me."

The barriers of ignorance have been broken down. To be up-to-date in the subject of feminine hygiene, for instance, is no longer a mark of worldliness. It is a mark of common sense.

In fact, the health of the race is so much a part of this question that it is not surprising to find doctors and nurses up in arms against the use of poisonous antiseptics so prevalent for this purpose in the past.

#### Perfect frankness desirable

The use of these poisons goes beyond the mere personal danger. It has become a family concern, almost a public menace. Every responsible married citizen, whether man or woman, owes it to his or her family welfare to investigate personally this matter of poisonous antiseptics. Between husband and wife perfect frankness and confidence should be established, be-

## How many wives discuss these intimate matters with their husbands?

cause there are many facts bearing on this subject which a man can more easily check up. Any husband or brother who saw service in Europe will tell you about the Great War antiseptic which superseded the poisonous carbolic acid and bichloride of mercury in the hospitals of the Allied Armies. Now this same antiseptic under the name of *Zonite* is superseding these poisons in the practice of feminine hygiene in American homes.

#### New discovery banishes poisoning risk

As every doctor knows, most compounds of cresol and phenol (carbolic acid) contain soapy ingredients to reduce the caustic, burning effect, but nevertheless they remain corrosive in their action. Their use by women frequently results in areas of scar-tissue and eventual

hardening of delicate membranes.

Compare with this the benign action of *Zonite*. This new antiseptic and germicide is immensely powerful and yet absolutely non-poisonous. It is far stronger than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be applied to the body. The woman who uses *Zonite* for feminine hygiene is running no risk of permanent injury. She can be assured of hygienic cleanliness, surgical clean-

liness, without fear of the deadly "skull-and-crossbones."

Fatal as *Zonite* is to germ-life, it is so harmless to human beings that leading dentists from coast to coast are recommending its use as a mouth antiseptic. What other powerful germicide can be held in the mouth? *Zonite* is actually safe in the hands of a child.

#### Full directions in package Special booklet on request

*Zonite* has spread rapidly. Already it can be bought in nearly every drug store in the country. Full directions for its many uses come in every package.

However, the Women's Division has issued a special booklet for the use and convenience of women. The information it contains about modern feminine hygiene is concise and authentic. It is a booklet every mother will want to give her daughter—a booklet every wife should have. It comes in dainty "social correspondence" envelope. Send for it. Read it. Pass it along to others.



*Zonite a medicine chest in itself*

For prevention against colds, coughs, grippe and influenza.

For a daily mouthwash to guard against pyorrhea and other gum infections.

Remember that *Zonite*, though a very powerful antiseptic, is non-poisonous and absolutely safe to use.

Use *Zonite Ointment* for sunburn, insect bites, poison ivy, burns, scratches and other surface infections. Also, as a powerful deodorant in vanishing cream form.



# Zonite

In bottles, 25c, 50c and \$1.00  
at drug stores



#### USE THE COUPON BELOW

ZONITE PRODUCTS CO., Women's Division  
Postum Building, 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the *Zonite* booklet or booklets checked below.

☐ Feminine Hygiene S-15  
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Please PRINT Name

In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto

VOL. 78  
NO. 5

# SMART SET

JULY  
1926

*True Stories from Real Life*

## Contents

	Page
<i>Cover Portrait by Henry Clive</i>	
What is a Fad? (Editorial) . . . . .	6
June Lovers (Verse) . . . . .	9
By HARRY LEE	
Easy Money (Story of the Night Clubs) . . . . .	10
The Gilded Trap . . . . .	13
The Cross-Tie (Prize Story) . . . . .	16
Movie Limerick Contest . . . . .	22
Playing with Matches . . . . .	25
Dimpled Knees . . . . .	28
The Man I Couldn't Marry . . . . .	32
Footsteps in the Fog . . . . .	36
I Wanted a Thrill so I Crashed the Gate! . . . . .	40
"Let Them Go!" . . . . .	44
By ELINOR GLYN	
"—And I Learned About Men From Him!" . . . . .	46
How I Was Punished . . . . .	48
My Vacation Boy-Friend . . . . .	51
Hollywood Snapshots (Motion Picture Pictorial) . . . . .	53
My Rich Fiancé (Part 2) . . . . .	57
"How I Regained Her Love" (Prize-Winning Letter) . . . . .	61
When Flapper Turns Mother . . . . .	62
By ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON	
For the Sake of Julie (Part I) . . . . .	64
My Train Romance . . . . .	68
The Trail of the Yellow Rose . . . . .	69

*Although manuscripts and drawings are submitted at the owners' risk, every effort will be made to return those found unavailable*

## Accusation

*In the midst of the biggest tragedy of her life a girl is wrongfully accused. She faces the music like a soldier until suddenly she hears her sweetheart accused of wronging another girl.*

*For a moment she stands, pale, irresolute, and then . . . .*

*Read the outcome of this tense, gripping drama of real life in the*

**August**  
**SMART SET**  
**Out July 1st**

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# "Are You Neglecting Your Biggest Opportunity?"



S. A. Cash  
Traffic Mgr.

L. D. Duncan  
Credit Mgr.

Donald McDonald, Jr.  
Vice-President and  
General Mgr. of Sales

Plant—B. F. AVERY & SONS, Louisville, Kentucky



## "LaSalle Makes Men More Valuable to Us"

"In our own organization one of our Vice-Presidents, our Traffic Manager, and several other important members of our sales and office force have taken various parts of the LaSalle curriculum with obvious benefits to themselves and the organization as a whole. As I see it, LaSalle training makes a man worth more not only to himself but to the firm he works for. Promotion is the logical result."

(Signed) WM. BLACK  
President, B. F. Avery & Sons  
**"The Biggest Opportunity In Business"**

"I consider that LaSalle Extension University and the principles of study on which it is founded constitute one of the greatest forward influences in modern business. Due to these courses of study it is possible for a young man to gather knowledge which it has hitherto been impossible to get except from actual experience."

"I believe a young man in business who fails to take advantage of the information offered by such institutions as LaSalle is neglecting probably the biggest opportunity he has."

(Signed)  
DONALD McDONALD, Jr.  
Vice-President  
General Manager of Sales.

## How LaSalle Helps a Great Corporation, 100 Years Old, Maintain Its Leadership

**B. F. AVERY & SONS**, Louisville, Ky.—largest manufacturer of agricultural machinery in the South—has just celebrated its one-hundredth birthday.

Unlike so many time-honored corporations, however, this company does not parade itself as an "old-established-institution." On the contrary, its entire point of view is that of a young and forward-looking business. The men who direct its policies are open-minded and aggressive. *They are keeping that way thru the pursuit of LaSalle home-study business training.*

For example, it was LaSalle training in Higher Accountancy that helped Donald McDonald advance from the position of Secretary and Assistant Manager to that of Vice-President and General Manager of Sales. It was LaSalle training in Traffic Management that helped S. A. Cash advance from clerk to Traffic Manager. It was LaSalle training in Modern Business Correspondence and Business Management that helped C. L. McClure advance from general bookkeeper to Office Manager. It was LaSalle training in Business Management that helped L. D. Duncan make good as Credit Manager, and LaSalle training in Personnel Management that prepared E. H. Bolton as Manager of Personnel.

*All told, twenty-eight "Avery" men—in widely different departments—are furthering their progress thru LaSalle home-study training.*

"I have seen such evidence of what LaSalle

training can do for a man, in so many different branches of business," writes William Black, president of the company, "that I am prepared to say that any man of average ability, in practically any business organization you can name, will find at least one course of LaSalle training that will greatly increase his worth to himself and to the company he works for."

## "Are You Neglecting Your Biggest Opportunity?"

You have often wondered if LaSalle training could be of help to you—but perhaps you have concluded, as so many do, that your situation is "different."—"All right for some," you have said, "but not for me."

*Read again the records of these executives with B. F. Avery & Sons—then ask yourself whether you can honestly accept that alibi.*

The coupon will bring you, without obligation, full particulars of a clear and definite plan that has doubled and tripled the incomes of thousands and thousands of LaSalle-trained men.

## These Books Free

With it you will receive a 64-page book setting forth the opportunities in the business field in which you most prefer to win success, together with a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," the inspiring story of how one man, after years of wandering, found the path to responsibility and power.

This moment—while you read these words—your start toward greater earning power is as near you as the point of your pencil. Fill, clip, and mail the coupon—NOW!

# LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

THE WORLD'S LARGEST BUSINESS TRAINING INSTITUTION

FIND YOURSELF THRU LA SALLE!

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

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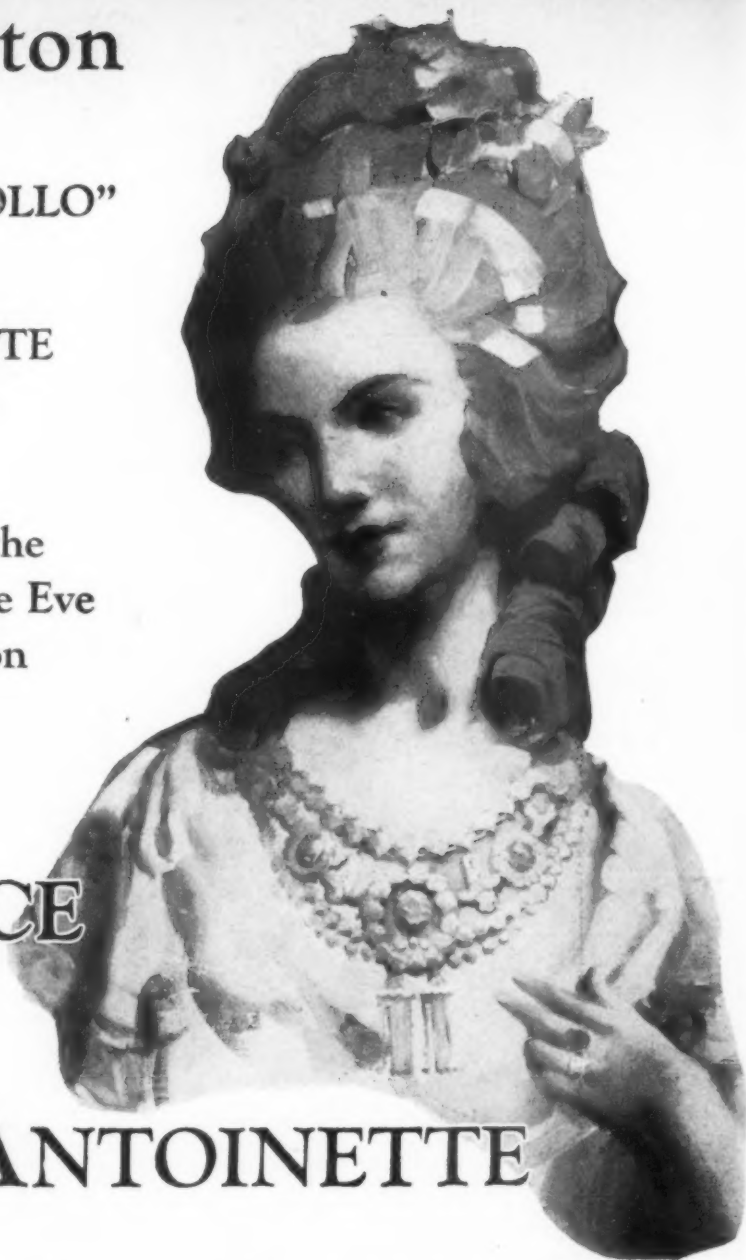
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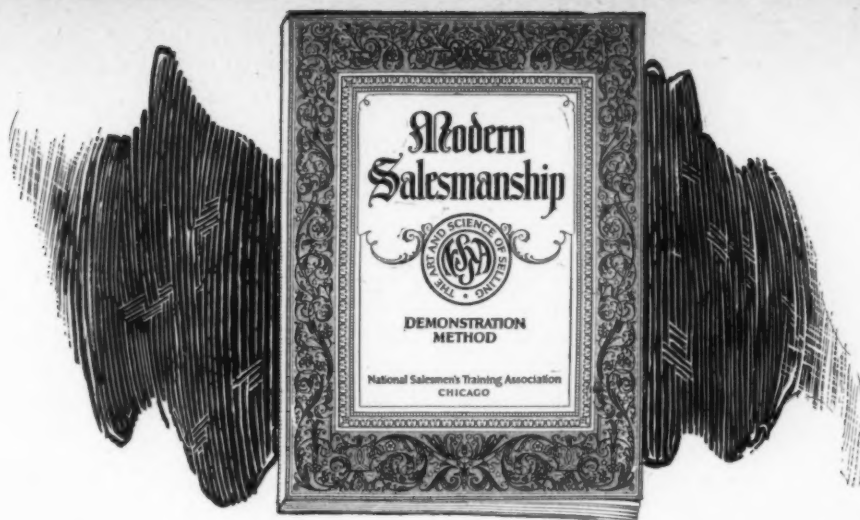
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## Man-Made Beauty

I give credit to men in large part for my beauty and my youth. To the scientists of France and elsewhere who gave their best to me. Mine is a cultivated beauty. All that women envy in me is due to expert care.

The helps I use are due to 40 years of searching. I have made 34 trips to France. There as a girl I learned how to multiply my beauty, and thus gained my glorious career. There I learned how to keep my youth. Now at a grandmother's age, I look like a debutante. The thousands who see me daily on the stage marvel at my bloom.

I am sharing these helps with others. Any toilet counter can supply you Edna Wallace Hopper's beauty aids. They are the best beautifiers the world gave me and I believe them the best in existence. This is to urge you to try them at my cost. See how quickly they bring new fascinations. I believe you will be amazed and delighted.

*Edna Wallace Hopper*



MISS HOPPER as she appears to-day

Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

## Do What I Do

Watch the new loveliness develop  
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These are the leading Edna Wallace Hopper beauty helps. These four preparations combine 52 ingredients and embody the best I have found. Send coupon for a trial. When you once learn what any one can do, I believe you will use them all.

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This is a new-type clay, the final results of 20 years of scientific study. It is white, refined and dainty. It combines with three clays other factors which every skin requires. So don't confuse it with the old-type crude and muddy clays.

Youth Clay purges the skin of all that clogs and mars it. It draws out the causes of blackheads and blemishes. It combats all lines and wrinkles. It brings the blood to the skin to nourish and revive it. The quick result is a rosy afterglow.

I have seen Youth Clay bring to countless girls new beauty in half an hour. Older women often seem to drop ten years. The sample will prove to you that no girl or woman can appear at her best without it.

### A Multiple Cream

My Youth Cream comes in two types—cold cream and vanishing. One is for night

use, the other for day. No skin should ever be an hour without it.

My Youth Cream applies many valuable factors, all in one application. These include products of both lemon and strawberry. Also all the best that science knows to foster, feed and preserve the skin.

The first night's use of my Youth Cream will be a revelation to you. My baby-like complexion shows what daily use can do.

### My Facial Youth

My Facial Youth is a liquid cleanser which I found in France. Today this formula is recognized everywhere as the greatest of skin cleansers. The leading beauty experts advise and employ it, for nothing else known can compare. But my Facial Youth is first to offer this great cleanser at a modest price.

Facial Youth contains no animal, no vegetable fat. It cannot assimilate in any way with the skin. It simply cleans to the depths, then departs. And with it goes all the grime and dirt, dead skin and clogging matter.

I never knew what a clean skin meant until I found this product. Nor will you. And a clean skin is the foundation of beauty. I urge you to learn what it means.

### My Hair Youth

Millions marvel at my hair. It is thick and lustrous, far more luxuriant than 40 years ago. I have never had falling hair or dandruff and never a touch of gray.

This I also owe to France. Her great experts gave me what is now combined in my Hair Youth. The product is concentrated, so I apply it with an eye-dropper directly to the scalp. There it combats the hardened oil and dandruff which stifle the hair roots. It tones and stimulates the scalp. You feel that instantly. Hair thrives on a scalp so cared for as flowers thrive in a well-kept garden.

The sample bottle which I send with eye-dropper will show you what Hair Youth does.

*This coupon will bring you a sample of the help you most desire. My Beauty Book will come with it, also some samples of my products. Clip it and send it to me.*

### Your Choice FREE

Mail this coupon to Edna Wallace Hopper, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago. Check the sample wanted. My Beauty Book will come with it, also samples of my face powders.

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*One sample is free. If you want more than one, enclose 10c for each additional sample.*  
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# Fyr-Fyter's Amazing New Plan to Develop \$10,000 a Year Men

**M**EN in every walk of life will be interested in the details of an

announcement now being made by the great Fyr-Fyter Company—world leaders in the manufacture of fire extinguishers. For with a background of growth without parallel in this field, this organization is now on the eve of an expansion that is making itself felt in the whole business world. Every man—whether he has ever sold anything or not—no matter where he lives or what his occupation—can cash in on the very peculiar and amazing new opportunity which is now made possible.

## How to Make \$10,000 a Year

Undoubtedly the surest way to make \$10,000 a year is to enter a field where plenty of other men are making \$10,000 a year. Everybody knows that \$10,000 a year is impossible without an extraordinary proposition. Once in a decade such a proposition comes along. Such an opportunity is now definitely open to men who connect with Fyr-Fyter.

We make this definite statement only because we have a definite new proposition to offer. It comes to you from a company which in six short years of selling direct from the factory to the buyer has built the largest business of its kind in the world—bar none. And what we say backed by the fact that Fyr-Fyter Factory Representatives are one of the highest paid sales organizations in the world—by the fact that they earn hundreds of thousands of dollars a year—by the fact that dozens of these men, whether they work one hour a day or eight hours a day—one day a week or six days a week—are now earning at the rate of \$10,000 a year—and many are earning more.



**Frank DePries, Ohio**  
One of our highest-paid men, who was making \$85 a month before he joined our organization.

## Our New Plan

Now, due to the fact that the whole nation is awakened to the necessity for fire prevention equipment—and because Fyr-Fyter has developed a line of this equipment to fit every need (approved by the Underwriters Laboratories)—because business men all over the country have become acquainted with the special fire prevention service offered through Fyr-Fyter men—a great expansion in this business has been started.

National advertising of an extensive nature is one of the things that will be put behind this expansion.



**L. D. Payne, Iowa**  
One of the big-money men who have been with the Fyr-Fyter Co. for several years.

## Free Training for \$10,000 a Year

Our greatest need in this movement is representatives who can devote all of their time to all classes of prospects, or at least part of their time to supplying large factories, new buildings and large institutions. We have developed a sure fire plan for selling this wonderful fire equipment—a plan that has already been successful in placing our apparatus in such institutions as the Packard Motor Plant, the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, the Elks Memorial building, and thousands of factories, schools, department stores and homes throughout the country.

The surface has only been scratched. Countless thousands of buildings need this protection from fire. Everybody wants fire protection. The field is enormous. With a

tested plan for making these sales in homes and large institutions, we are now in a position to train men and start them in profit producing work immediately. We want men who will take this plan and use it to step into positions that increase from \$4,000 to \$10,000 a year.

This plan has been fully developed. We will give you the details. On this page we show you some of those who have used it to step into \$10,000 a year jobs. When you write we will tell you the exact steps by which you may do the same thing.

## Act At Once

We do not ask you to do an hour's work that will not pay you well. We give you an approved proposition plus a standardized procedure that cannot fail to bring results. We show you how to make sales ranging from a few dollars to \$1,000, applying the same principle that may bring only 50c or \$1 in other lines.

Now is your big opportunity to become affiliated with this big, powerful, successful institution. You know you should act at once to get details of this plan. Sending the coupon below is the first step towards one of these \$10,000 jobs. Fill it out and mail immediately to



**M. C. Viles, Wis.**  
Another \$10,000 man whose earnings are still increasing steadily.



**Louis George, Illinois**  
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Dayton, Ohio

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Send me at once full details of the Fyr-Fyter Plan FREE and without obligation.

Name.....

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## WRINKLES GONE IN 3 DAYS



*They vanished  
so quickly I  
was astonished  
at the wonder-  
ful results ~*

By Miss Karsten

For years I tried everything to remove wrinkles which marred my beauty, hindered my pleasure in social life and made me look old before my time, but without results.

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Why look old? Why allow wrinkles, blackheads or pimples to mar your appearance when they can be harmlessly removed as if by magic? No massage—no painful electric treatment—no harmful lotions. Jean Beautifier will amaze you—bring back new youth to your face. Try it!

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**Mac-O-Chee Hosiery Co.**  
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The balance in easy monthly payments. The famous Studebaker 21 Jewel Watch—insured for a lifetime; 8 adjustments, including heat, cold, isochronism and 5 positions—choice of 60 new Art Beauty Cases. Direct from the factory at lowest prices. You save at least 50%.

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**STUDEBAKER WATCH CO.** Dept. M-159 South Bend, Indiana  
Canadian Address: Windsor, Ontario

isn't it? Can I be of any help?"

The girl lifted her eyes and nodded her head. The boy kept on with his paddling. I watched his paddle flash in and out, in and out, the muscles on his forearms bulging under each effort. For an instant I looked away, testing my lines.

Then I heard a scream and saw the nose of the canoe swirl about so that it lay lengthwise in the trough of the waves, rolling dangerously, dipping a little water.

A wave larger than the rest struck it. For an instant it hung half over, the boy throwing his weight to the other side to right it. Then they were both pitched out into the angry, snapping white caps.

I HAD my anchor up and was pulling toward them before I saw them come to the surface. And then only the boy's head appeared. He took a half dozen strokes and grasped the end of the overturned canoe looking about him for the girl. I was pulling with all my strength and came alongside him as he suddenly brought his body up in a jack knife and dove. When he came to the surface again he had the hem of the girl's dress in one of his hands. Half submerged, he struggled to bring her to the surface. I swung about and pulled toward him. His arms were making ineffectual efforts to keep himself afloat. I screamed at him to grasp the prow of my rowboat. He lifted terrified eyes in my direction and grabbed.

As he hung there exhausted, I saw the girl's dress slip out of his hand, and she began to sink below the surface again. For a moment I didn't know what to do. If I dived over the side and got her, he couldn't bring the boat to us. And even while I thought about it, I dived straight down into the icy cold water and opened my eyes. She was spread out like a sheet floating in the breeze from a clothesline, fighting desperately, clutching at the water.

I went underneath her and got her dress from behind and began fighting to get to the surface. It was like lifting a thousand pounds of cement in a bag. Slowly, inch by inch I fought my way upward keeping her at arms length so she couldn't touch me with her hands.

My head came above the surface just before it seemed to burst with pain. I turned on my back for an instant, the waves washing over me, half strangled. She nearly succeeded in catching hold of my arm, and I let myself sink to come up under her and grasp her from the back again.

I looked toward the boy, who was then trying to drag himself up over the side of the boat, an inch at a time, like a man who is using his last bit of strength. I could feel my arms beginning to ache as I held her from me while she struggled. There wasn't any use shouting at him. He was trying, and I was helping him with each little move he made.

Finally, he dragged one leg over the side. In an instant he brought up the other and tumbled into the bottom of the boat, disappearing from view. I was treading water, holding her before me, aching all over now.

Then I saw his head come up into view. He looked about him like a man in a daze, while the boat drifted farther and farther away. I could hear shouts from the shore; I prayed that my strength would last until some one came. Then the boy had the oars out the side and had headed the nose of the boat toward us. I counted his short strokes, hardly strong enough to make any headway through the waves.

Her struggles were weaker and weaker; I wondered if she had lost conscious-

ness. If only she wasn't there! How easy it would have been to just sink below the surface, a moment's struggle, and I wouldn't ever have another of those terrible nights, aching for Beatrice!

I felt myself sinking again. I struggled frantically to bring my nose above the surface. Then something loomed up by me. A hand was on my head, and I could feel someone tugging at my hair. The weight was gone from my right arm, too, and I knew that some one had grasped the girl. I didn't struggle. I was too tired to do anything but just hang there, half conscious.

I could feel myself dragged over the side of the boat, and I sank into the bottom utterly exhausted. There were voices, high pitched and excited, above me. But I didn't open my eyes until I felt the boat scraping on the beach. I struggled to a sitting position and saw them lift the girl out and carry her up over the bank, her arms dangling, her hair streaming down over her shoulders.

I got to my feet, while everything began to whirl in circles about me.

"Better sit down for a minute," I heard some one say in my ear.

"Feeling fine now," I said. I dragged one foot after another up over the bank and leaned against a tree for an instant.

Then there was a woman beside me, her hands on my shoulders, and she was crying, softly and terribly, trying to tell me something.

"That was a wonderful fight you put up, my boy," a voice boomed beside me. "I didn't think any man could have enough strength to hold her up until we got to you. Are you sure you are all right?"

I wanted to laugh then. All right! I was almost a corpse I wanted to tell him! I slipped my hand over my heart and could feel it pounding like the heart of a race horse after a try-out. Then I caught my breath, quickly, sharply!

Of course it would pound after a thing like that! But it was beating evenly and strongly and there wasn't any pain there or in my lung. I took a step backward and saw their eyes follow me anxiously. I wanted to be alone, to think. I mumbled some words and started down along the lake toward my cottage. They called after me about my boat, and I waved a hand and kept on, half running now. I wanted to look at myself in a mirror, wanted to look into my own eyes and ask myself a question.

An hour later I was down in the town on the doorstep of the town doctor. For one long, terrible minute I hesitated before I rang the bell. A shadow appeared against the shade, and as the door swung inward, a pleasant jovial face suddenly sprang in front of me.

"Just want you to test my heart and lungs, doctor," I said as naturally as I could.

"Anything wrong with them," he asked. "No—o—o," I said slowly. Let him find it out for himself. Maybe he'd be expecting it if I told him!

For twenty or thirty minutes he tested with a stethoscope, making me cough, exhale, bend, inhale. Then he laid the instrument down on his desk, slowly and solemnly and said, "My boy, I have bad news for you!"

My heart stopped beating then and I put my hand on the edge of his desk to steady me. What a fool I had been—a drowning man grasping at a straw only to sink again!

I looked into his eyes and, as though he read my thoughts, his lips parted in a hearty laugh. Then he said, "Son, you're as fit as a fiddle—wish my old heart was as good!"



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Do you want, FREE, a trial box of Koskott, that has proved successful in so many cases? If so, you need only to answer this ad. by postcard or letter, asking for FREE BOX. This famous preparation is for dandruff, thinning hair and several forms of BALDNESS. In many cases a new hair growth has been reported when all else had failed. So why not try it now? See for yourself!

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I tried to keep my voice from quavering when I said, "There isn't anything wrong with me at all, doctor?"

He nodded his head and said, "Not a darn thing—you act sorry!"

In a few more minutes I was out on the street. But I wasn't walking. I was floating along like some wild bird circling the clouds. The reds, the browns and golds in the trees were mine—a part of my world. I picked up a leaf and carried it in my hand and held it before my eyes—mine for so long as I lived . . . the beauty of nature . . . the wonder of life . . . Beatrice . . . a man come back from the dead.

I found myself talking to the railroad agent. Then to the man who had taken me out to the cottage the day I arrived. He looked at me as strangely as he had that first day when I said I wanted him to drive out to the cottage with me and get my stuff so that I could get the seven-foot train that night.

"Made up your mind quick, didn't you, Bud?" he asked, scratching his head with that same long finger.

"Something came up suddenly," I explained, and then we were bumping down the little drive to my cottage.

IT WASN'T until I was on the train out of New York the next morning that I began to worry about what I would find when I got back. Oh, God, the torture of that ride, the uncertainty!

It was raining when I stepped off the train in Sharon, and I remembered that wintry night I had come back from the war. The same sickly lights burned on the station platform. I pulled my coat collar up about my neck and my hat down over my eyes while I searched for a familiar face.

Everyone hurried by me, calling greetings to some arrival on the train. Kisses, smiling faces, quick, eager words. I climbed into a taxi and told the driver to take me to my old address.

At the door, I stepped out quickly and paid him. For an instant I hesitated and then picked up my bag and went down the sidewalk to the porch. Everything was the same, the lawn was covered with the leaves that had fallen from the maple trees. Our little roadster stood in the driveway, cold and lonesome-looking.

I stepped on the porch, dropped my bag and stood looking out across the street.

Suddenly I could feel eyes looking at my back. For an instant I was afraid to look around. As I swung about, the front door opened and Beatrice stood framed in the doorway. I tried to smile and make my feet move toward her, but I just stood staring at the terror in her eyes.

Then her lips moved and she put out a hand before her as though to push me away from her. I took a step and she gasped, her hand flying to her mouth as though to stifle a scream. Then she was moving toward me. Her hands touched my face, my clothes, pressed my arms, her eyes looking into mine, questioning, half afraid.

With a sobbing little cry, she was in my arms. I picked her up and carried her into the house. After awhile, her sobs quieted down. She looked into my eyes and ran her fingers over my face and held my cheeks between her hands, touching, pressing to be sure.

I put my hand under her chin and looked into her eyes, glistening eyes, speckled with little spots of gold. I kissed her on lips that clung to mine, and my heart sang, for I knew that she was mine, had always been mine, would always be mine.

THE END

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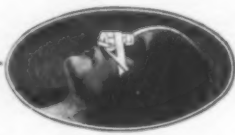
# MAKE YOUR UNATTRACTIVE NOSE A THING OF BEAUTY—YOU CAN DO IT!

Why suffer ugliness and humiliation because of an unshapely nose? Why be laughed at, mocked or shunned when it can all be avoided and you can take your place alongside of men and women who command favor and attention? If your nose is too long, broad at the nostrils, drooping, turned-up, or bulbous; if it is flat, snub, or flabby; if it is irregular and unshapely in any way, don't stand for it any longer. You need not—you can make your nose a comely feature—becoming to you by using, in privacy, at night, the wonderfully efficacious, absolutely harmless



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Please send me free booklet "Nature's Way to Happiness."

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Crossing tapes insure adjustable, even pressure. Reinforced edges make the Anita adjustable in every way.



BEFORE AFTER

### AVOID DANGEROUS METHODS

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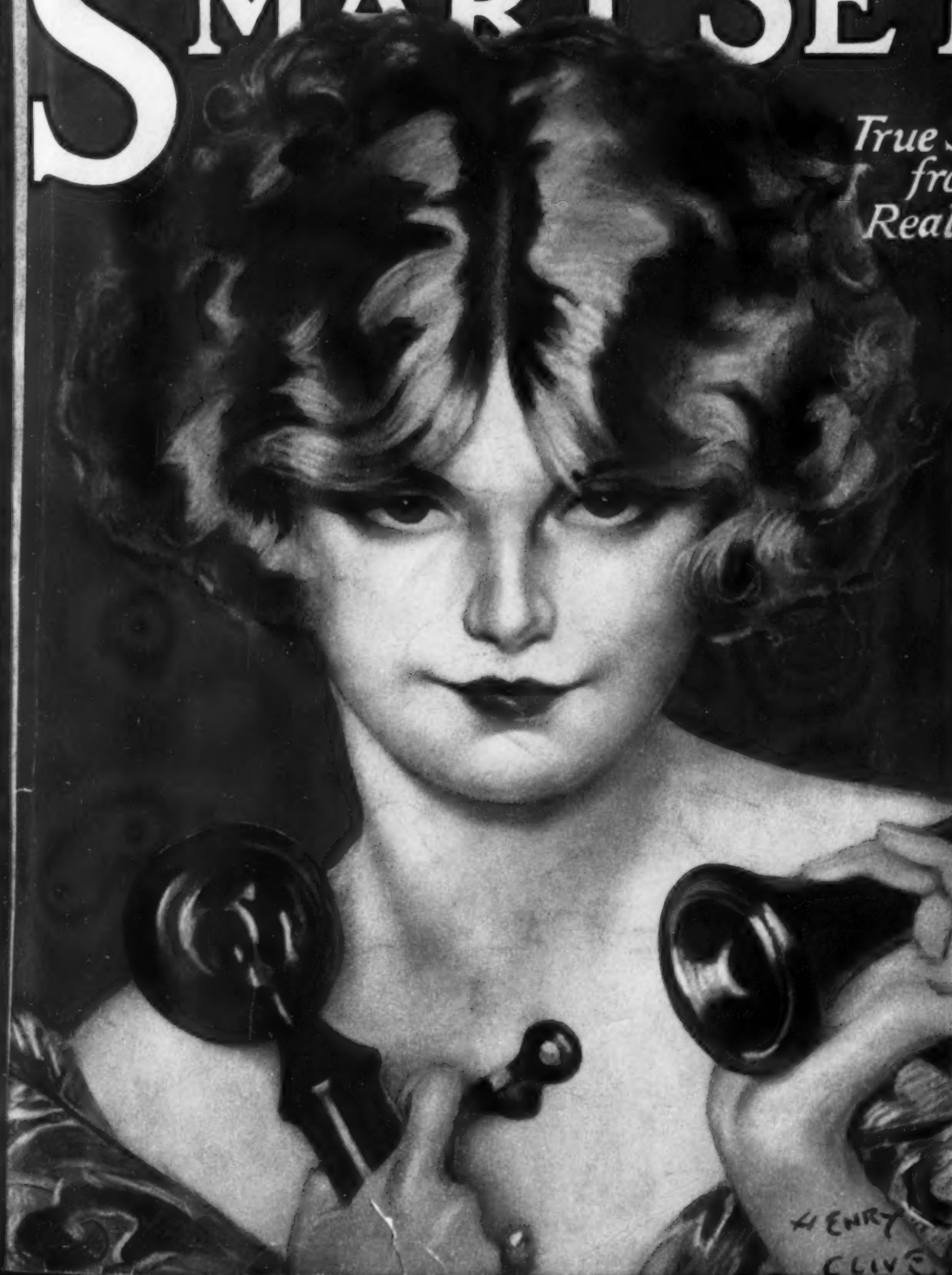
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# SMART SET

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## Man-Made Beauty

I give credit to men in large part for my beauty and my youth. To the scientists of France and elsewhere who gave their best to me. Mine is a cultivated beauty. All that women envy in me is due to expert care.

The helps I use are due to 40 years of searching. I have made 34 trips to France. There as a girl I learned how to multiply my beauty, and thus gained my glorious career. There I learned how to keep my youth. Now at a grandmother's age, I look like a debutante. The thousands who see me daily on the stage marvel at my bloom.

I am sharing these helps with others. Any toilet counter can supply you Edna Wallace Hopper's beauty aids. They are the best beautifiers the world gave me and I believe them the best in existence. This is to urge you to try them at my cost. See how quickly they bring new fascinations. I believe you will be amazed and delighted.

*Edna Wallace Hopper*



MISS HOPPER as she appears to-day

Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

## Do What I Do

Watch the new loveliness develop  
Your friends will marvel at the change

By Edna Wallace Hopper

These are the leading Edna Wallace Hopper beauty helps. These four preparations combine 52 ingredients and embody the best I have found. Send coupon for a trial. When you once learn what any one can do, I believe you will use them all.

### White Youth Clay

This is a new-type clay, the final results of 20 years of scientific study. It is white, refined and dainty. It combines with three clays other factors which every skin requires. So don't confuse it with the old-type crude and muddy clays.

Youth Clay purges the skin of all that clogs and mars it. It draws out the causes of blackheads and blemishes. It combats all lines and wrinkles. It brings the blood to the skin to nourish and revive it. The quick result is a rosy afterglow.

I have seen Youth Clay bring to countless girls new beauty in half an hour. Older women often seem to drop ten years. The sample will prove to you that no girl or woman can appear at her best without it.

### A Multiple Cream

My Youth Cream comes in two types—told cream and vanishing. One is for night

use, the other for day. No skin should ever be an hour without it.

My Youth Cream applies many valuable factors, all in one application. These include products of both lemon and strawberry. Also all the best that science knows to foster, feed and preserve the skin.

The first night's use of my Youth Cream will be a revelation to you. My baby-like complexion shows what daily use can do.

### My Facial Youth

My Facial Youth is a liquid cleanser which I found in France. Today this formula is recognized everywhere as the greatest of skin cleansers. The leading beauty experts advise and employ it, for nothing else known can compare. But my Facial Youth is first to offer this great cleanser at a modest price.

Facial Youth contains no animal, no vegetable fat. It cannot assimilate in any way with the skin. It simply cleans to the depths, then departs. And with it goes all the grime and dirt, dead skin and clogging matter.

I never knew what a clean skin meant until I found this product. Nor will you. And a clean skin is the foundation of beauty. I urge you to learn what it means.

### My Hair Youth

Millions marvel at my hair. It is thick and lustrous, far more luxuriant than 40 years ago. I have never had falling hair or dandruff and never a touch of gray.

This I also owe to France. Her great experts gave me what is now combined in my Hair Youth. The product is concentrated, so I apply it with an eye-dropper directly to the scalp. There it combats the hardened oil and dandruff which stifle the hair roots. It tones and stimulates the scalp. You feel that instantly. Hair thrives on a scalp so cared for as flowers thrive in a well-kept garden.

The sample bottle which I send with eye-dropper will show you what Hair Youth does.

*This coupon will bring you a sample of the help you most desire. My Beauty Book will come with it, also some samples of my products. Clip it and send it to me.*

### Your Choice FREE

Mail this coupon to Edna Wallace Hopper, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago. Check the sample wanted. My Beauty Book will come with it, also samples of my face powders.

- ☐ Facial Youth      ☐ White Youth Clay  
☐ Hair Youth      ☐ Youth Cream

Name .....

Address .....

*One sample is free. If you want more than one, enclose 10c for each additional sample. 88-S.S.*



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**N**OT so long ago the majority of women were afflicted with a self-consciousness which prevented a frank discussion of personal subjects. Now this state of affairs has been replaced by a more fearless attitude. The motto of the younger married woman of today seems to be "Knowledge itself cannot harm me."

The barriers of ignorance have been broken down. To be up-to-date in the subject of feminine hygiene, for instance, is no longer a mark of worldliness. It is a mark of common sense.

In fact, the health of the race is so much a part of this question that it is not surprising to find doctors and nurses up in arms against the use of poisonous antiseptics so prevalent for this purpose in the past.

#### *Perfect frankness desirable*

The use of these poisons goes beyond the mere personal danger. It has become a family concern, almost a public menace. Every responsible married citizen, whether man or woman, owes it to his or her family welfare to investigate personally this matter of poisonous antiseptics. Between husband and wife perfect frankness and confidence should be established, be-

## *How many wives discuss these intimate matters with their husbands?*

cause there are many facts bearing on this subject which a man can more easily check up. Any husband or brother who saw service in Europe will tell you about the Great War antiseptic which superseded the poisonous carbolic acid and bichloride of mercury in the hospitals of the Allied Armies. Now this same antiseptic under the name of **Zonite** is superseding these poisons in the practice of feminine hygiene in American homes.

#### *New discovery banishes poisoning risk*

As every doctor knows, most compounds of cresol and phenol (carbolic acid) contain soapy ingredients to reduce the caustic, burning effect, but nevertheless they remain corrosive in their action. Their use by women frequently results in areas of scar-tissue and eventual

hardening of delicate membranes.

Compare with this the benign action of **Zonite**. This new antiseptic and germicide is immensely powerful and yet absolutely *non-poisonous*. It is far stronger than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be applied to the body. The woman who uses **Zonite** for feminine hygiene is running no risk of permanent injury. She can be assured of hygienic cleanliness, surgical cleanliness, without fear of the deadly "skull-and-crossbones."

Fatal as **Zonite** is to germ-life, it is so harmless to human beings that leading dentists from coast to coast are recommending its use as a mouth antiseptic. What other powerful germicide can be held in the mouth? **Zonite** is actually safe in the hands of a child.

#### *Full directions in package Special booklet on request*

**Zonite** has spread rapidly. Already it can be bought in nearly every drug store in the country. Full directions for its many uses come in every package.

However, the Women's Division has issued a special booklet for the use and convenience of women. The information it contains about modern feminine hygiene is concise and authentic. It is a booklet every mother will want to give her daughter—a booklet every wife should have. It comes in dainty "social correspondence" envelope. Send for it. Read it. Pass it along to others.



**Zonite a medicine chest in itself**

For prevention against colds, coughs, grippe and influenza.

For a daily mouthwash to guard against pyorrhea and other gum infections.

Remember that **Zonite**, though a very powerful antiseptic, is non-poisonous and absolutely safe to use.

Use **Zonite Ointment** for sunburn, insect bites, poison ivy, burns, scratches and other surface infections. Also, as a powerful deodorant in vanishing cream form.



# **Zonite**

In bottles, 25c, 50c and \$1.00  
at drug stores



#### **USE THE COUPON BELOW**

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Postum Building, 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

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☐ **Use of Antiseptics in the Home**

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## Contents

Page

*Cover Portrail by Henry Clive*

What is a Fad? (Editorial) . . . . . 6

June Lovers (Verse) . . . . . 9

By HARRY LEE

Easy Money (Story of the Night Clubs) . . . . . 10

The Gilded Trap . . . . . 13

The Cross-Tie (Prize Story) . . . . . 16

Movie Limerick Contest . . . . . 22

Playing with Matches . . . . . 25

Dimpled Knees . . . . . 28

The Man I Couldn't Marry . . . . . 32

Footsteps in the Fog . . . . . 36

I Wanted a Thrill so I Crashed the Gate! . . . . . 40

"Let Them Go!" . . . . . 44

By ELINOR GLYN

"—And I Learned About Men From Him!" . . . . . 46

How I Was Punished . . . . . 48

My Vacation Boy-Friend . . . . . 51

Hollywood Snapshots (Motion Picture Pictorial) . . . . . 53

My Rich Fiancé (Part 2) . . . . . 57

"How I Regained Her Love" (Prize-Winning Letter) . . . . . 61

When Flapper Turns Mother . . . . . 62

By ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON

For the Sake of Julie (Part I) . . . . . 64

My Train Romance . . . . . 68

The Trail of the Yellow Rose . . . . . 69

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## August

## SMART SET

*Out July 1st*

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# "Are You Neglecting Your Biggest Opportunity?"



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Credit Mgr.

Donald McDonald, Jr.  
Vice-President and  
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(Signed)  
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Vice-President  
General Manager of Sales.

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Unlike so many time-honored corporations, however, this company does not parade itself as an "old-established-institution." On the contrary, its entire point of view is that of a young and forward-looking business. The men who direct its policies are open-minded and aggressive. They are keeping that way thru the pursuit of LaSalle home-study business training.

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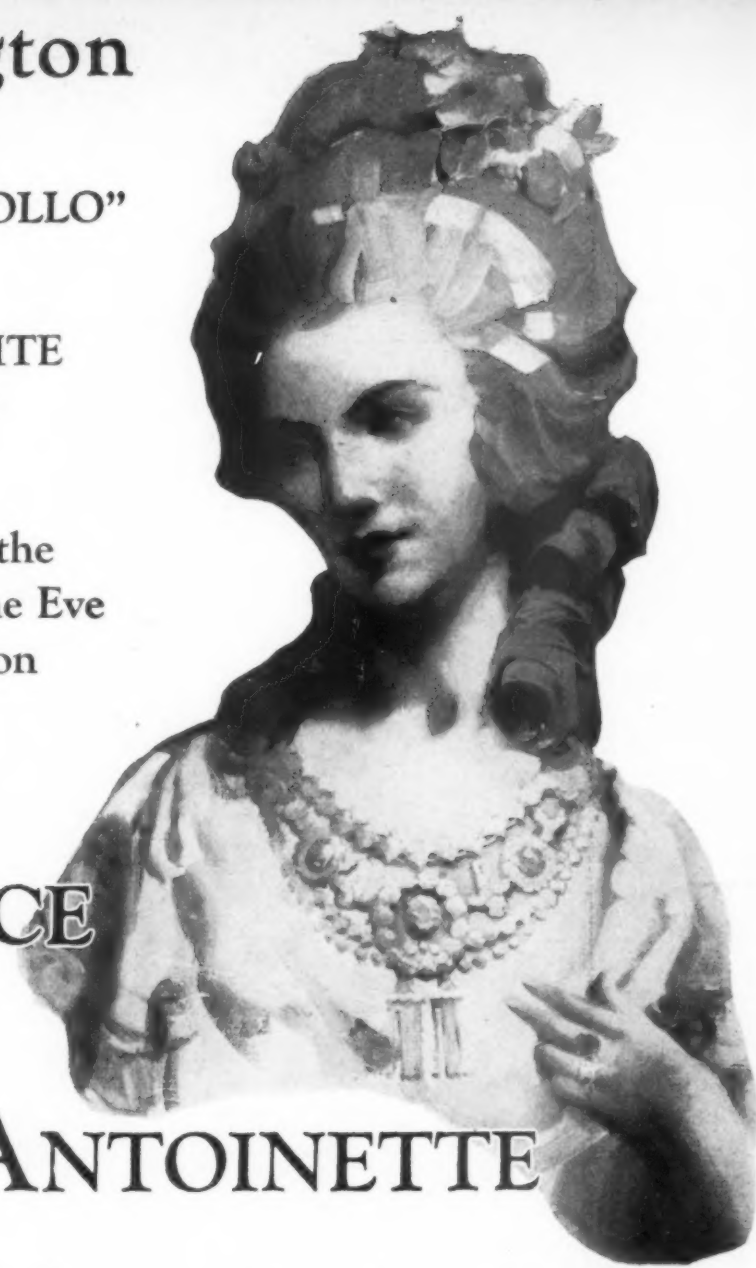
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Without cost or obligation you may send me your free book, "Modern Salesmanship," and all I promise to do is to read it through carefully.

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Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
Age \_\_\_\_\_ Occupation \_\_\_\_\_

## EMPLOYERS

are invited to write to the Employment Dept. of the N. S. T. A. No charge for this service to you or our members. Employers are also cordially invited to request details about the N. S. T. A. Group Plan of instruction for entire sales forces. Synopsis and charts sent without obligation.





## *What is a Fad?*

### EDITORIAL

THE beaches attract millions upon millions of people at this time of the year. Some go for the air; others to bathe in the surf; still others to look at the bathers. And, curiously enough, the bathers seem to go out of their way to attract the gaze of the passers-by.

A few years ago a one-piece bathing suit and a pretty girl would draw enough attention to meet every requirement of the publicity seeker. But the one-piece suit has ceased to be a fad and has become a fashion—and she has adopted it. A man couldn't look at her and think she ran on wheels—but she didn't care, and in spite of the shock and horrors of the older generation she continued to wear it.

But her penchant for attention required a lure. When a thing becomes a more or less universally accepted fashion it no longer attracts attention to the individual and one must think up something new.

Such is the origin of fads. Attract attention! If knee skirts won't do it, roll your stockings. If everybody does that, get a fancy garter. When that becomes too commonplace, put a bell on it. If everybody wears bells, try a new

haircut, or wear your sweetheart's picture on your shoe-buckle. Get some fancy kind of slave bracelet, or wear an evening gown more daring than anyone else. Have a butterfly painted on your knee.

As long as you are the first and only exponent of a thing it is a fad. But as soon as it becomes universal it is a fashion and the insatiable passerby looks elsewhere for something new and shocking.

Garters have helped a lot. They have been decorated with rosettes, watches, brooches, tennis rackets and bells. Now, fancy stockings are coming into the picture—only fads as yet, but who knows how soon they may be fashions?

Fashion models have predicted that the clothes of the average girl would weigh less than a pound this summer—but everybody dresses more or less alike, so the fashions do not draw undue attention. One has to be more than daring to attract the eyes of the crowd.

So we go on. We are getting closer to the garden of Eden in the weight of our clothes each summer.

And the girls have not as yet run out of ideas for new fads!







# Fyr-Fyter's Amazing New Plan to Develop \$10,000 a Year Men

**M**EN in every walk of life will be interested in the details of an announcement now being made by the great Fyr-Fyter Company—world leaders in the manufacture of fire extinguishers. For with a background of growth without parallel in this field, this organization is now on the eve of an expansion that is making itself felt in the whole business world. Every man—whether he has ever sold anything or not—no matter where he lives or what his occupation—can cash in on the very peculiar and amazing new opportunity which is now made possible.

## How to Make \$10,000 a Year

Undoubtedly the surest way to make \$10,000 a year is to enter a field where plenty of other men are making \$10,000 a year. Everybody knows that \$10,000 a year is impossible without an extraordinary proposition. Once in a decade such a proposition comes along. Such an opportunity is now definitely open to men who connect with Fyr-Fyter.

We make this definite statement only because we have a definite new proposition to offer. It comes to you from a company which in six short years of selling direct from the factory to the buyer has built the largest business of its kind in the world—bar none. And what we say backed by the fact that Fyr-FYTER Factory Representatives are one of the highest paid sales organizations in the world—by the fact that they earn hundreds of thousands of dollars a year—by the fact that dozens of these men, whether they work one hour a day or eight hours a day—one day a week or six days a week—are now earning at the rate of \$10,000 a year—and many are earning more.



**Frank DePries, Ohio**  
One of our highest-paid men, who was making \$85 a month before he joined our organization.

## Our New Plan

Now, due to the fact that the whole nation is awakened to the necessity for fire prevention equipment—and because Fyr-Fyter has developed a line of this equipment to fit every need (approved by the Underwriters Laboratories)—because business men all over the country have become acquainted with the special fire prevention service offered through Fyr-Fyter men—a great expansion in this business has been started.

National advertising of an extensive nature is one of the things that will be put behind this expansion.



**L. D. Payne, Iowa**  
One of the big-money men who have been with the Fyr-Fyter Co. for several years.

## Free Training for \$10,000 a Year

Our greatest need in this movement is representatives who can devote all of their time to all classes of prospects, or at least part of their time to supplying large factories, new buildings and large institutions. We have developed a sure fire plan for selling this wonderful fire equipment—a plan that has already been successful in placing our apparatus in such institutions as the Packard Motor Plant, the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, the Elks Memorial building, and thousands of factories, schools, department stores and homes throughout the country.

The surface has only been scratched. Countless thousands of buildings need this protection from fire. Everybody wants fire protection. The field is enormous. With a

tested plan for making these sales in homes and large institutions, we are now in a position to train men and start them in profit producing work immediately. We want men who will take this plan and use it to step into positions that increase from \$4,000 to \$10,000 a year.

This plan has been fully developed. We will give you the details. On this page we show you some of those who have used it to step into \$10,000 a year jobs. When you write we will tell you the exact steps by which you may do the same thing.

## Act At Once

We do not ask you to do an hour's work that will not pay you well. We give you an approved proposition plus a standardized procedure that cannot fail to bring results. We show you how sales ranging from a few dollars to \$1,000, applying the same principle that may bring only 50c or \$1 in other lines.

Now is your big opportunity to become affiliated with this big, powerful, successful institution. You know you should act at once to get details of this plan. Sending the coupon below is the first step towards one of these \$10,000 jobs. Fill it out and mail immediately to



**M. C. Viles, Wis.**  
Another \$10,000 man whose earnings are still increasing steadily.



**Louis George, Illinois**  
Another man in the \$10,000 class who expects to make \$15,000 this year.

## THE FYR-FYTER COMPANY

1146 Fyr-Fyter Bldg.

Dayton, Ohio

**The Fyr-Fyter Company,**  
1146 Fyr-Fyter Bldg., Dayton, Ohio.

Send me at once full details of the Fyr-Fyter Plan FREE and without obligation.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....



## "Tell me the truth"

**S**HE had been dismissed that very afternoon as a salesperson in one of the exclusive shops.

It was a terrific disappointment to her: she had wanted so much to make good.

As she received her final pay-check, she demanded of her employer: "Please tell me the truth—why am I let out?"

"I'd rather not discuss it," the other replied, leaving her even more mystified.

\* \* \*

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. **It puts you on the safe and polite side. Moreover, in using Listerine to combat halitosis, you are quite sure to avoid sore throat and those more serious illnesses that start with throat infections.**

Listerine halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. Not by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears.

This safe and long-trusted antiseptic has dozens of different uses; note the little circular that comes with every bottle. Your druggist sells Listerine in the original brown package only—*never in bulk*. There are four sizes: 14 ounce, 7 ounce, 3 ounce and 1¼ ounce. Buy the large size for economy.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

### A Challenge

We'll make a little wager with you that if you try one tube of Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll come back for more.

LARGE TUBE—25 CENTS

For  
HALITOSIS



OR  
LISTERINE







VOL. 78  
NO. 5

# SMART SET

JULY  
1926

*True Stories from Real Life*

## *June Lovers*

By HARRY LEE

*June had been set for the wedding, and so  
They thought they must build 'em a bungalow;  
Went crazy about a plan they'd seen,  
Called The Music Box, in a magazine;  
Sent for the blue-prints; you'd have tho't  
'Twas specifications for heaven they'd got;  
Studied 'em out by the big lamp there—  
Both of 'em parked in the one arm-chair;  
Prattled of red tile and hollyhocks,  
And that blamed little house called  
The Music Box!*

*And they ranted on, about rugs and floors  
And chints and roses and little green doors.  
Ma sighed: "Don't it 'mind you of all the ways  
We used to plan in our own young days?  
The children might give us a lot worse shocks  
Than by building a house called  
The Music Box!"*

*June is here now! The wedding is past;  
They're off honeymooning since Tuesday last;  
The Music Box with the elm trees over;  
Looks down on a valley nodding with clover;  
The windows are open, the curtains blow,  
The table is set with a cloth of snow;  
Ma and I watch the clock, and wait  
For the honk of a horn—the click of a gate;  
The path is bordered with hollyhocks—  
The path to a dream called  
The Music Box!*

# Easy Money



Left—Texas Guinan, hostess of the famous El Fey night club.

Right—Ruby Keeler, who received a \$500 tip.

*"In the chorus I earned \$35 a week. In the Night Club, where I do a song and dance, I got a \$500 tip one night, and almost every week get tips of fifty or hundred-dollar bills!"*

IN THE recent history of one of the night clubs of New York—those reckless, riotous resorts where the big butter and egg men get rid of their rolls—one girl received a royal tip one night of \$2,000. Actually \$2,000 cold for singing a single encore—just one little song. This established a record for high tipping in those cheaply tawdry, yet fabulously expensive, after-midnight rendezvous where highway robbery is practiced legally under the polite terms of "couvert charge" and "soft drinks," and where the girls who do the entertaining—a great many in fact possessing less talent than the average chorus girl—get bigger hands than the most famous stars do in the theatre, and where we get bigger bonuses in cash than girls can in any other profession or place in the world. It's amazing how people part with their money. When rumors of the two-thousand-dollar-tip passed along Broadway it was regarded as a fishy story. But I was working in the place where the girl got it. I was present when it all happened. I



Men who come to night clubs expecting to find the girls eagerly responsive have a surprise waiting.



Y

## The Story of

# "THE \$2,000-TIP-GIRL!"

didn't ever get a thousand dollar tip myself, but I got \$500 once for responding to an encore. I've received fifty and hundred-dollar bills several times, and twenty and twenty-five dollar tips are as free and common as the consumption of synthetic gin.

I've been working in night clubs ever since the visit of H. R. H. Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, to the "El Fey" put a sort of official stamp of approval upon the latest spendthrift madness of Manhattan and made night clubbing the most popular pastime of the social idlers. How much money I've received in tips—for singing little encores at the request of the moneyed night rounders—I couldn't imagine. In some weeks I've made more money than stars of musical comedy, and at that I know I haven't the voice or looks to ever be a really big star. Indeed, profitable as it is to us, I must admit in all honesty that the line of entertainment handed out in most of the clubs wouldn't get across even in vaudeville.

THE girl who got \$2,000 in one night is, however, an exception, and far above the average of the fair entertainers employed to jazz up the late hours for millionaires, tired business men, and the gilded young bloods who are willing, in this age of prohibition, to pay high to kill time. Alice Boulden has a vivacious personality, and a captivating voice. After she became famed as the \$2,000-tip-girl, she got her first opening in a real musical comedy, and scored a hit in "Gay Paree." I remember the night when it all happened.

It was in Texas Guinan's night club, which became so furiously popular after the future king of England came there and let everybody call him "Eddie." Alice, who is a very fair blonde, and Ruby Keeler, a striking brunette famed for her buck-and-wing dance, were the star entertainers. Alice Boulden was singing the main song in her repertoire, "Hard-hearted Hannah," when a businesslike looking man—I should have judged him to be between forty-five and fifty—came in and parked himself at a table which the waiters hurriedly carried in and crowded near the small dance space. I was standing in line with some other girls, waiting to go on in the next number, and he was planted right near us. He didn't look particularly distinguished or wealthy, but, of course, we girls all know multi-millionaires don't carry dollar bills on their coat lapels and are generally almost seedy in their dress, compared to young bank clerks and ribbon counter salesmen. I shouldn't have paid any particular attention to the newcomer, for his face was strange, but I heard some one come up to Texas and tell her in a whisper, he was one of the biggest department store owners in the Middlewest.

As soon as she is tipped off, Texas generally announces notable newcomers to the people in a megaphone voice. Texas is a wonderful person, and she knows her business. By giving everybody the glad hand and a big send-off, it's no wonder she became the most popular hostess along Broadway. As soon as Alice had finished "Hard-hearted Hannah," Texas banged her clappers, called for a big hand for little Alice, and then announced



*We may take their tips, but it is all in an evening's work.*

the arrival of the big merchant prince from the west. He got a big hand, too. When Alice was getting her hand, he was enthusiastic.

It's part of our work in the night clubs to sit around with guests between our numbers and brighten up the conversation. We just hand out a lot of light patter, and try to make strangers feel at home. We sort of try, businesslike, to make them feel their presence there makes us feel gladder than seeing sunshine in the morning—which we seldom do! The department store man had a little talk with Texas, and then Texas asked Alice to go over and sit at his table for a few minutes. Which was not, of course, unusual. Alice told us all about it afterwards.

**T**HE man seemed nice and kind and fatherly. "A little girl like you," he said to Alice, "ought to be in school."

Alice was one of the youngest looking girls there, and Texas made it a point to have the youngest girls whom she could find in town. Alice was pretty, and looked the high school part. She answered the gentleman demurely, saying she'd just love to be in school.

"You shouldn't be here working so late at night," went on the dispenser of dry goods. "You should be in a finishing school."

Alice admitted she'd just love to be in a finishing school. Night club work was hard, you had to stay up late every night, and she'd be glad to get out of it.

"Do you know I liked the way you sang that song," he said. "I wonder, if you'd mind singing it again? I'm one of your tired business men, you know, and to hear a little girl like you does me a lot of good. If you'll do that song over I'll make it worth your while."

Alice laughed. She was a willing kid, and told the man she'd be delighted. She sang "Hard-hearted Hannah" over again. Well, if Hannah was hard-hearted, maybe the song melted that dry-goods' heart. Toward closing time, and as we girls were making our exit, the man beckoned to Alice. "Now, remember, if you want to go to school and study, you shall. You'll hear from me a little later."

Running upstairs to our dressing room, Alice began kidding us. "I'm going to school, girls! I'm go-

ing to school to study! Girls, it's good night and good-bye." She told us all about it, and we thought it was a great joke. Imagine our surprise when Texas Guinan came up, waving a pink slip of paper. "That big butter and egg man has sure given Alice a nice big hand for her little encore," shouted Texas, handing Alice the check, which was for \$2,000. Well, little Alice almost lost her lamps staring at that slip of paper. Texas said the merchant had called her to his table when Alice disappeared. "I want you to give this to that little girl," said he, scribbling in his check book. "Tell her to buy herself some clothes. Two thousand dollars isn't too much for the pleasure her song gave me. Find a good school for her, and this is something to begin with. If she does want to go to school I'll stand the rest of her tuition. If not—" He gave Texas the check.

And little fair-haired, blue-eyed Alice Boulden exceeded the record in all the tips ever received. That tip put her into a distinguished class, and what it eventually did for her meant more than the actual cash itself. Thereafter in the club she was pointed out as the girl who got the \$2,000 tip. It must have considerably increased her weekly averages in bonuses. Certainly there must have been something unusual in the way she sang and behaved her eyes to draw down \$2,000 for a single song! Hearing of the big tip, others didn't want to be pikers themselves. So where they had given ten or

twenty dollars before, a lot of those hard-boiled, tight-fisted big-dollar men—who spent their days over stock tickers and bank balances, but who probably were refusing new Rolls Royces and gowns to their wives—warmed up enough to double and triple their gratuities. I think all the girls profited by it for a while. Of course, Alice got her clothes! You should have seen the glad duds she wore! None of us supposed the merchant ever intended that Alice should go to school—it was just a nice way to pass her the money. And it did mean the beginning of a real career for Alice.

Alice had been working hard in the club for a long time. We all knew she wanted to get into musical comedy. And you know you don't jump into leading rôles—even from the cabarets. I knew something of Alice's story, and I, for one, was glad of her big chance when it came.

[Turn to  
page 77]



Alice Boulden  
who received the \$2,000 tip for a single song

# The Gilded Trap

*"Dazzled by Sudden Fortune,  
I Didn't Ask Who Paid  
for Those Luxurious Rooms—"*

**M**Y MIND was all confusion when I opened my eyes. I hurriedly sat up in bed and stared in perplexity at charming luxury. A silk-sheeted bed the color of apple green! Cool, creamy walls, fashionably panelled! Built into these walls at my left, was a wardrobe-closet and dressing-table whose triple mirrors gleamed like dustless silver. Beyond, a half-opened door revealed a spotless bath done in snowy tile.

Plum-colored chaise-lounge, and a small overstuffed reading chair were set at tête-a-tête angles between the two great windows whose draperies of brocaded black and gold rustled in the breeze. To my right, there were other pieces of beautiful furniture, especially the small table with its basket of grapes, peaches, and oranges flanked by a decanter of wine.

Little gasps of delighted surprise came to my lips as I sat there unable to decide whether I was awake or dreaming. Inwardly my mind fought with the confusion assailing it in a desperate effort to make memory function back to a last conscious moment. Vaguely I remembered the park . . . dizziness . . . then blankness!

Suddenly a door knob turned softly. I turned at the sound, sensing that it would explain all of the luxurious mystery around me. The door opened and a woman entered whose blonde beauty was an exquisite thing to look upon. She moved toward me like a gossamer vision in white clinging silk, her lips curving into a sweet smile:

"Do not be alarmed my dear," she said, standing above me like a white and gold picture. "Late last evening while driving through the park one of our tires had to be changed near where you were lying. I happened to see you and realized you had fainted—"

"Oh!" I exclaimed, finally understanding the blank spot in my memory of what had gone before.

"An Italian nearby said you had been lying that way just before we drove up. I knew you didn't belong out there in the park. I brought you home with me. That's all. Now you must have some breakfast. Marie is bringing a tray," she finished. The words had barely left her lips when a uniformed maid came in bearing a tray of breakfast.

"You are very, very kind," I said, trying to make my eyes



*I studied nightly at art school  
—against overwhelming odds.*



express what an uncertain voice could not. "I am very glad that I came along," she answered, "I am Mrs. Raymond. What is your name?"

"Betty," I said, "Betty Morrison."

"Well, now, Betty, try some breakfast. I'm afraid you're pretty weak after last night. I will be back shortly," she smiled going out of the room.

Mrs. Raymond returned later bearing several silken garments over one arm. She held them up for my inspection saying I was to take my pick. I protested at first. But she had a gracious way that could not be denied.

"**Y**OU are not strong enough by any means to go away yet, and as we are about the same size, you might as well wear these fresh things," she said smiling.

In the bathroom, after a stimulating shower, the great full length mirror on the wall reflected a startlingly different image of me. Some magic,—the sight and sound of Mrs. Raymond, and her luxurious home I suppose,—had put lustre into my eyes. The cold shower had brought a pink glow to my skin. And now, at the soft touch of silken orchid things, the fire of dreams and ambition seemed to rekindle in my veins! In that moment I was almost re-born. I refused then to think that the city was still lurking just around the corner to claim me when I left Mrs. Raymond. You see, New York had drawn me to it as the flame lures the moth and I had become the city's victim.

"Here is a house-dress I'm sure you'll like Betty," said my benefactress, handing me a blue taffeta affair. I draped it eagerly against my body, impatient to watch the effect of pretty clothes once more. A happy little sound escaped



*I ran up the wide stairs, thinking to gain the safety of a locked door.*





my  
lips.  
The dress  
was like a  
thing of magic  
against me. As I  
got into the gown  
with her help. Mrs. Ray-  
mond asked me questions  
about myself. She was the first  
and only person who had shown real  
interest in me since leaving home, and it  
seemed quite natural that the things long sup-  
pressed inside of me should now find a way to my  
tongue. Sitting there on the overstuffed chair I told  
her all about myself.

Down in the green valleys of Cumberland, I had har-  
bored dreams and ambitions. Folks said I had talent  
with a brush and pencil. It seemed that way.

I read a great deal about the fame of girl  
artists in the great city of New York. It  
was the old story of the distant glamor.  
My mother, left all alone, cried when I went  
away, strong and buoyant with youth, taking  
what little money she could spare.

Four months in the teeming city brought  
much heart-break and some disillusionment.  
I lost three jobs in rapid succession while I  
studied nightly at art school. I was not well  
trained enough to hold my own against the  
city's competition. My  
temperament was not  
fitted to business. But  
ambition and dreams do  
not die easily, even  
against overwhelming  
odds. I struggled on,  
determined to triumph  
although remaining in  
New York meant living  
in a cheapness that was  
like acid eating into my  
soul.

I went from place to  
place seeking work that  
would put a few dollars  
in my pocket book. At  
night I often fell asleep  
over my crayon sketches,  
and my poor attempts  
in oil.

One day a telegram  
came. I took the train  
South, dread apprehen-  
sion in my heart. The  
shades of the parlor  
were all tightly drawn  
when I reached our  
house. Black crêpe flutter-  
ed from the old-  
fashioned brass knocker.

I did not cry until they led  
me into the candle-light  
parlor where mother slept in all  
of the white silence of death. Then I  
broke down, my heart knifed by the  
fact that I had gone away and left her  
to die without one last word or look.

Some of the eagerness for life was gone when  
I went back to the big city with two hundred dollars  
as my full share of everything after the house was sold  
and all debts paid. I could not put away the picture of  
a sad little mound of earth, flower-covered, that I had  
left in a village cemetery. I could not forget that I was  
all alone in the world. The city seemed to sense that I  
was weakening under its blows. Like a monster with  
the heart of a killer, it struck harder and harder!

Penniless; weak from lack of food; weary of being  
refused work, frightened at the glances men sometimes  
cast at me when I said I must have money; and on the  
verge of being put out of my hated room, I came in  
from the scorching streets only to realize I could not  
escape the city in such a stifling place. I went down  
again into the fiery streets where millions were des-  
perate in the heat of summer's most torrid night.

The lower East Side driven out of its squalid furnace  
was advancing like a panic-stricken horde upon that one  
great open space in the heart of New York as I reached  
Central Park, only one small human unit of a coatless,  
hatless army of heat-laden men, women and children.  
From every other section of the [Turn to page 111]

# The Cross- Tie

*Ken tied my slim wrists in a strange knot.*

*"No one can get you out of the cross-tie,"*

*he said. "Can you keep me from  
kissing you now?"*

YOU of the cities call us backwoodsmen, my people and I, because in our country the pines still stand a dozen feet through at the butts, and civilization as you know it is something very vague and far away. And we acknowledge it proudly, for that's what we are.

As far back as I can remember, I lived in a cabin in the thick timber, near a foaming mountain river that ran in a deep, narrow rock-gorge. The sleepy trading-post of Trail's-End, twenty miles away, was our nearest contact with your world. There was a woods-road leading to it, but mostly we used the short-cut, a trail that crossed the gorge on an uprooted pine, cutting off thereby several miles' distance. Father was a timber-liner, a gentle, keen-eyed, silent-footed man, my teacher and dearest pal. He knew all about the forests, but hated the settlements, and would not even go to Trail's-End if he could help it. I never knew just what had happened to him to make him so shy of men, but maybe mother was the reason.

Mother didn't belong in the woods. Father had brought her from the city, and it kept calling her, I guess; the place you belong to does. She had been a dancer, a lovely, gay, reckless creature, when father met her, and she loved him because he was so different from every one else she knew. But our woods at night scared her, and the wind in the pines made her lonely, and when father was away she used to shut herself up in her room and cry. She had a cedar chest in there, that she brought from the city, and in it she kept her make-up box that she used on the stage, and among other soft, pretty things, a wonderful satiny, silver and blue dress. She would take that out, and stroke it, and talk softly to herself, and then fold it back carefully, and lock the chest. I watched her sometimes through a crack in the floor of the loft where I slept. But oftener I used to go away downstream and watch them handling logs at the lumber camp there.

I couldn't do that when father was home, because he didn't like to have me. You see, lumberjacks are a wild crew sometimes, and I was sixteen, and more than pretty. I knew it, but it didn't mean much to me then; almost



*It thrilled me deliciously to watch from my hiding-place that black-haired giant in action.*

all wild things are pretty. Besides, the lumberjacks never saw me. I was too nearly a wild thing myself for that.

The boss at the lumber camp was called Barthel. I don't believe he had any more name than that. He was a great, black-haired giant of a man, with snapping bold eyes and a cruel mouth. He had the strength of a bear, and the way he used it was terrible—from my hiding-place on the rocks above the camp, I had seen him pick up by shoulder and belt some logger who angered him, and throw him bodily. Barthel ruled by force alone, and nobody disputed his authority.

But I wasn't afraid of him. In those days I wasn't afraid of anything. It thrilled me deliciously to watch Barthel in action; I came often, and played with the thought of what would happen if he found me there.

One day it thawed, and a load of logs got stuck just outside of camp. They couldn't move it. Barthel came, and they tried harder. No use. Suddenly Barthel shouted something about showing them. He snatched

the whip from the teamster, and laid it with all his terrible strength across the backs of the wheelers.

They plunged wildly. The team buckled, straightened out again, began to thrash and kick—but the load started. Barthel belled his triumph. Then the sledge hit a rut or something under the snow, and tipped over.

I think Barthel must have gone mad for a little; no sane man would have done what he did. He seized the nearest leader by the bridle and began whipping him. The horse fought magnificently—but he was harnessed. He couldn't help himself. And the men, who might have stopped Barthel, just

backed out of his way in a scared circle, nobody daring to lead an attack.

That was more than enough for me. With no very clear idea of what I would do, I went down that rock-ridge so fast I slid part of the way, and caught Barthel's

arm before he knew I was there. I leaped at him.

"Stop it, you coward!" I yelled.

He jerked around and stared at me. He must have been too surprised to resist, for he let me twist the whip out of his hand. I faced him a minute, and then looked past him and saw that beautiful big horse all striped and streaked with foam, and I swung my arm and lashed Barthel across the face with his own whip.

In the North, men have killed for less than that.

A gasp went round the circle of waiting loggers. There was a

*Barthel ruled by force alone. He had the strength of a bear, and the way he used it was terrible.*







*One day, looking for the Lost Silver Lode, Ken and I found a mysterious cave.*

moment of electric silence, Barthel slowly wiping his cheek where a welt had risen, and I, balancing myself to dodge the charge I knew was coming. Then—someone laughed.

"Ho, Barthel—pick a man your own size," said a deep, amused voice.

Every one turned. There in the roadway stood a stranger in black corduroy, with a priceless silver-otter mackinaw coat and cap. A light pack lay on the snow beside him. He was twenty pounds lighter than Barthel, but he had about him an air of cool authority that held the camp-boss where he was, though his great hands clenched and opened wickedly.

"Who're you?" Barthel growled.

"Inspector Kennard Rolfe of Toronto."

That was my introduction to Ken.

The Toronto superintendent had retired, his place being filled by a man of the new school, less brutal and more scientific than the old. Word had come to him of Barthel's methods, and he had sent Rolfe to investigate.

Rolfe took charge at camp, making Barthel his assistant. But the big camp-boss, having once given orders there himself, soon grew restless under those of another man, and quietly disappeared. We heard vaguely that he was logging for another company farther north.

Knowing Barthel as I did, that should have warned me. But by then I was too happy in the possession of Ken's friendship to think of the great bully whose cruelty had brought us together.

Sundays, Ken came to our cabin, and praised my cooking, and talked woods' lore with father. He made mother happy with

news of the cities he had lately left. And he ranged the woods with me, lithe and splendid in his silver-and-black, a better woodsman even than I, who knew only the woods, so that I was proud

I could keep step with him and lead him over new trails. Like two boys we hunted, explored hidden places, rested and ate and dreamed together beside tiny fires, in a clean sexless companionship that was nearly the most wonderful thing I ever knew.

Then, one day, I asked Ken to show me the cross-tie.

I didn't know then what the cross-tie was. I'd only heard the loggers mention it as being a hard knot to tie. I wanted to see if Ken knew it.

He was playing with a three-foot length of rope he had picked up, and he looked queerly at me and straightened out the little rope very carefully.

"Why?" he asked.

There was an odd note in his voice.

"Because," I said, having no reason.

"If I put it on you, you can't get out of it."

Couldn't I! Father had tied me up often, for fun, and I'd always gotten away. I held out my hands to Ken.

"Bet I can," I challenged him.

He laid the bit of rope around my wrists, crossed it underneath, brought it up at right angles to itself, and tied a strange knot. I almost laughed—it looked so simple, and he'd put it on so loosely. I could almost slide my hands out.

I tried. I tried all the tricks I knew. And with every move that innocent-looking single knot pulled tighter, till I had to ask Ken to untie me.

It was his turn to laugh, but he didn't. He stood up, and pulled my tied hands up on his breast under the big silver coat.

"YOU took a long chance, little partner," he said. "No one can get out of the cross-tie. It's the way the Mounties tie their prisoners. Could you keep me from kissing you now?"

It was a new thought to me, and it sent the startled blood up hot over my face.

"That—wouldn't be—fair," I faltered, pulling away a little from the look in his eyes.

Slowly Ken shook his head.

"No—it wouldn't be fair," he said, strangely. "I won't this time. But—partner, you don't know how pretty you are. Never let another man put the cross-tie on you. He might not be as fair as I—try to be."

And he bent and untied me, and threw the rope down



the hill. On the way home we didn't talk much. Somehow Ken seemed in a hurry to get back.

April came, and the woods filmed over with green, and I found my first purple hepaticas in a leaf-filled hollow. The last logs for that year had gone down with the flood-waters of March, and the lumber-camp was deserted.

Below the rapids, thirty or more miles down-stream, Ken and his men were building a sawmill; next year the railroad would come through, and he planned to ship cut lumber as well as logs. There was still enough water in our river to roar and foam white over the big rocks that would be dry in June; the falls were a misty glory.

And then one day, coming back from Trail's-End with a pack of supplies on my shoulders, I took the short-cut just for the moment's thrill of standing on the pine tree bridge and looking down into the rush and swirl of the white water under me. And halfway home I met Barthel.

It took me by surprise and put me on guard, for I had thought he was up north. Evidently it surprised him too, for he flung something hastily into the brush when he saw me. Then he came on slowly, smiling. I stopped, ready to dodge, fingering the straps of my pack. We needed those supplies. I wouldn't drop it unless I had to. But he made no effort to catch me, only stopped in front of me, barring the trail, and folded his great arms.

"So—you are the one with whom I have a score to settle," he remarked, and laughed contentedly. "Not

afraid of me either, eh? You're the first one who wasn't."

"Why should I be?" I flashed. "I know you too well!"

"You shall know me better, little she-wolf. You've laughed at me, and so has that Rolfe you like so. Well—" and his great voice rumbled again in laughter, "I'm patient—I can wait. After awhile it will be my turn!"

And he stepped past me without touching me, and continued on his way along the trail. I cast a glance or two in his direction.

**P**UZZLED and suspicious, I waited till he was out of sight, then went to where I had seen him first. I would find what he threw into the bushes in such a hurry.

I found it—the broken half of a long two-handed saw. An eight-foot sapling-pole, fresh-cut, was lashed to the handle with rawhide. What did that mean?

Suddenly I knew, and dropping the broken saw, started on, running. When I came to the pine tree bridge, it looked just the same; but I was trailing, and it didn't take me long to see what you of the city would never have seen at all; a narrow, dusty, white line, nearly in the middle of the trunk. No saw-dust showed. Only the keenest eye could detect where the saw had cut. Barthel, standing on the bank, and using the long-handled saw with the full swing of his arms, had cut the great tree nearly through. It must have taken all of even his giant's strength. And so far as I knew, only father and I used that trail. What could Barthel gain



The picture in McMann's office set me hungering for the North Woods, the roaring streams, the life of the lumber camp.

by such a devilry? To cross it would mean sudden death.

I couldn't guess. But this I knew: father would return from his work at the camp at sunset, and if I wasn't home, he'd come to meet me. I'd have to hurry!

There was a way across the canyon for one who knew. I went fast, but the sun was setting blazing red

before I got over. Halfway up the other side I stopped to look at it—and saw father. He'd come early. He was going to cross on the tree!

I screamed for him to stop, but of course he couldn't hear me! The river made too much noise! He kept on. Then suddenly he halted, about a third of the way over. He must have felt the first slow quiver then! I saw him turn, outlined against the sunset—

The tree bent under him like a great hinge closing. He kept his footing marvelously till it broke, and then he fell, and half of the tree with him; and, held by some strange paralysis, I had to watch him shoot down into that roaring shadowy depth and disappear! If he cried out, I didn't hear it; the thunder of the falls, waiting down below, drowned out everything else. His body would never be found.

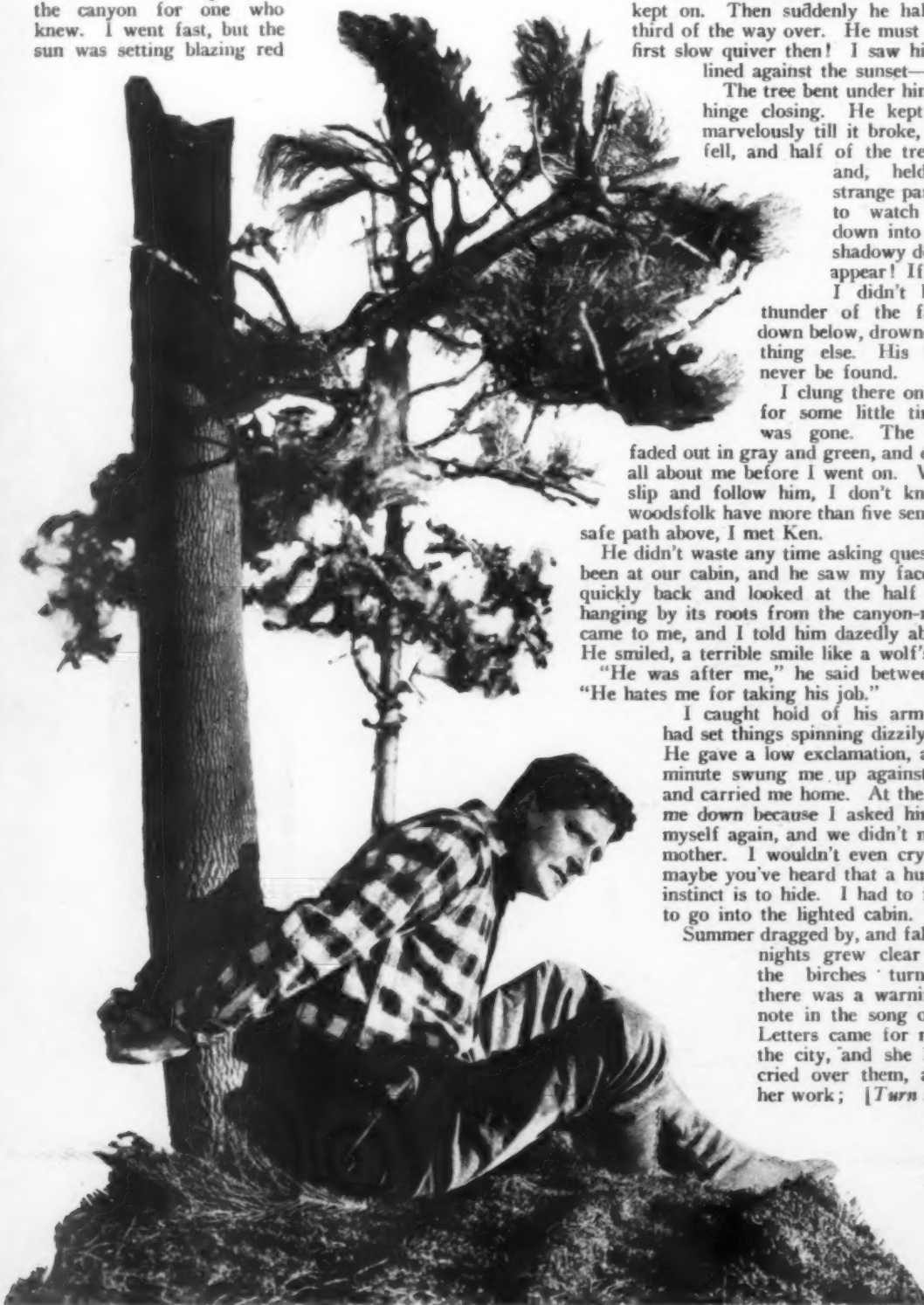
I clung there on the cliffside for some little time after he was gone. The sunset had faded out in gray and green, and darkness was all about me before I went on. Why I didn't slip and follow him, I don't know; but we woodsfolk have more than five senses. On the safe path above, I met Ken.

He didn't waste any time asking questions. He'd been at our cabin, and he saw my face. He went quickly back and looked at the half of the tree hanging by its roots from the canyon-rim; then he came to me, and I told him dazedly about Barthel. He smiled, a terrible smile like a wolf's.

"He was after me," he said between his teeth. "He hates me for taking his job."

I caught hold of his arm—his words had set things spinning dizzily around me. He gave a low exclamation, and the next minute swung me up against his breast, and carried me home. At the door he put me down because I asked him to; I was myself again, and we didn't need to scare mother. I wouldn't even cry, now. But maybe you've heard that a hurt doe's first instinct is to hide. I had to force myself to go into the lighted cabin.

Summer dragged by, and fall came. The nights grew clear with frost, the birches turned golden; there was a warning, moaning note in the song of the pines. Letters came for mother from the city, and she laughed and cried over them, and sang at her work; [Turn to page 124]



*With Ken bound to the tree, I was in Barthel's power. I could only pray that Ken could free himself in time.*

# The Language of Shawls

**A** GIRL with a shawl can tell you her thoughts as plainly as though she spoke them. For instance, when *Elaine Tarron* holds her shawl above her head she's making it shout: "Hi there! Glad to see you!"



Photograph by  
Geo. F. Cannon.

**A**ND here *Blanche Mehaffey* is announcing in shawl language: "Go away! I'm tired of you!"



Photograph by  
Geo. F. Cannon.

Photograph by  
Hartsack



**T**HE prim way that *Dolores Del Rio* has draped her lacy shawl about her shoulders means that she has ordered it to whisper for her: "I'm feeling blue. Please cheer me up."



# GET IN THE

*Line up! Win a Prize!*

*\$120 in Prizes to be Given*

## RULES TO REMEMBER

- 1—Send any number of lines for one or all limericks.
- 2—Address lines to Limerick Contest Editor.
- 3—Put your name and address on every line submitted.
- 4—Contest closes at midnight, July 15th.
- 5—No lines submitted will be returned.

Prizes will be awarded August 1st, and names of the winners, together with the winning lines, will appear in the October number. The Editors will be the judges.



BESSIE LOVE and  
FLYNN O'MALLEY

*If they asked us to Charleston on high,  
In a contest—we'd not even try.  
"Get the hook!" we would yell,  
"And the ladder as well—"*



CHARLIE MURRAY and the GIRLS



CLAIRE WINDSOR and BERT LYTELL

*When a husband is dumb and starts fluting,  
And makes his wife deal with his tooting,  
She should start tuning in  
With a stout rolling-pin,*

*What tune is this gay old boy strumming,  
To set all these beauties a-humming?  
With him we'd change places  
—But would not change faces—*



# LIMERICK LINE!

*\$20 for the Best Line!  
for a little Brain Work*

If prize contests fill you with cheer,  
Here's the jolliest one of the year;

If you want to compete  
You must try to complete  
One or more of the limericks here.

Your last line must rhyme always, though,  
With lines one and two—as you know;  
But first there is need  
That you carefully read  
All the rules. Have you read 'em? LET'S GO!



HARRY MYERS

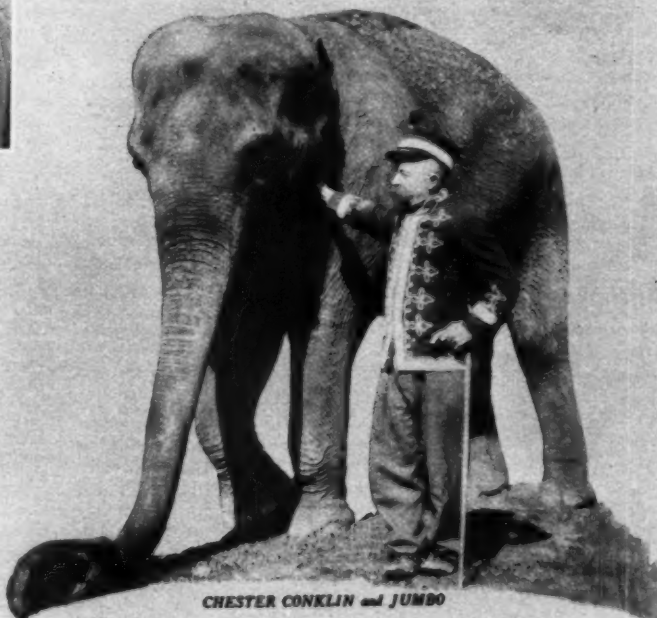
What's wrong with this picture, we question—  
Has the gentleman got indigestion?  
Have they poisoned his food?  
Is he half-baked? Or stewed?

Just note how Miss Jumbo's eye twinkles;  
She is actually PROUD of her wrinkles!  
"I should worry!" says she,  
"If my skin's puckery—"



GEORGE K. ARTHUR  
and KARL DANE

In the picture above, find the one  
Who is having a barrel of fun;  
And the one who'll fade out  
From the scene without doubt—



CHESTER CONKLIN and JUMBO



**HELEN FER-  
GUSON** of  
Pathé is trying to  
imitate a storage  
passenger.

# Tantalizing Take-Offs

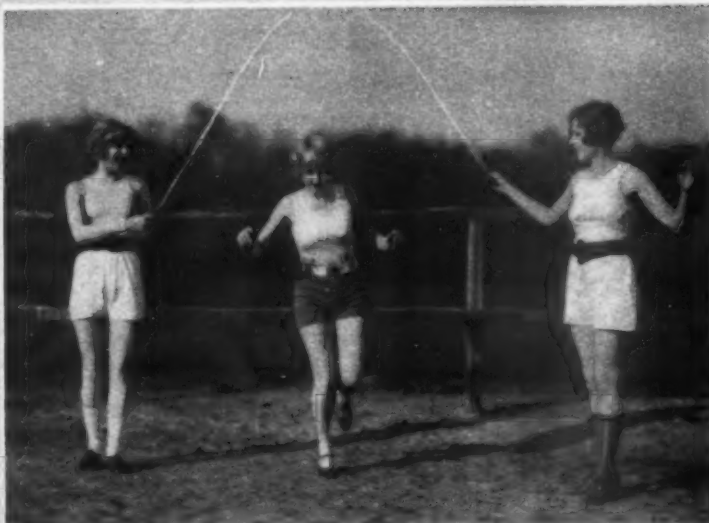
**WE'LL** take off our hat  
to the way Pauline  
Starke, the Metro-Gold-  
wyn-Mayer, star, is taking  
off a circus bare-back rider  
No wonder the waves go  
wild!



**KATHLEEN KEY** of Metro-Gold-  
wyn-Mayer is giving a take-off of  
Babe Ruth, with Sue O'Neill burlesquing  
the baseball.



**RIGHT: ENA  
GREGORY,  
MARGARET  
QUINBY, LOLA  
TODD.**



**THE** rollicking rope-skippers at the  
right are trying to take off a few  
extra pounds.



*A girl leaped to the top of a table and sang in a shrill treble  
 Sylvia leered at me, "Are we too wild for the country mouse?"*

# Playing *with* Matches

*Like a Foolish Child,  
 I Nearly Set Fire to MY HOUSE of DREAMS*

"SO THIS is what they call Bohemia!" I muttered to myself. "Jazz and cigarettes and boot-leg liquor. I'm glad somebody's getting a kick out of it!"

Of course I kept my thoughts to myself. It would not be the thing for a small-town visitor to do that. Yet I wondered just what there was about June Irwin's parties that they were so talked about.

Synthetic gin had nothing to me of the flavor of romance or danger about it. I had helped Uncle Henry up the stairs too many times to be curious about its effects. I knew too well what they were. Yet I had taken a swallow, a very tiny one of the stuff, and decided I didn't want another. I didn't want to be a spoil-sport. I had smoked a cigarette, and decided I didn't like the sweetish, acrid smoke, or the lingering

odor on my fingers and breath. If the others wanted these artificial stimuli to gayety, all right.

The dancers stopped. A girl leaped to the top of a shaky table and sang in a shrill treble. Her cheeks flushed vivid crimson under the paint, and her heavy, insolent eyes, glittering with forced excitement, peered round the smoky room. It was something about "*Keep your skirts down, Mary Ann,*" and she caught what abbreviated ones she had about her waist and jigged wildly to the tinny strains of a decrepit piano.

June Irwin sidled over to me, and threw a proprietary arm about my shoulders.

"You don't like it, Sylvia," she leered. "Are we too wild for the country mouse?"

"What makes you get that impression?" I drawled. "I just don't see anything to get excited about. You



could see a lot more legs at any burlesque show, and hear something a good deal snappier."

June giggled hysterically.

"That's a good one! C'm here, everybody! Sylvia's gettin' off ep-epigrams. We're too tame f'r her."

The girl on the table leaped into the arms of a bald-headed man, who carried her about the room in his arms, and planted a maudlin kiss on the reddened bow of her lips.

"I don't know," I replied. "I've seen wilder orgies in the movies than this studio party of yours. I prefer an individual petting party of my own, if I go in for that sort of thing. There's too much publicity to this."

A blonde in a whirl of blue and gray, caught me around the waist and kissed me alcoholically.

"You've said it, old dear!" she hiccupped.

She was borne away by a grave-faced young gentleman who lurched unsteadily about the room. The synthetic gin was beginning to get in its work.

The piano banged again. Someone lifted up the chorus of a song, and the dancers jazzed about the room. I felt, rather than saw, that someone was at my elbow. For the first time that evening, I got the intimation of a real thrill.

For some time I had watched the young man standing across the room, as coolly critical of the proceedings as myself. June had pointed him out as Gerald Mayo.

"They're all crazy about him," she confided. "Cold as an iceberg. Wonderful talent. Thrillingly wicked. You must meet him!"

But June had gone away, and he had remained aloof. Once or twice he had danced with that calm precision that became him so well. Most of the time he had stood against the wall, an impassive and amused spectator.

I felt, rather than heard, that he was asking me to dance. I nodded, and permitted him to swing me around the room, until the flushed pianist jumped from the stool, and volubly protested that she could play no more that some one else must tickle the ivories.

We were surrounded by a laughing group, headed by June, who persisted in circulating my chance comment in gales of laughter, with much back-slapping and broad winks. Then the piano banged again, and the apartment was filled with whirling couples who kicked and writhed and toddled as the fancy seized them. Jazz, peals of hysterical laughter, the popping of corks, acrid

smoke filled the air, curling in blue clouds about us.

Mayo had not sought to lead me on the floor again. He was surveying me judicially.

"I wonder if you would?" he whispered. The light of mischief was in his eyes. "Did you really mean it, or are you a bluff, like the rest of them?"

Gray eyes met and clashed with hazel. The challenge was answered.

"Who knows? Words mean little."

He nodded. "I know they do. Prove that they mean something. What do you think of this?"

He indicated the lurid scene with an imperceptible gesture.

"When you shrug your white shoulders, you look like a fairy queen, in that rose georgette trimmed with fur," he went on. "Tell me, are you really game? Let's chuck this. [Turn to page 96]



*For a moment the dog stopped.  
I pushed against the door.  
Would the door never open?*





*"We were two  
lonely girls; we  
wanted to meet  
nice fellows.  
Should we let  
the pair in the  
Chop Suey place  
pick us up?"*

# Dimpled

EVERY Thursday night a bunch of us girls from the National Hardware used to go out to dinner together and then to a show. Minnie Blaut, who was the oldest and most sensible, bought the tickets ahead of time, gallery seats at a dollar-ten. Then we'd have a dollar table d'hôte at Lin Chung's Chop Suey Restaurant, Chinese or American cooking just as you liked.

Lin Chung's had once been a well-known and fashionable place in the old days before prohibition, and what we girls liked best about it was the dance floor and the jazz band. The music was good and a cabaret thrown in, so that we had quite a time of it before we got through.

Sometimes there'd be as many as twenty-five of us, and we'd sit at a long table just below the platform for the orchestra. Then Minnie Blaut, who was fat and jolly, would kid the leader of the orchestra and get him to

play our favorite dances. We girls all danced together.

My particular chum was Greta Cotten. She was a slim, little thing, just my own age, twenty-two, but not awfully pretty. I was darker than she, and the girls used to call me "Dashing Dot" because with my very black bobbed hair, and my naturally high color, and sparkling eyes, I was rather conspicuous. I was no raving, tearing beauty nor had I any silly ideas about my looks; but I was glad when the other girls would admire me. At our club meeting I was voted the most popular girl after Minnie Blaut.

Now, though we had good times on our outings as was only natural, we often wished we had some fellows along with us. Every normal girl wants a man and looks forward to some day meeting the right



*"Those two fellows are kind of watching us," Greta whispered. "Shall we notice them?"*

# Knees

one and then settling down and having a home of her own.

One Thursday night as Greta and I were doing a very snappy Charleston, this thought flashed through my mind with such force that I mentioned it to my chum when we sat down.

"Yes, isn't it so?" Greta agreed, and her eyes drifted wistfully over to the side alcoves where couples were sitting, fellows with their girls. "Some people have all the luck."

"It's hard in New York, meeting decent men who might really care about you and—marry you." I said very earnestly. "I do wish we'd meet some one."

"We could all right, if we had nerve like some girls."

"What do you mean, Greta?"

"Oh, you know what I mean," she answered with some impatience. "Do you suppose every girl who has a John with her has met him and been properly introduced at a Sunday School social?"

"You mean, pick some one up?"

"Yes, of course. Why not? Neither of us are dumbbells or infants. I guess we can take care of ourselves."

"Yes, but—" I began, "a fellow who picks a girl up always expects her to—oh, you know. If she was straight and nice she would not do it, at least that's the way he figures."

"Yes, but that's where the girl's got to know how to handle herself and him."

Now, though I had been rather strictly brought up, I was no prude, and I began to think over what Greta was saying.

"But suppose you got in with some one who was a crook or a sharper?"

"Oh, Dot, if you're not the cheerful little sob sister. How are we ever to get anywhere's in this world if we're not willing to take a chance?"

Her arguments were winning me over, but common sense still warned me of the folly of her suggestion.

"Dreadful things do happen," I persisted.

**B**UT the music had commenced again and the sound and swing of it seemed to creep into my blood and stir up in me all sorts of mad and reckless longings.

"You see that alcove near the back?" Greta whispered as we danced more wildly than before. "There are two fellows in it, alone. They're kind of watching us. Shall we notice them?"

I blushed as Greta began to wriggle in a very energetic way. I could feel my short, thin, silk skirt kind of working higher as she caught me about the waist and from the air on them I had an uncomfortable feeling that my knees were showing.

But all around many of the girls were showing a bit of rolled stocking or the flash of a gay colored garter, and why should I be more fussy and old maidish than these others. But just the same, though I had on the prettiest pair of crimson garters trimmed with black lace, ten cents a pair at Woolworth's, I managed to drag my skirt down lower. As I did so, I saw that the two



*When I tried to throw open the window, it was locked. Inside, the curtains were iron bars.*

fellows Greta had pointed out to me were really watching us.

This thrilled me; but at the same time, I saw big Frosty, the bouncer, who stood near the door to watch that every one behaved right, was watching us too.

"Be careful, Greta," I laughingly warned her. "Frosty's got his eye on us."

"Oh, that big stiff!" she retorted angrily. "He gives me a pain."

But I rather liked Frosty. He was so big and strong

and often had such a kindly twinkle in his eyes. I knew he had been overseas and wounded in the war, and decorated for bravery in action. He never paid much attention to any of the girls, though they all tried their best to flirt with him. I sometimes wondered why he was there, just as a bouncer in a Chinese restaurant. Somehow he seemed fashioned for bigger things; but of course, I never got the chance to ask him any questions.

"Say, I do believe you're soft on that Frosty!" Greta exclaimed.

"I think he's all right," I answered; but I could not help blushing.

"WELL, I never! If you're not as red as your dress," she laughed, and I straightened my tomato-red silk as the music stopped and we went back to our table.

It was almost time for us to get ready to go to the show; but as the rest began to start off Greta pulled at my sleeve and said for us not to hurry.

"Those two fellows want to meet us," she whispered excitedly. "Let's wait till Minnie and the bunch have gone. They'll come and talk to us, I bet. That is if that old Frosty don't freeze them off. No wonder they gave him that name. It just suits him. That man's about as human as an iceberg."

I could see that Frosty was watching our two friends.

When all the others had gone, Greta and I went out to the ladies' room to powder up and somehow in the crowd about the mirrors I lost sight of my chum. When I went outside to look for her I found her standing in the back of the place talking to those two fellows she had noticed before. As I came up the taller of the two smiled and said, "Hello, Dimpled Knees!"

I was annoyed at him being so fresh; but I said nothing.

"Say," he whispered leaning over to me. "I'll hand it to you baby, you have the prettiest pair of knees I think I ever saw."

"If you don't mind," I said coldly, "We don't need to discuss my—knees."

"Oh, I say, chilly, aren't you?"

Greta and the other fellow were a couple of paces off. This chap seemed to have sort of cornered me. I wanted to escape him; but he stuck like a leech. Looking up, I felt that Frosty was watching us.

"Please, I must go," I said. "We've theatre tickets and I don't want to be late."

"Yes, so your friend said, that you girls had seats for a show; but she's promised to meet us afterwards and we'll go somewhere and have a bite to eat and a dance. I notice you're some little fox trotter and you don't do a mean Charleston either, Dimpled Knees."

"I told you to cut that out," I said with some heat.

"If you didn't want to have me see them, why wear the skirts so short?"

There was something about this fellow that I did not like. He was just a little too smooth and oily in his talk. He was well dressed and not ugly at all. His face looked as if when he went to be shaved he let the barber go the limit and do everything he could to him from a scented shampoo to a hot towel massage. His skin was too blue and white, and unconsciously I compared his appearance with that of big Frosty, whose face was rough and hard and strong-looking as a granite mountain. That, I



The small room seemed full of policemen.

reflected, was the way a real man should look, not like this cake-eater.

But he was a man, some one to dance and kid with, and a girl gets tired of sticking around with other girls all the time.

"We're to meet the boys after the show," Greta said to me in much excitement as we found our seats in the theatre. The curtain had already gone up and in the darkness Greta whispered: "Isn't it great? I think we've both made a hit. My boy friend seems stuck on me already. His name is Willis, he told me. Harry Willis, and your beau is George Grennich. And did you see the way old Frosty lamped us as we all were talking together?"

"Oh, Dot," Greta said in the

**READ** The Cross-Tie on page 24. It is a prize-winner in the big SMART SET contest. You will find it fascinating—but entirely different from the first-prize story which appeared in the June issue. The Cross-Tie carries the spirit of the North Woods.





*"You ain't got nothing on us," the ruffian said. "Those two janes came here of their own accord."*

intermission, "I do hope something comes of this. I like that Willis. I could get to like him a lot. I've nearly three hundred dollars saved ever since I've been working, that's five years now. I wish he'd ask me to marry him."

"Say, Greta, hold your horses! Why, you don't know a thing about that fellow, and here you are raving about marrying him! Did you tell him you have that money?"

"No."

"Well, don't."

Some instinct warned me to give my chum this advice. But it was no use. As soon as I saw her with that fellow I knew she was hit hard. Her eyes never left his face and she fairly clung to him as they danced together.

My fellow, George, seemed to like me pretty well. He seemed to have plenty of money, and he spent it freely. He was the one who shelled out for the dances at Jazzland and for the soft drinks. But he had a bottle on his hip and he insisted that we girls drink real high-balls.

I had sense enough not to take but two small drinks, but Greta was lapping it up like a silly fool. I tried to tell her to be more careful, but she told me I was a prig and a prude.

**WE DANCED** and danced. George was a wonderful dancer, and being in his arms, held so close in that warm dance hall, kind of did something to my brain. I found myself liking him better as the night wore on, and when he insisted on calling me "Dimpled Knees," I no longer resented it or scolded him for being too fresh. Perhaps it was the high-balls that made everything seem so jolly, and full of fun; for now I laughed at everything he said, and when he kissed my neck I only pushed him aside, instead of slapping his face as I should have done, had I been myself.

"Willis and I have a nifty little apartment, I'd like to show you girls," George said to me as one o'clock came and Jazzland was going to [Turn to page 88]

# The MAN I Couldn't Marry



*The negro woman eyed us with disfavor. What secret was she hiding?*

feature writers, the linotype operators, the proof readers. The hum of this busy newspaper office was very soothing to my jazz-maddened senses, and I soon made it a practice to take my noon meal every day in the big white lunch room. I loved to come in late and edge myself into the fullest table.

At first they were rather shy of me; I was the child of the owner and as such, perhaps not to be trusted fully. At first they would grow quiet when I came and set my tray down. But as the months went by, they came to accept me as one of themselves, to tell me their joys and troubles, to dub me a good scout, a regular fellow. I came to revel in a joy of companionship I could never have shared higher up in the world.

It was here that I first met the mocking eyes of Sam Tarrant, directed my way one dusky autumn afternoon. I re-

WHEN I was twenty-two, Sam Tarrant broke my heart. I was born to wealth and position, but before I was twenty I had learned the futility of the life I lived. I took to frequenting my father's big newspaper office and here I made friends with people who interested me immensely; people who worked for their daily bread; people who did things.

I came to like them all—the police reporters, the

member it well, for outside the leaves were swirling along the pavement with that dry scraping sound unlike any other sound I have ever known. Sam had come on the *Sentinel* the day before as a special assignment man. He was terribly handsome and had a dark-browed intensity about him—a frowning scrutiny—and a teasing lift to his eyebrows with it all, that set him apart. I knew instantly that he was asking who I was, and why.

*I KNEW Sam Had Broken Three Hearts; yet  
I Felt All Resistance Ebbing Away as He  
Told Me I Was the Only Girl He Had Ever  
Really Loved.*

Then he looked over at me again and smiled deliberately. I felt the queerest tingle along my backbone; the oddest throbbing in my throat. I took up a glass of water and sipped it slowly, and before I had swallowed twice Sam was beside me, inquiring in a mocking gentle voice, if he might share our table too.

An unaccountable trembling seized me. I remember even now, after all these years, the difficulty with which I set the glass of water down again. Something inside of me was singing out loud—I felt it fairly shouted in my eyes: "I love this man! I love this man! I love this man!"

And Sam knew it too. He knew it because he had played those same tricks on so many other women and had seen the same shouting look in their eyes. His own eyes were the eyes of a conqueror. Before the meal was ended, Sam was holding my trembling, eager fingers under the table, and I didn't care that all the reporters knew it too. That was the way Sam affected me—and other women—like strong and heady wines. But I didn't know that then.

I TURNED my mind and soul and body over to Sam Tarrant as completely as if I were his slave. He could move me with a word, a whisper, a look. He could ask the most impossible things of me, and I did them unthinkingly and without question. At first, the men on the paper tried to talk some sense into me, but I ignored them. They hinted that Sam had numerous amours and liaisons; they said openly that I was too good for him, but it didn't bother me in the least. I loved Sam. That one fact shut out all the clouds from my horizon and left only a clear and shining sky.

The reporters soon ceased to speak to me about his short-comings. Instead they rallied around Sam and tried to make him be faithful and constant to me. I

knew that they were doing that, because Sam told me. And he laughed his dear, delicious, deep laugh that made me want to bow down and worship, when he said it, so I laughed too, and considered it a capital joke.

"You don't mind the other women, do you, sweetheart?" Sam demanded. "They're just—well, just little old wild women that don't amount to a—thing in my young life. But you—you are my white moon-princess, my beautiful, my wonderful one! Nobody else really matters but you, and you know it, don't you?"

I did know it. It was something down inside of me,



Sam turned from me, burying his face in the pillow. "I hate you for seeing me like this. Go away and leave me alone!"

that irrefutable facts could not down. I loved Sam, and I knew Sam loved me—nobody else but me. So the other women did not matter.

And when Bill Anson, who had proposed to me three times before Sam ever came to the *Sentinel*, tried to guide Sam into a path of more rigid decorum, to urge him lightly along the highway of constancy for my sake, Sam laughed at him—eluded him, rode over his reasons, his brown eyes victorious with impudent laughter, his brown hair ruffled as if some woman had mussed it with loving fingers. Sam always looked like that. It made my heart ache with the arrogant beauty of his being. So many women had loved Sam before me; so many would yet love him—but not after me—with me.

For he had never tried to deceive me for one minute, not even at the very first. He never tried to play up his better nature, if he had one; never promised me any reformation for his way of living. It was as if he were a god and knew it; knew that he conferred favor on a woman when he singled her out, and that one act was enough—or should be. I never dreamed of asking Sam for any more than just that.

Then suddenly out of a clear sky, Sam left the *Sentinel*—left town. One day, I was with him, laughing at his arrogant attraction; the next day, his desk was vacant, and Sam was gone. The same protective office barrage that had tried to prevent me from loving Sam, now tried to prevent me from discovering why he had gone so suddenly to Blue Pines, but I knew almost instantly that it was a woman. Wherever Sam went there were women—all kinds and conditions. Bill had said something like that to me once at the first. Now, when he learned that I meant to go to Blue Pines to see Sam, he became brutally desperate, and spoke of things men do not as a rule speak to women about. He thought to sicken me, but I was too desperate and miserable myself to listen or to care. My sun had gone out and the world was black. Sam had been in Blue Pines three long, miserable months—and I was going.

"Oh, what does it matter?" I burst out passionately. "I'm going anyway. I don't care what he's done. It's terrible being with Sam, I'll admit; but being without him is just plain hell. I'll even marry him this time—that is, if he'll ask me again. It's no use telling me he's a rotter, Bill. You see, I know it already. But it doesn't help matters any by knowing it. I love Sam."

"WELL," said Bill patiently, "All right, Corinne. Go along if you must, then. It's not for me to say. But promise me that if—if things don't come out right—if you need a helping hand—that you'll remember Hilton Baines is on the opposition paper. He's a good scout and dependable, and a good friend of mine. I'll write him." I promised Bill I'd call on Hilton if I needed help. And I thought, smiling a little, to myself, what a pity it was that I couldn't have loved Bill. But then, life is like that—we all make grotesque grabs after



*A little gasping voice demanded fiercely, "What—what are you doing to my sweetheart?"*

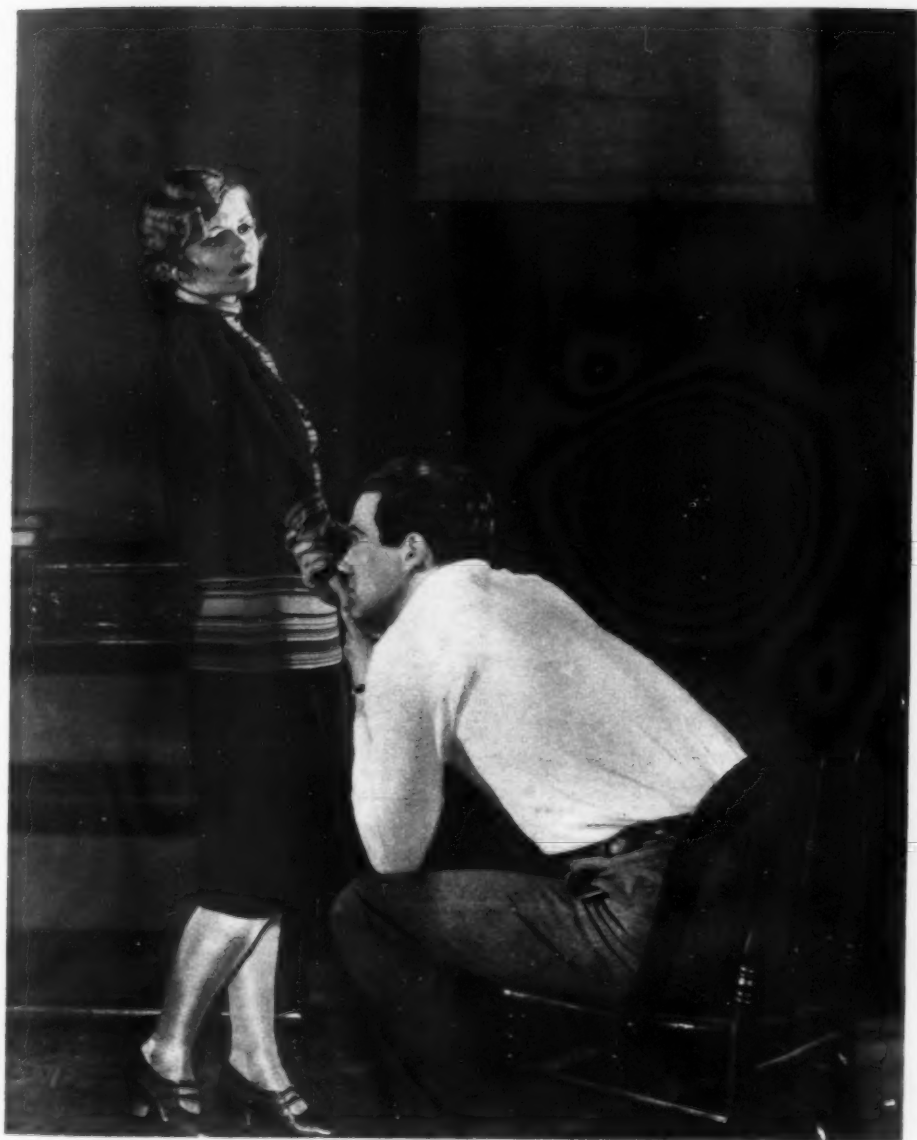
happiness, expecting to hold it when we find it.

I wrote Sam I was coming and to meet me. Then I packed my bag, took a big letter of credit from my father, and left home, presumably to attend a house party in Careyton-by-the-sea. I rode all night, and I didn't close my eyes. I kept seeing Sam before me; Sam, laughing at something I had said; Sam, holding my fingers against his lips and kissing each one slowly; Sam, tilting back my head to look in my eyes; Sam, his arms about my knees on the floor beside my chair, telling me in those husky, beautiful words of his, that he loved me. I floated on a dream made up of Sam, and arrived at Blue Pines next morning radiant with eagerness.

I scanned the platform quickly. Sam was not there. I waited a few minutes, and still he did not

*ANOTHER great exposé story will appear in the August issue. You will be shocked to learn how close it comes to hitting the richest people in the world. Even royalty has come in touch with it. Read Caught in My Own Trap in August SMART SET.*





*I ached with a longing to gather that rumpled head close against my heart.*

come. "He could not have gotten my letter," I thought, and climbed into a taxi hurriedly. At the hotel, I called the *Clarion* office before the bell-hop closed my door. I was frantic to hear Sam's voice.

"I want to speak to Mr. Tarrant," I said eagerly to the man who answered. "Mr. Sam Tarrant."

**T**HERE was a pause—a heavy pause. Then: "I'm afraid he can't come to the phone."

I cleared my throat.

"Is—is he busy?"

"No," with drawling slowness, "he's not busy."

The thrumming of a busy office on the wire while the man waited.

"Is—is he sick?" I asked, hardly breathing.

The voice seemed amused at this. "No, he isn't sick," he said.

A fear seemed to reach out and grab my heart.

"Is—is he drunk?" I demanded. Oh, I had to know!

The voice seemed to gather my fear, and it softened. "No, he's not drunk," it said, more considerately.

"Well," I went on stubbornly, "is there another woman there?" You see, I know Sam very well.

"No, there's no woman," said the voice. "You call back in about thirty minutes. Perhaps he can come to the phone by then."

I waited centuries while the watch on my wrist ticked off that terrible half-hour. I had canvassed the catalogue of all of Sam's known sins, and I hadn't made contact yet. There was something wrong with Sam, though. That fact seemed to hit me determinedly. At last the time was up, and I spoke the number into the telephone quaveringly. The same voice answered, drawlingly indistinct. Mr. Tarrant? Well, perhaps he could speak now. Ages of buzzing sound—an unsteady breathing—Sam's voice, heavily blurred.

"Hello."

I wet my lips.

"Sam?" I said.

"This is—this is Mr. Tarrant speaking."

"Sam," I said, "Sam, it's Corinne."

Silence. Then again: "This is Mr. Sam Tarrant speaking."

"Sam, snap out of it," I said to him sharply, fearfully. "This is Corinne, Sam."

More silence. Then the receiver fumbled clumsily back on the hook . . . the steady hum of an empty wire. I bit my lips hard to keep from crying, and walked up and down the room, trying to think. I hated mystery like this. If Sam didn't want me—didn't love me any more—why hadn't he wired me not to come? Or written that he didn't want to see me? Here I was, a stranger in a strange town, no one to turn to, and no place to go. I could take the evening train back home, but I couldn't explain my sudden return to my parents, and I was in no mood for dissimulation. I wanted to cry. And then I knew deep in my heart that I could not leave Blue Pines until I had seen Sam face to face, and heard him say with his own lips that he no longer loved me. What should I do? How to go about my investigation of his strange conduct? Hilton Baines—that was it! Hilton Baines on the other paper.

I tried to make my voice sound matter-of-fact when I got Hilton on the line. Did he [Turn to page 106]

# Footsteps in the

*Dragon-Adorned  
Breathed Warmth  
—but Behind  
were Cold, Hard,*

**D**ID you ever notice that with strange and fantastic things happening around us every day, we never actually believe that they are real, or that they might happen to us, just as easily as to others? Girls vanishing, for instance. How impossible it seems that you or any one you know could disappear, or be snatched away. It's just a practical, every day world, till the incredible thing happens, as it happened to me.

If it hadn't been for an alley-cat, and a cowboy who came to 'Frisco to find a runaway girl, and a policeman, I might be—even now I can't bear to think of what I might be! One of those sinister, tragic, creeping women's figures that haunt disreputable doorways at night. Or dead perhaps. Or worse—just wiped out of my world as if Mary Hogan had never been—a story without an ending.

It was five years ago. I was nineteen, and alone in San Francisco — beautiful, luring, mysterious 'Frisco, as it seemed to me then, rising in its strange, twisted way, above the sea, half-foreign and full of the treacherous romance of the unknown.

It was the first city I had ever seen. I had been brought up on the colorful, wind-swept spaces of the Circle X, my father's cattle ranch in Wyoming. I knew men, I knew horses, and the sun-drenched prairie with its limitless vistas. The rough, care-free life had given me plenty of self-reliance, mixed with a touch of adventurousness, inherited from my father. Dad had found all the excitement he wanted, fighting men and nature in building up the Circle X. He couldn't understand why I found life on the ranch narrow or monotonous. But I did. I was filled with a restless curiosity about San Francisco, and I kept begging him to let me go there, and "do something."

One night, we had a bitter scene. I had entreated him to let me go for a while, and "see something of life besides a lot of cowboys and these four



*We formerly had Chinese servants; now I found myself waiting on an Oriental.*

# Fog

## *Curtains and Beauty, Them All Steel Bars*

walls." Dad was furious.

"I'll not hear of it—not till I can go with you," said my father.

"I could get a job."

"Job! What sort of a job? You've a fine home here, and plenty to do, and protection. What more does a decent girl want?"

"Oh, Daddy," I complained, "you don't understand."

"I understand this much, Miss: you can't have a penny from me if you leave this roof!"

Now, I'd show him how dependent I was! I said nothing then, but the next day, riding with Larry, I confided to him that I was going away. Larry Miller was foreman on the ranch. He was a tall, bronzed, handsome young fellow, his thick fair hair bleached to taffy-color by the sun, his far-sighted blue eyes as steady as a hawk's. I was awfully fond of Larry. He had been like an elder brother to me since he had come to us, four years ago. Dad thought the world of him; he could ride anything that had a mane, and he had a fine way with the boys because he was fair.

But to my surprise and disappointment, Larry was against me, too. He sided with father and said it was a crazy idea. I laughed away his objections at first.

"You're as narrow-minded as Dad. You can't see how a girl can want any life of her own."

"No, Mary, it's not that," said Larry, earnestly, "but you're too young, and too pretty, to be on your own in a strange city, especially a town like Frisco. Men—"

"I guess I can look out for myself!" I flared back.

Larry didn't answer. We were riding side by side, in



*I whirled to run, but a powerful grip had suddenly pinioned my arms.*

the late afternoon, following a draw that angled back toward home, through the Cesca canyon. The sun was slanting down athwart a single cloud, its center storm-purple, its edges bright with gold. Near us a little wind shook a clump of quaking aspens to quicksilver. On the same impulse we reined in to look back at the painted splendor of the mesa, shining rose and copper in the luminous air.

"Gosh, there's nothing compares with that," murmured my companion. "Don't you love it, Mary?" he added, wistfully.



*Help at last! On the other side of the barred window stood Larry and a policeman.*

"I suppose I do," I said, my discontent soothed for a moment by the wild loveliness around me, "but I'm tired to death of the same old thing all the time. I want something different from sand and sage-brush and horses."

"I couldn't ever get tired of it," said Larry. He leaned closer to me. "It's like you, all sparkling, and wholesome—all beautiful, Mary! I guess you don't know what—"

At the thrilled change in his voice, and the way his blue eyes darkened suddenly, I felt uneasy. Larry had never spoken to me like that before. I glanced away, but Larry put his sinewy brown hand down over mine, where it lay on the pommel of my saddle. It seemed that he would never speak, and still I was afraid—afraid of what he would say.

"Mary, honey, I've got to say it with you talking like this about going away. I care an awful lot about you. I—" he blushed hotly under his tan. "I love you, away deep down. I have loved you ever since you were a kid. There never will be any one else for me. Couldn't you come, maybe, to think about me like that? We'd be awful happy."

His blue eyes burned down on me, but I would not meet them. I felt at that instant so queerly, terribly drawn to Larry, sitting his sorrel there, so handsome and stalwart, a red handkerchief knotted about his sunburned throat, the sun pouring light across his bent head. But something in me resisted. If I fell in love with Larry, it would mean the end of everything for me—all my hopes and ambitions. Life would just go on forever in the same old way. I couldn't stand it.

"DON'T," I said, with what firmness I could muster. "I'm sorry, Larry. You know I like you a lot, but—"

"But you don't love me?" he asked, drearily.

"N--no." Lucky he didn't see the effort it cost me to say that.

"All right then," he said, and his voice was determinedly matter-of-fact again. "I won't speak about it any more. But this going off to 'Frisco: don't you do that, honey! Your dad's right."

"It's no use our talking about it," I said, crossly, because I felt miserable.

But he persisted in trying to dissuade me from my set purpose. When that failed, he put me into a temper by actually offering to throw up his job

on the ranch and go to 'Frisco—just to be near me in case of need. I whirled on him in quick scorn, and Larry, turning scarlet, stammered an apology, and lapsed into a painful silence.

So my first love-affair ended in a quarrel. Well, I could forget that.

Two days later, when everybody was gone from the house except the cook and the house-boy, I took my saddle-horse, Jinny, and my money—what little I had—in a black leather purse, and my kit, and rode to the nearest town. I



*"Raise your hands, and make it snappy!" I called*



didn't have very much money, and I could have sold Jinny for three hundred dollars—enough to support me for a while—but at the last minute, I couldn't. I kissed her black velvet nose, and got a Mexican boy to ride her back to the ranch that night, with a note to my father.

But when I reached San Francisco, I realized how foolish I had been. The city seemed to gulp money. I found a boarding place, with the help of the Traveler's Aid.

But jobs were harder to get, and my funds began

to ebb alarmingly. I didn't know how to do anything, but cook and ride, and I was faced with the sharp necessity of finding work quickly. In desperation I took the first thing that offered, a position as waitress in a chop house.

It was hard work and the hours were late, but respectable enough. Mr. Reed, my employer, was kindly, and willing to make allowances for my inexperience. And oh! the feeling of relief and independence when I paid my landlady her six dollars room-rent, out of my

own earnings that first Saturday night! Now, at least, I wouldn't have to creep home, ignominiously defeated in my venture, to my father and Larry.

So I kept on, but as the days went by, I began to be terribly homesick. I can see myself now—a lonely, miserable, stubborn little figure, plodding on day after day, in a tiresome routine of detested work, my heart yearning feverishly for the dear, familiar things I had left. It was over my own home land now, that Romance spread her glamorous veil. I would have given anything for just one purple sunset over the mesa. I hated the stone streets, crowded and noisy and oppressive, lined with ugly houses squeezed together. And I hated the men in the restaurant; it was true, as Larry had said, they were not like the men I had known. There was something unpleasant about the way they looked at and spoke to me. Dozens of them offered me attention, but I was rigidly on my guard. As for the other girls who waited there, they were not my sort at all, and they were rather unfriendly. Once I overheard them making fun of "that pink-faced cow-girl," and after that, I kept away from them.

No, there was not much fun for me in those first weeks, just a struggle to keep my head above water till I found something better than that might be a key

[Turn to page 80]



to Chun Wang. "If you speak or move, this gun will go off!"

# I Wanted a THRILL—

"O H, WILL nothing ever *happen* to me?" I thought, as I fumbled, tear-blinded, with the lock of my skylight bedroom door in Greenwich Village and previsioned the surroundings within that would only increase my homesick longings.

Slowly I swung the door inward. And then, blinking tears from astonished eyes, I stared at a tailor's suit-box on the bed.

It must have been brought to my room by mistake. Beyond costly necessities, such as silk stockings, I had purchased nothing for months. But it was plainly addressed to me—Miss Crystal Ross.

*That Lovely New  
Dull, Drab Routine  
Romantic Life*

*"Take your hand off," I demanded. I knew the man on the stairway would protect me.*



# so I Crashed the GATE!

*Frock Changed my  
into a Colorful,*



I picked up the note that had fallen to the floor when I lifted the box:

*Dear Crys:*

*When you get this, Fred and I will be beyond the 12-mile limit. Just a few old rags I didn't want in my new estate. Hope you won't mind my turning them over to you—we're about of a size. It was Fred's suggestion. Funny how you shy little things get noticed by the men.*

*Affectionately yours,*

*Gertrude.*

"A few old rags"—why, all but the slippers looked brand-new. Down from the clouds—or, to be prosaically exact, from an upper Fifth Avenue hotel to Mrs. Migley's furnished rooming-house on West Eighth Street—had come a complete evening costume—frock of rich, black velvet, severely made, black satin slippers, silk stockings, and gray velvet cape, chiffon-lined and frothed with marabout at the edges.

This gift, so carelessly proffered by my cousin passing through New York on her wedding journey, had a magical effect. I interpreted it as a sign that at last something was going to happen. Surely, there must be an occasion for all this loveliness.

Soon I was clothed in it. A small, slender figure, naively preening myself before the tipped mirror; gray eyes wide and shining at the immature allurements exploited by the demurely daring frock.

Less than an hour earlier, in the poetry class, I had heard the professor advise a motley collection of literary aspirants—"Do not shrink from life. Go out and meet it. It is only by knowing life in all its facets that you can express it in art."

His dry, didactic tones had deadened the impact of the suggestion. But now the words returned to me, pulsing with significance, and the illogical streak of audacity inherent in my rather diffident nature suddenly asserted itself.

"I'll just walk around the block and see what happens," I thought, and flung the velvet cape about me with the reckless gesture of a feminine d'Artagnan.

There was no one in sight along the dim length of the block, but around the corner the lights flared bright and I heard a raucous voice calling—"Taxi—here you are, mister—taxi!"

"Oh, dear—I wish I could go somewhere," I thought.

A MAN in evening dress lurched around the corner. He passed so close to me that I barely escaped physical contact as he passed mumbling something. I did not catch the words, but shrank from him and hurried on. Looking back as I turned the corner, I saw that he was retracing his steps and coming toward me.

Heart in my mouth, I stepped toward the taxi at the curb.

"Yes, miss." The driver leaped down and opened the door; and before I had quite recovered my wits—I was seated inside.

"Where to, miss?"

"Why—" I mentioned the first nearby place I could think of—"Gramercy Park, please."

"Oh, sure—Tod's Ball!" He grinned, slammed the



*Behind my employer stood—my mysterious rescuer in the night club adventure!*

door, jumped quickly into his place, and off we went.

"Tod's Ball!" Through the maze of my excitement I strove to recall that name. Finally I remembered that I had heard it discussed by one of the gay Bohemian crowds I liked to watch while eating my spaghetti and salad in a Greenwich Village basement known as "Polly's." The poster-girl in purple tam and orange smock had remarked, in her high, whinnying voice—"I'll try 'most anything once—but not Tod's."

Whereupon, the copper-haired boy with the hollow, flushed cheeks—the one they all called "The Seraph"—had declared loudly his intention of attending and, looking straight at quiet little gray-clad me, had added, "I'll bet the little gray mouse over there *dasn't*."

His cheerful young impudence was not offensive, but

overcome by shyness, I had quickly sought escape from the battery of laughing eyes turned upon me.

Evidently Tod's Ball was no place for a "little gray mouse," and I felt almost as timid as one, right now. The courage born of my audacious impulse was fast oozing. However, I could pretend to the taxi-driver that I was going there and then walk home. And for just a few blocks I could pretend to myself. I leaned back luxuriously against the cushions and snuggled down in my sumptuous wrap.

The prosaic item of cab fare did not intrude upon the pleasant confusion of my mind until just as my Cinderella coach drew up before a brilliantly lighted house facing the park. Then I realized several things—all in a flash! I had no money with me, and one scared glance



at the taximeter informed me that I had not enough at home to pay both ways if driven back for it. And Mrs. Migley was out.

I desired, most earnestly, to sink through the cab floor, but remained stable, very much in the flesh, and tongue-tied with embarrassment, while the chauffeur held open the door. Then slowly, very slowly, I stepped out.

The house door opened. A waltz melody floated out. And, as it were, on the wings of the melody, the copper-haired Seraph from Polly's ran down the high stone steps.

"By all that's jolly—if it isn't the Little Gray Mouse!" he said. "Come on—this is my dance!"

"I—I'm glad you remember me," I stammered, with the temerity of desperation, "because I—forgot my purse."

"O H-HO!" The boy looked disconcerted. Was the Little-Gray-Mouse a bandit in disguise? "If you haven't come *too* far," he hedged cautiously, "I can make that all right."

"Seventy cents," drily stated the chauffeur, "providin' I don't waste no more time."

Obviously relieved, the boy dug down in his trousers pocket. "Here, my man," he said grandly, handing the chauffeur a dollar bill. "Buy yourself some Argentine bonds with the change."

"Now, come on, Mouse!" All his gay impudence restored he snatched my hand and began fairly pulling me up the steps.

"Oh, but I'm not—really—" I tried to explain but The Seraph would not let me. He dragged me along so fast that I lost my breath. I had read of people "crashing the gate" where they weren't invited. It was the last thing I would ever have thought *I'd* do. And for all I knew, "Mr. Tod" might be number one of the social Four Hundred. But when I heard that *music*—the last barriers of my resistance were swept away on a wave of madness.

"Just throw your cape down anywhere till this one's over," urged the insistent youth. "It's too good to miss."

He it was, really, who threw the lovely cape "down anywhere." This Seraph was a strangely forceful angel for one of his delicate appearance.

In a moment we were on the floor of a large ballroom—two drawing-rooms in an old mansion, thrown together—and I became instantly absorbed in correctly following my partner, for I was not familiar with the latest steps as danced in the east.

A GRATIFYING tribute to my success was soon forthcoming. "Little Wing-Foot," breathed The Seraph in the ear just below his chin, "I could dance with you forever!"

I had felt somewhat abashed by the daring insufficiency of Cousin Gertrude's frock, but it was a nun's robe of modesty compared with what I saw at Tod's. While guilty of staring round-eyed at a highly accentuated blonde in a transparent wisp of shaded lavender, I saw the girl's swartly handsome, husky partner lift her by the waist, fling her over his shoulder, and run off with her, limp and laughing.

Soon the fellow was on the floor again with a vivid brunette in yellow, and as he passed us in the dance he said softly, "The next one is mine, little wildflower."

I really had something between my blonde boyish bob and big gray eyes that functioned sensibly for my age, and this something warned me—"These people aren't your kind—you can't even count on their decency. Better slip away before you're sorry."

But when, failing to elude the enthusiastic Seraph by strategy, I insisted on leaving, my cape could not be found in the foyer.

"It's been put away in the dressing-room, probably," he said. "You can get it in a sec. But first let's have a drink. Aren't you perishing [Turn to page 118]"



Bill McNair held me close now—as close as I wanted him to.

# ELINOR

# GLYN



*Elinor Glyn  
—the world's  
authority  
on love.*



says:

## “Let

A VERY interesting state of affairs has been revealed in response to my last two articles about the leisure-mate and the work-mate. The vote for the leisure-mate is positively overwhelming—the large majority preferring to be the men’s *pleasure* rather than their *interest*.

But several have digressed from the concrete into the abstract, and have talked and written upon irrelevant matters which still have some slight bearing upon the main issue, notably a group of girls belonging to second-generation immigrants.

These American girls of foreign parentage are kept in by their parents as strictly as though they were still in Italy or Poland—they are obliged to be in at seven in the evening, and only once a week go to a movie, and no young men hanging about are tolerated! These girls do not seem wicked or fast; they are merely burning with rebellion at being forced to follow customs which are as obsolete in this country as that in which they were born.

And this takes me into a train of psychological investigations. There is nothing so foolish as sticking to fashions, customs, or methods of bygone days—because they would not have become “bygone” if they had not ceased in usefulness. If customs are suitable to the time and place they remain automatically, like certain moral laws of integrity, and certain practices of decency and modesty—these do not become old-fashioned. But this instinct of almost cloistering women; of using feudal rights over them, is as grotesque in our ideas as prehistoric animals would be in our streets.

The instincts were bred by the exigencies of the times. The women *had* to be protected from lawless brigands, and outrages of savages—and so, gradually, men assumed absolute command over their bodies and actions. And whatever the poor creatures obtained beyond men’s permission, had to be gained by cunning versus force. What wonder if there remains always this quality of cunning at the bottom of the sub-conscious minds

*These American girls of foreign parentage are kept by their parents as strictly as though they were still in Italy or Poland.*

*Teach Them to Stick to  
the Basic Virtues—  
to Natural Self-Respect  
—then*

# Them Go!"

of twentieth century girls? Every time force is used against *inclination*, cunning asserts itself, and combats the tyrant, discovering a way to outwit him.

All around them are the ways of freedom. Their friends are free, and show it in their speech and action; so is it likely that Bianca or Mitzi are going to accept slavery meekly? In a country where custom gives complete freedom of choice to women, the only way to control them is to teach them when young enough a clear sense of values, so that they themselves will be their own chaperones. Then all is well—for after all, if the parents have done their duty, the daughters ought to be sensible enough to protect themselves.

If they are naturally vicious, no laws will hold them. If they are virtuous and simply ignorant of evil, then they are the prey of whatever man is about when a nature urge surges up in them—but whose fault is it?

**C**ERTAINLY the blame lies with those who ought to have instructed them and safeguarded them by giving them knowledge of the law of action and reaction. "When you go to Rome, do as Rome does," is an excellent maxim. Stick to your instinct for right, truth, and honor, and to the law of spiritual propriety, and then go with the times. Dance the dances which are being danced; you need not put into them extra sex or meaning. Follow the custom of going out with young men alone. Wear the garments of fashion if every one else is wearing them, so that you are not eccentric. Go with the *times*, in short, and if you have natural self-respect and your parents have done their duty, you will not come to any harm!

One very instructive letter is from a girl who has lived in a luxurious home—has had everything she wants and complete freedom. Her sentiment is that she "does not mean ever to let any  
[Turn to page 94]



"She does not want to be bad; she just wants to be free!"

# *“—and I Learned about Men from HIM!”*



*Ray was Rich;*

*I was Poor!*

*Couldn't I*

*Win Him*

*if I Played the*

*Snob and*

*Turned my Back*

*on my*

*Family?*

*"Miss Martin," my employer said, "allow me to present my son, Ray."*

USUALLY, I enjoyed breakfast more than any other meal, for then it was my privilege to look my family over; and bully them good-naturedly, and love them a great deal. But this morning, they got on my nerves. I could see only what appealed to me as the sordid side of their natures.

Had they always been so crude? Was it my year at the state university, where I took a business course, that had changed my easy-going approval of their manners? In my heart I knew it wasn't that! Dad complained of his rheumatism when really he was no worse off than Mother. Jim gobbled his food. Avis was pert and slangy.

"Oh, Dad, if you had only *studied* when you were younger! You would be something now besides just a

plain carpenter. You could be in a warm, clean office, instead of out in the sawdust and plaster." I told him impatiently.

"The greatest Man in the world was just a 'plain carpenter'," Mother put in, and patted Dad's shoulder as if he were the Prince of Wales himself, in person. "Don't belittle your father's work, Winifred."

I felt ashamed and unhappy and miserable. I resolved that I would conquer this sudden critical streak if it killed me, and then . . . I saw that Avis had on my new lace collar-and-cuff set, that I had looked for in vain for precious minutes. It was the last straw. I pushed back my cereal untasted, and glared at my young sister, with all the venom she occasionally arouses in me.

"You know I never have anything new and pretty



n  
like the other high school girls, Win Martin!" she pouted. "And you get a whole salary of your own to do with just as you please! I think you're stingy to act mad just because I borrowed your lace to cover up my shabby dress!"

The little thing was so pretty, so appealing, that ordinarily I would have melted at once and have given her my set. But this morning a fairly devilish mood of self-pity and hardness urged me on.

"Such children! Spoiled, and selfish, and rude! Jimmy, for mercy's sake, sit up and don't endanger our lives with your sharp elbows, and your own, with those enormous bites you choke down. Do eat decently!"

"Oh, w'at a peeve!" Jim alternately squeaked and croaked—his voice was changing, and he was at the most unattractive stage of boyhood. "Yuh must have a new sweetie, or somepin', and the course o' true love is blockaded ahead, by the way yuh act!"

ich;  
I  
I turned scarlet and ran from the table, and out of the room, stopping only for a hasty peck at mother's cheek. She was pouring her steaming coffee from her cup and swishing it about in the saucer to cool. I hated myself for wishing she wouldn't do it, even while my heart ached for her dear, sweet, patient self.

I wouldn't acknowledge that Jim, with irritating penetration, had hit the nail on the head. It would be too humiliating to admit that I had fallen in love at first sight, with my employer's son, just like all the silly little shop-girls in the movies. Surely, I had more sense and character than that! It was natural, of course, to have

noticed him, but that didn't necessarily mean that I needed to giggle around and look self-conscious and ridiculous like Miss Bascome and Lulu Mason, every time his name was mentioned.

I boarded a city-bound car, and gazing out at the vista of tenement back-stairs and clothes lines, gave myself up to bitter musings. It was only yesterday that this tumult had stirred my soul, and a casual observer would never have dreamed what had brought it to light.

AT ELEVEN o'clock the day before, I took my completed pile of neatly typed sheets, and walked into Mr. Boyd's private office, according to custom. So far, there was nothing unusual nor cataclysmic. But Mr. Boyd had not been alone. A big, broad-shouldered, slim-waisted fellow, with sparkling blue eyes, leaned over the desk, and stopped short in the middle of a hearty laugh, just as I opened the door.

"Good morning, Miss Martin. Allow me to present my son, Ray, just back from our foreign office." And he had beamed and blown his nose and looked as if the Angel Gabriel himself could not have sprung more joyous tidings.

And then had ensued a pleasant little conversation, not a word of which could I recall—I could only listen to them, and think confusedly that it had been just my luck not to have had my marcel reset the evening before instead of seeing Harold Lloyd, and in some way I got myself out of the room without dropping more than half my notes. I couldn't go back to [Turn to page 122]



It was an ideal place for a picnic—and there he poured out his heart to me.

# P How I Was unished for being Loyal to my HUSBAND

IT SEEMS impossible that this frightful thing should have happened to us! People come to stare at our home, and pass on, ill-concealed sneers reflected in their faces. We are the object for the morbidly curious. We are the scorn of the righteous, and yet, my daughters and I are innocent of this evil that has shadowed our lives.



"You're a cheat and a liar! Get out!" he yelled.

Our family lawyer, and our one faithful friend, Elmer Hughes, says that there is an easy way out of our predicament. But, we can't take it! As a mother, my conscience would never rest if I did take it. I can't lose what little honor I have left.

We are suffering; paying in agony of soul and actual physical want, through no fault of ours. We are the helpless victims of a ghastly plot.

It hardly seems that there is any justice left in the world, when we are menaced by a power more forceful than life; a power which is within the law and yet makes out-laws of us. It has ruined our home and made our lives desolate.

The whole situation dates back to the fact that in the beginning I was engaged to Edwin Ramsey. I was young. I was not sure that I wanted him. Indeed, I was rather afraid of him. He made love to me so fiercely that I was almost afraid to refuse him, and before I knew it I was tacitly engaged to him.

And yet, if I had not been engaged to Ed, probably I never would have met Will. You see, Will and Ed were partners in the beginning, and after Ed introduced me to his partner, I knew at once that I had met the man that I really wanted to marry, and that my engagement was all wrong. And so I broke it.

It was directly after this that the two boys had a disagreement and dissolved partnership. It happened very quietly. So far as people knew, it was a business disagreement, though I learned later that it was on account of me. Ed, violently jealous, accused Will of flirting with his girl. Will, with a sense of fine loyalty to the man who was his partner, and whom he regarded as a friend, indignantly denied any such intention. Nevertheless, as soon as the partnership was actually broken up he came to see me, and before long I had promised to be his wife. This time there was no uncertainty about my wishes in the matter.

From then on, Will and Ed were business rivals. Will sold out his share of the business to Ed, and then set up an establishment of his own. But Ed was a fighter. He surely was a mean fighter—a fighter until his death, and even after that! For it was then that he struck his most terrible blow—from the grave.

And yet, up to the moment of that blow, Will in his



*Meeting his glassy stare unflinchingly, I commanded: "Let me go!"*

natural kindness of spirit bore no real grudge. He fought back, naturally, in the courts and otherwise, but there was no venom in his attitude, as there was in Ed's. Will was too big-hearted to harbor his prejudice for long.

Why, even when we learned that Ed Ramsey was dying from cancer of the tongue, we went to see him in pure pity. We were ready to forget the past. You can understand—the man was dying. He had only a few days or a few weeks to live. We wanted to bury the hatchet. So we went in there, with kindness in our faces, forgiveness in our hearts, and stifling the repugnance to the sickening odor attached to his disease.

And how did he receive us? He only glared at us, as if to ask—what did we want here? Of course, he was unable to speak. But we were to learn that he had not only poison in his mouth but poison in his heart.

"We heard that you were in a bad way, Ed," Will



*As my lawyer talked, I saw clearly Ed's terrible revenge.*

began. He stopped suddenly, as if Ed had repulsed him. "We thought—er—that we would like to be friends, now at least," I said.

But he turned away from us with a kind of a sneer—a sort of snarl in his throat, and wrote in a scrawling hand on a pad of paper.

"Oh, hell—I'm not through with you yet!"

He tossed the pad over to our side of the table, then practically turned his back on us. The devil! I am sure that I flushed red. I could have killed him, dying though he was. But Will, like a simp, was still able to make allowances for the man's suffering. Will even said to me later that the man was not himself. I think, on the contrary, that he was very much himself, in that respect running true to form, as they say. Anyway, Will stood there still trying to say some silly friendly thing, but I jerked him by the arm and took him away.

The significance of that little note, however, we were to learn later.

I suppose Ed would never have been such a bitter rival and competitor of Will if it had not been that the two had started out as friends and partners in the little music and phonograph shop on the main street. But when Will rented a place and went into business for himself in the same line, Ed acted as if Will had no right to do so. Of course, Ed had the start, since the other business was already established and going, and Will had an uphill road. Also, Ed had an advantage in selling a make of phonographs and records that was so well advertised, the leading make. But Will was undaunted, saying he could sell other makes on the theory that they

were better, and he thought lots of people wanted something else just to be different. But Ed had an advantage in still another way, and that was a better location. Then the business section built up very rapidly around where Ed was located. Will only said he was glad he didn't have to pay Ed's high rent. In this rivalry between them, you see, Will had the advantage in winning me, but Ed was the successful one in making money. In that, Ed had pure luck, Will always had bad luck.

**T**OO, Ed inherited some money from his uncle. This uncle was an eccentric character. He committed suicide in a violent and horrible way by jumping over a precipice into the quarry, two hundred feet down. Ed's own father died in the insane asylum some years before, and his mother died when he was born, so that he had no brothers or sisters. After this uncle died, Ed had not a relative in the world. People used to wonder what he would do with his money, with no one to leave it to. However, when Ed inherited this money from his uncle he was able to put new fixtures in his store, buy a fine new stock, including sheet music, saxophones and band instruments, and fix his place all up. I don't think that people liked him so much.

I used to go and help Will in the store. When Jane, our older girl, was big enough, she did so too. Later Ed had his choice of the radio manufacturers. And so it went. Ed was soon able to buy the building he was in and the shacks next door to him, covering several lots. Later he sold those extra lots for a fortune, and beautiful buildings were put up there. Then [Turn to page 98]



# My Vacation Boy-Friend

*Two Weeks of Hotel Luxury away from the Office*      *Two Weeks in which to Meet my Prince Charming*  
—and then—

"YOU may draw my bath, Marie, and serve the coffee. Have the water tepid and don't be sparing with the salts."

There wasn't any Marie, but it was a day to make you dream. I turned languidly on my pillow, staring through the window at the sunny vista of wood and meadow which made up the grounds of the summer hotel.

Two weeks belonged to me. Two weeks without forcing myself out of bed at the strident command of the alarm-clock; a period of play, and rest, and dreams. It was so sweet to be alive and young! There was only one unkind thought on the horizon,—one day was gone and there were only thirteen more!

Such a little while and then I'd be back at my typing again for Mandel, of Mandel and Blitz, Coats and Suits, the best for the least! But for these two weeks I intended to enjoy every minute in an atmosphere of luxury. Even the companions I met were to think of me as rich! They need never know—not even my real name.

Better the thrill of two weeks as an heiress, than a whole year on the same gray level of every day life. Thanks to the cut rates of Mandel and Blitz I had as good a wardrobe as any one; little clinging, fluffy things, silken softness which caressed my skin and made me feel the part I was to play. It's funny what confidence my extravagance had given

me. At last, I was going to be one of the élite.

As I entered the lobby and felt the curious gaze of the other guests I felt like a Duchess of Doubt, and determined to be an alluring, intriguing personality because of my very aloofness. For once, I would be one of those rare people who are hard to meet.

The hotel stood on a cliff, high above the ocean that ceaselessly wooed the rocks, sometimes with the passion of the storm, at others soft and gentle as a long caress. Inland from the huge rambling building, stretched carefully kept lawns, fields and gardens, and at their fringe, a few acres of forest whose underbrush had been cleared away.

I was on my second day. The only people I had spoken to, were chamber-maids, bell-boys and clerks. Adventure was yet to arrive. But, sitting conspicuously apart on the wide verandas facing the sea, I dreamed myself ecstatically out of all my yesterdays and into today. I sought to be as one under a self-designed spell of aphasia, in which all past memories were blotted out.

Many pretty girls were about, but men were unhappily few. I had not gone away to knit and there simply had to be a man in the picture somewhere, somehow.

There was one who seemingly escaped the clutches of the dollared darlings, and who, like myself, sat in solitary grandeur on the



*My mad desire to yield battled with the still, small voice of warning.*

veranda. He was good-looking, trimly built and about thirty-three or four.

Several times I caught him glancing at me, but I studiously concentrated on the indolent flight of a gull. It wouldn't do to flirt. I was spending money here to avoid being ordinary.

The afternoon wore on and I was fairly well 'sat out.' I pondered whether it wouldn't be smartly modern for me to tramp straight at him and announce that I wanted to talk with him and he'd just have to meet me or run away. I summoned courage to do that very thing but cravenly marched right past him.

The professional hostess had arranged a dance

to be preceded by a treasure hunt. Paper streamers knotted together lay in a maze across the lawn and into the woods, each line numbered at its beginning. The idea was that everybody in the game would draw a number from a hat. At the end of some streamers prizes were to be found.

As each progressed, frequently the lines crossed, bringing people together in laughing nimble-footedness to prevent breaking a streamer which would put the clumsy one out of the game. But the hostess was easily bought and I knew what my treasure would be, so I was careful.

My line ran deep and deeper under the shadowing trees. I was almost alone, my near neighbors having veered off here and there. As I reached a huge oak, my streamer turned sharply to the right where the moon won its way through the varying densities of leaves.

From directly ahead, came the crackle of a twig, but the tree trunks hid from view any approaching form. And then, emerging into clear sight in a lovely glen, I saw my Mystery Man, following his streamer that ended to mate with mine by the side of a whispering spring. He was smiling; I don't think I looked exactly disappointed. [Turn to page 114]



*He turned slowly, his lazy gaze upon me. A prisoner of memory? I did not move.*

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## *Clothes-ing Time*

**WHEN** the Roulette-Wheel of Fashion starts spinning in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's prodigious production, "Monte Carlo," it will be closing time for everything but your eyes. And why pose lovely ladies on stairways if you're not to stare at them?





# HOLLYWOOD



*Claire Windsor*



**I**F WE had **CLAIRE WINDSOR'S** perfect profile, we wouldn't hide it under the big hat she's receiving in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Money Talks."



*Patsy Ruth Miller*



**N**OR would we be as glum as **GAYNE WHITNEY** if **PATSY RUTH MILLER** were coaxing us in Warner's "Hell Bent for Heaven."

**A**ND we'd make just as good a tackle as **WILLIAM HAINES** if we were "Brown of Harvard" for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and if **MARY BRIAN** was our best girl.



*William Haines and Mary Brian*





# SNAPSHOTS

**B**EN LYON may be "The Savage" for First National, but we'd like to see the Wild Man MAY McAVOY couldn't charm into a Perfect Gentle-man.



*May McAvoy*

**O**H, no, JOHNNY HARRON and DOLORES COSTELLO, Warner's "Little Irish Girl," aren't parting forever, not by a "long shot."



*Dolores Costello and Johnny Harron*

**A**ND why does LEW CODY look so sad, with MARCELINE DAY snuggling up? S-s-s-ah! He saw her on her knees to another man in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Toto."



*Marceline Day and Lew Cody*



GERTRUDE  
OLMSTEAD  
practises her  
wiles on a me-  
chanical doll in  
First National's  
picture, "Pop-  
pets."



This practising  
brings perfect  
results with  
MILTON  
SILLS, as is  
proved in the  
picture at the  
left.

A Pretty

Playmate

# My Rich Fiance

*Love-Making at 65 Miles per Hour  
was Nothing in Murray's Fast Set*



*When Mrs. Saunders saw my poor wardrobe, she brought me the daintiest frocks imaginable, with stockings and lingerie.*

I WAS a wild imp of the sea whose only discipline had been my father's word, when a little party of scientists boarded the ship at an island port. Murray Saunders had been ill with a fever when he came aboard. As he recovered, we fell hopelessly in love. He was an aristocrat; I was Red Tobin's daughter.

So I came to his country home to be greeted by his mother and mercilessly snubbed by his sisters. My clothes seemed shabby. Everything went wrong, and,

realizing that I never could be happy, I packed my bag and tiptoed down the hall only to overhear the most insulting conversation through a door.

I didn't know who it was and didn't care. It made me so mad I almost choked—and I had been running away! Well, I wouldn't go now—I'd show them!

Bursting in, I let loose all the language I had been struggling to hold back; then, turning, I found myself face to face with Murray's mother.

## Part II.

FOR a full minute we stood gazing into each other's eyes. Then Mrs. Saunders' eyes shot fire over my shoulder. My chin began to tremble. I wanted to throw myself in her arms and cry and tell her I was sorry.

I could see the rocks in my dream-castle come crashing down in a great cloud of dust, resounding in my ears like thunder. And Murray standing in the center of it all, his eyes pleading and full of sorrow. I took a step toward the door and I think I swayed a little, for I put out a hand to grasp the frame of the door. I didn't feel like "Red" Tobin's daughter then. I felt like a poor, little ragamuffin being taunted and abused. I lifted my head and my eyes were full of tears. I tried to tell Mrs. Saunders I was sorry, but the words choked in my throat.

Then I felt her arms about my shoulders and I could feel her whole body bristle.

"You don't have to tell me what has happened. I know," she said. "Florine, I'm more ashamed of you than I have ever been before—and that's saying a lot!"

I lifted my head and looked into her face in amazement. She had heard me swearing like a little demon in my rage and she blamed them! She was a friend and all that Murray had said. I began to sob again and unwilling to have them see me, I pushed by Mrs. Saunders, picking up my bag in the hallway. For a moment I hesitated, then I made my way back to my room and sank down on the floor just inside the door. There wasn't anything I could do now but go back with dad.

After a few minutes, I heard a knock on my door. I didn't answer, hoping the intruder would go away. But the door opened and Mrs. Saunders came in without waiting for me to answer.

Without a word she knelt beside me, laid my head on her shoulder and patted my cheek softly. If I had been a stray little mongrel who had been thrown a bone, I would have licked her hand and followed her to eternity! I looked into her eyes and I knew that she understood my thanks, for she said, "There, there, dear, there, there."

And that was all, until a few minutes later when she



helped me to my feet, pulled off my jacket and made me lie down on the bed. She got a towel, saturated it with cold water and held it over my eyes, wetting the front of her dinner gown and not seeming to care a bit.

I held to her hand and after a while she said, "There isn't anything I can say that will be an apology, Marion. There is no apology for such a thing. But I'll make it up to you."

I began to whimper again and said, "They were saying such terrible things about me!"

"I don't believe they will again!" she replied, and her teeth came together with a little click. "Do you know who they were—besides Florine?"

"I didn't even know that one of them was Murray's





*So these were Murray's women-friends! The girls strutted like peacocks, and foppish looking men ogled them.*

sister until she said those mean things about me!"

"The other two were Nita and Madelyn, Randy and Edmond's wives," she said quietly. "I'm afraid, dear, it is going to be hard for you at first, until you understand and know how little and petty the quarrels of our kind of people are, compared to the life you've known. We have nothing to do, so we prey on each other, snarling and sneering and gossiping, always dissatisfied. I will do everything I can to make things easy for you, but there will be some things I can't do—things you will have to fight and win for yourself."

"Both Randy and Edmond were devoted to their wives, especially Randy. He was madly in love with Nita and could have done so much if she had only given him a little help. He is four years older than Murray, and when they were children they used to be inseparable. Murray followed him about like a little puppy dog, worshipping the very ground he walked on. Nita has even come between them with her jealous selfishness."

"It isn't easy for me to tell you these things, but I want you to understand how foolish it is for you to feel badly about anything they say or do. Madelyn is just the same sort and between them they have managed to make my own daughter Florine one of them—that's the worst of it all."

**T**HERE were tears in Mrs. Saunders' eyes then and I knew how much it was costing her pride to talk to me as she had. She shook her head slowly from side to side and went on.

"There is just one thing I pray for," she continued, "that is Murray's success in his work. I've given up any hope of Randy or Edmond ever doing anything, now. They think they will, but they won't. Nita has an awful price to pay for the things she is doing. She will be the sufferer in the end. What Murray will do is up to you, Marion, if he loves you as he told me he does."



*I heard a scream and a crash in the next room. The door suddenly opened, and a girl rushed out.*

She stopped again for a moment; then suddenly she said, "Will you come with me now and I'll show you Murray's laboratory. We had it especially built on the rear of this floor."

I smiled, and said, of course, I would go. She led me down the hallway into a little room at the back. The shelves and walls were lined with books, test tubes, microscopes, chemicals, a million things dear to the heart of a naturalist. I wanted to touch everything in the room because it was Murray's.

"Oh, I'll try so hard to be what you want me to and what I want to be myself," I said. "You see, I've never had a mother since I was just a child, and I've always been with dad at sea ever since I can remember. He wanted me to go away to school, but I wouldn't go—oh, if I only had!"

Mrs. Saunders put a finger under my chin and tilted

my head back affectionately, looking deep into my eyes.

"None of that matters in the real things of life, Marion," she said very softly.

"Oh, I know, I know," I cried. "It's all in being honorable and good and sincere. Murray and I talked for hours and hours about his work, and planned trips to every corner of the earth, always together. It seems that it's my work as much as his, and I think that I'll always be happier just with him, than trying to live the sort of a life *they* lead. I couldn't skulk and sneak behind people's backs to hurt them!"

I wanted so much to make her see that Murray was everything in life to me, everything that life could ever be, his work and his dreams coming before everything else. Mrs. Saunders put her hands on my shoulders.

"You will be very happy if you always keep those thoughts before you, Marion!" [Turn to page 102]

# How I Regained Her Love

Prize-Winning Letters which Tell  
Still More About the Game Called Love

**D**OES it seem possible that a man would have to deliberately out-maneuver an interloping stranger and risk his entire life's happiness just to keep his wife from doing something very foolish?

Does it seem possible that a man should have to break away from a job with a big salary and take a small place so that his wife could find happiness? Doesn't that seem to turn to world of logic upside down?

Does it seem possible that a man with an ordinary amount of intelligence can be blinded to the fact that he has the finest and truest wife in the world, enough to go out and leave her for a sudden infatuation? Doesn't it seem as though he would look farther ahead?

Did you ever hear of adventuring through literature to hold two people together? It

seems new and strange as a cure, but life is full of oddities.

There are many other letters giving reasons we have known in life. Perhaps the most outstanding reason is the one in which two people find their interests in life differing so materially that they drift apart. In such a case, one or the other must take the initiative and start the fashion of compromising for the sake of peace. One of our prize letters tells how his own case has worked out.

These five letters are interesting reading. Their reasoning is sound even though their trend of thought is rather startling. Read them, and you will see how successful marriages are made. They pay wonderful tribute to the wives—and reflect a mighty fine spirit on the part of the husbands.



## Intrigue

\$100 Prize-Winner

**F**OR the past three years I have allowed my wife to go to a fashionable summer resort for the entire summer. It has meant working long and arduously to provide this great delight of her heart, and I have rejoiced in her happiness and my ability to do so. I love my wife dearly; she has always been a companion and, well, while not an actual sweetheart since the cares of the children have taken up her time, still she has been very, very dear to me. So you can imagine with what heart-ache and unhappiness I learned of her infatuation with a certain young man who occasionally came to this summer resort. I had been surmising her deep liking for this young man but I attributed it to the fact that she desired novelty and a little excitement which I, grown heavy and placid and gray and slightly bald with the years, could not altogether furnish. She would tire of it—she had always been contented with me. Was I not the father of her

two darling boys, whom she seemed to worship?

One week-end, after having noticed her playing tennis with the handsome young man (yes, he certainly had it over me in more ways than one: tall, robust, handsome, young—and you know, the appeal of youth is ever devastating) most of the afternoon, she came up to our room, and with her eyes lowered, she said:

"Daddy, I'm sorry—really I am—but it's no use; going on like this with you is just a farce. My happiness is in Frank's hands—I cannot live without him. I have tried to think of you and my duty to all of you; I know the struggles and hardships you have had to

endure to make a happy home and give me luxuries, but I'm sorry. Happiness, before anything else, comes first. Life is short, and I want to make the rest of my life as happy as I can make it."

With a sinking heart, I questioned her more fully about this  
[Turn to page

95]

### WHAT DO YOU THINK?

*How do you like the stories in this issue of SMART SET? Which ones do you like best? We want to get your reactions. How do you like the pictures? The movie sections? Give the reasons why you like or dislike the stories.*

*Write us a letter and tell us about it. We want your candid opinion, whether it is favorable or unfavorable.*

*We will give \$25 for the best letter about the July issue, \$10 for the next best, and \$5 for the third best. Contest closes July 15th. The Editors will be the judges.*



# When Flapper Turns Mother

**T**HESE are trying times for women who wear long hair and short skirts. They find it so difficult to stabilize their opinions of modern youth.

I speak with authority because I am that type of woman.

When the long-haired side of my nature rules, I find the impertinence, egotism and ruthlessness of young people intolerable. When the short-skirt side of me prevails, I fall to admiring their honesty, their sincerity and their capacity for facing facts. But both sides of my warring nature agree on one point. These young things possess certain attributes which will produce a fine lot of parents.

Now, before you utter a long, loud dissent or cast the article aside as unworthy of your august attention, please consider its source. I am not an alarmist nor a reformer, nor yet an

optimist who goes about chanting that "all's well" with the world. I can see many spots in our present social structure which could be improved, but I also see certain signs of progress; material, social and spiritual, which make me glad that I have lived to see this day.

I do not watch youth with the eyes of the woman who has forgotten that she was ever young and impetuous, and who still thinks that a broom is more efficient than a vacuum cleaner because her mother taught her how to use a broom. Neither do I see it as a home-staying mother harassed by the conduct of her one and only daughter. I see it as a professional woman who rubs elbows with young women all day, who visits the public library with them on their way home, who goes to concerts and movies with them by night, and whose feet keep time to their dancing. A woman in fact who thanks her Maker for an understanding heart which wins the confidence of the much discussed flapper.

And out of these confidences I have learned that for all their bobbed hair, lip sticks, syncopated dancing and petting parties, the majority of these young people have firmly determined to do a better job as parents than their mothers and fathers did. The frankness with which they discuss this question before marriage is the most promising sign of all.

"Our problem is just this," said a girl of twenty-four who has recently announced her engagement. "Shall I work and help Jimmy to buy a home for our children, or shall I give up my job, have the children and trust that



*"THE flapper of today knows more about the care of children than we mothers of 1900 did," says this noted writer on women's affairs.*





# "Don't Worry Too Much about Flaming Youth,"

says

## ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON

Jimmy will be promoted and be able to put up the home? Do you think that a wife who works weakens the character of her husband, by lightening his responsibilities?"

Any girl who talked that way before marriage in my youth, would not have been considered "nice." Parenthood was then an accident, not a responsibility assumed with marriage and therefore to be planned for.

Another girl who earns \$60.00 a week, told me that she broke her engagement because the man she was to marry was suspiciously eager to have her retain her job. Not because he wanted her to support him, for he is proud, ambitious and draws a good salary. He offered this reason:

"With your salary and mine we can live in a smart little hotel, join a club, see all that's worth seeing and spend occasional week-ends at Atlantic City. We don't want to bury ourselves in some grubby little flat and count the pennies."

When he had expressed this sentiment in different terms at different times, the girl reached her decision.

"That was not my idea of married life. A single girl with a good salary can buy all the pleasure going. I want a home and babies, but he would not be willing to sacrifice anything for them. I want a father for my children. He wants a mistress who wears a wedding ring."

And yet this girl looks like a flapper, dresses like a flapper, dances like a flapper, and is a flapper!

And now for a glimpse of the flapper wives behind the scenes.

They know more about the physical care of children than we mothers of 1900 did and they practice what they know. In public schools, in community centers; in the state colleges with their practice houses, they are taught how to bathe, dress and feed babies, and they don't forget this training while they tinkle type-



Anna Steese Richardson

writers, sell perfumes, and dance the Charleston.

Three of us were seated on a Boardwalk bench at Atlantic City. The flapper with tangerine make-up on her thin face, the feather rosette on a vivid green garter peeping below her absurdly tight and narrow skirt. Her expression utterly vapid and vacant. A middle-aged, uncorseted, ungroomed, foreign woman, with silver and brass rings on the soiled hand that perpetually jiggled a perambulator. The foreign mother moved on. The tangerine-tinted doll on my right came to life.

"GEE, that woman gave me the willies! Shaking that poor baby like it was one of them spiders on a string. And did yah see what it had in its mouth? A pacifier!" With added scorn—"A fine looking mouth that kid'll have in about six months. It'll look like a rabbit."

"Where did you learn so much about babies?" I asked, "You look so young."

"I am young, but I've got two kids at home. The doctor sent me down [Turn to page 74]

*Armand, Called to the Front, Left His Adored  
Julie In My Care . . . Did I Merit His Trust?*

## For the Sake of Julie



*We embraced each other as comrades.*

**I**F ARMAND FOURCHAMBAULT had been an older man, and a more sophisticated lover, the young poilu would have accepted my living under the same roof with his fiancée with a suspicion as old as human nature.

However, warm, impulsive boy that he was, Armand saluted me as his "*comrade Americain*." We were friends from the first touch of our fingers, a touch that told me his slim hand owned the strength of steel.

From the moment of his arrival on *permissionnaire*

from the Verdun front I tried to be worthy of his comradeship and his trust. I tried to drive the desire for Julie Perrone out of my heart and body. I struggled against the lure of her faintly tanned arms; the fullness of her young bosom; and the warm, misty lights that

peered out of her dark eyes. Julie and all of her beautiful lure belonged to my new friend. They had belonged to Armand since their childhood wanderings in the yellow wheat fields; in the larkspur; and in the goldenrod. . . She was his dream girl!

I should have been strong enough not to covet Julie. But, we cannot command love. It commands us!

When I realized that I could not escape her fascination, I began to stay away from the Perrone farmhouse that faced the Sacred Road of France. It was the only decent thing to do.

Three days passed without the sight or sound of her. My yearning to see and hear Julie became a flame, trapped inside of me. It was only the unbearable torture of this flame that drove me back to her house.

I found Armand there—alone. He was standing in the door looking listlessly down the Sacred Road over which Paris taxicabs once rushed the men to Verdun who had said, "They shall not pass." It came as a shock to realize that some of the young Frenchman's enthusiasm seemed dead. A shadow haunted the blue of his eyes, and his voice was not the ardent, eager one he had brought home to Fleury from the front.

"Julie, and her grandmother are in fields helping to harvest the wheat, Monsieur Dinee," he said, pronouncing my name Denny after the fashion of Julie. "Let us go and help them."

The strained quality of his voice charged the summer air with the premonition of something impending. Something that had to do with Julie and the two of us. Had Armand realized what was in my heart for his girl?

We walked away in a silence that deepened with every step. Soon we found ourselves in the stretching field of larkspur and goldenrod—the field wherein Armand had said he and Julie first dreamed of love, and a life together in the beautiful places far-away from the wheat. Armand suddenly turned upon me with the look of a man about to deliver his soul of something he can no longer suppress:

"Do you believe a man can love a woman enough to



*"Din--ee!" Julie called to me. I cannot let you go like this. It will kill me!"*

desire her own happiness above his own?" he asked, a fierceness in his voice that made me think he had driven himself to ask such a question.

"Yes, Armand." My heart began to beat furiously. For three days I had been vainly trying to snatch a crumb from the happiness I thought Julie felt in her love for Armand.

"*Merçi Dieu!*" he blurted. My answer brought him either relief or resignation. For he turned slowly and gazed at the Perrone farmhouse and the field with eyes that seemed to be looking down the years. But his peace passed swiftly. Armand suddenly gripped my arms with passionate strength, then he freed me.

We drew away from each other, both of us panting like two men who have run a long race under heavy loads. Armand, his voice laboring hard, was the first



to speak:

"Dinee—I know that you love her too. If you should ever find you can give Julie her dreams—and her happiness, promise me you will do so. You promise, my friend?" he begged, his tortured lips quivering.

I felt as if I had been stuck again in the side with a Boche bayonet. The strength to cry out left me just as it had done that night at Chateau-Thierry when the knife found me. But, there was Armand begging me to make a promise that seemed the all of everything! "I—I—promise, Armand," I said, driving the words brokenly out of my tightening throat.

A pressure of his hands against mine, and Armand Fourchambault dashed away through the fields of larkspur and goldenrod as if pursued. For moments I stood rooted in my tracks. Then, I turned and hurried toward Fleury where my artillery regiment was billeted awaiting orders.

When I reached the village, the Grande Rue was throbbing with the stirring tattoo of sticks against a drum. The old town crier was calling the people to hear important news. Suddenly he began to read from a long, official-looking paper, his voice charged with all the drama that belongs to a call to arms. All French officers and soldiers on *permissionnaire* in Fleury were ordered back to their regiments! Hell had again broken loose to the north!

I hurried to the town hall so that I could watch the French *permissionnaires* start back over their Sacred Road to meet the enemy who must be threatening somewhere off to the north in that crimson tangle called the Argonne. My thoughts turned to Julie and Armand as I ran. Poor Armand! Only a few days out of hell, and back he must go!

"His going is your chance. You will be left here with Julie. Perhaps you can win her—" I struggled inwardly to stifle the voice of love that was thus tempting me. It was no time for me to think of myself.

Already the camions were drawing up in front of the town hall. The whole village seemed swarming around those trucks, and again a warm thrill surged through me.

"They've started something. But we'll be pulling out for the Front any old time now," said an American as we watched the spectacle with flashing eyes. Somehow this idea brought relief to the feelings swirling in my heart for Julie—for Armand—and for myself.

I went from one truck to another seeking Armand. But, he was not to be seen then. It was not until the first two trucks had been filled and started on their way amid sobbing, cheering, praying, and curses for the enemy, that I found Armand, two heavy bags weighing him down. He was standing alone, though villagers were talking to him. We rushed upon each other like brothers:



Julie tried to smile as I left her there in the church.

"Where is Julie?" I asked amazed that she was not with him.

"I would not let her come. Nor my poor mother. They have both had too much of this sort of thing," he said, waving his arms at the crowd. His voice was low-pitched but he seemed sure of it.

"I have a strange feeling, Dinee, about this going," he went on, "I feel it will be the last time. The end is near. The war cannot last much longer. When it ends, and if—if we come out alive, I will want to see you again some day, *mon ami*, no matter what happens. You, believe me, Dinee?" he almost begged.

"Of course, Armand," was all I could say, for the





"God shall know what is in our hearts," she said.

very truth of his words brought lumps to my throat.

"You know I have served as an observer with American artillery before. Perhaps, who knows? I may again be attached to your armies. If so, I shall ask to be sent to your regiment. What is your number, *mon ami*?"

"The 103rd Field Artillery."

"I shall not forget. And you will remember me—"

A French officer gave a sharp command. It was for the third and last truck to be filled. Armand Fourchambault's young lips came together at the command. There was fire in his eyes.

"We shall cut them down this time, Dinee! We shall

make the beasts pay: 'Make them squeal like stuck pigs and beg for mercy as our men, and our women, have begged it of them. And—*bon Dieu! mon ami*, and we shall give them that same kind of mercy—the bayonet!" his strong-muscled hand flashed to his side as if he were after a long French bayonet. But, he only drew forth a canteen. Unscrewing the top, Armand shoved it toward me with a word that stirred me.

"*P-i-n-a-r-d!*" he said.

I lifted it to my mouth, understanding. But before the wine of a French *poilu* wet my lips I made the gesture of a toast toward Armand. He caught my wrist. Now his voice was strained and hoarse. "Dinee, you do not forget your promise in the field today?"

"No, Armand," I answered, remembering sharply.

"Then, *mon ami*, we drink to—Julie's happiness! Take care of her!" he said.

I swallowed the *pinard*, almost choking as I handed the canteen back and saw Armand Fourchambault turn it up to his trembling lips. Then, with a deliberation I could not have commanded, he quietly screwed on the top, slung the canteen behind him, and gave me his hand.

After a last pressure of our fingers I boosted him into the truck that waited to rush men into the ugly maw of battle. He faced me as the camion rumbled away, waving his horizon-blue cap to the last, just as if he were casually journeying to the next village—and that was the way Armand Fourchambault went back to war.

I MESSED with the battery that night, still clinging to my determination not to go near the Perrone farmhouse again. After those moments with Armand in the field, I was afraid to be with Julie: afraid that I was not strong enough to bear the sweet pain of loving her in silence. Of course I had promised Armand to make her happy if I learned she loved me. But I believe she really loved him, and knowing what had been in his heart for her since childhood, it seemed best for me to go on believing that she did. I did not want to rob him of his dream even if such a thing were in my power.

Perhaps if he had been any other man; perhaps if it had all happened under any other circumstances than those of war, I might have acted differently. But, Armand and his memories of the days when he and Julie had strolled through the goldenrod with their dreams! Armand, and the way the red tide had sucked him back into its sea of destruction and death! These things made it seem best for me to stay away.

However, as the night thickened over Fleury, and I walked from picket lines to gun-park on an inspection tour, the faint call of a voice drifted to me down the Sacred Road of France. Even [Turn to page 92]



My

# Train ROMANCE

*A True College Story*

*"It is your glasses. He is afraid of them," the pretty young woman said.*

**T**HIS is the tragedy that has happened to me. Today, I am insanely in love with another man's wife. She is little, with black shingled hair, and an infant son. And I do not even know her name!

I am supposed to be a sane professor of sociology at the state university. I have never had a thrill about any of the bob-haired co-eds who come to my classes or flit about the campus. They have no distinction. They are about as much alike as peas in a pod.

Until yesterday, I was the abject slave of Mrs. Grundy, and the mate of my dreams was tall and stately, with a wealth of gold hair and a madonna face.

I know now that all my life fate has been dogging my footsteps. Yesterday, it pounced upon me, that's all. I didn't have the merest ghost of a chance.

This is the way it happened: I was returning from a week at the seashore and upon entering the crowded day-coach of my train, I stumbled over a young mother struggling with a sleeping baby, a handbag and several packages. Of course, I awkwardly and apologetically, stooped to her assistance. When I had her and her be-

longings settled, I turned to find every seat taken and gratefully accepted the place that she, somewhat shyly, offered me beside her.

After thanking me prettily, the young mother settled the baby comfortably on her lap, pulled off her hat, dabbed at her hot face with a handkerchief and leaned back wearily against the seat. She managed, by these signs, to convey to me the fact that having served her purpose, I was dismissed. And I, an alleged gentleman, got the idea and indifferently unfolded the morning paper.

Now, the morning paper is as much of a necessity to me as my morning coffee. As I think I explained before, I'm not susceptible to feminine charms. Yet, somehow, I found the paper strangely stale and my eyes kept returning, covertly, to the charming person beside me. She wasn't pretty. Her mouth was entirely too wide, but her nose had the most ridiculous tilt and the ends of her modishly shingled bob curled up distractingly around her thin little face. She was dressed after the latest fashion. I was [Turn to page 74]

# The TRAIL of the Yellow Rose

*Out of the Mysterious Past Crept a Shadow  
between Amy and Me*

IT WAS during my third week at Brighton College that some one thumped on my door one afternoon as I sat in the window seat overlooking the campus. I shouted "Come in!" The door swung slowly open and a boy with brown, serious eyes entered. That was the first thing you noticed about Sidney Baldwin, his brown eyes.

His face lit with a friendly smile and I got to my feet. He came toward me his hand outstretched.

"My name's Baldwin. Maybe you'll think it odd, but yesterday I got a letter from my father, who said he had seen your name on my class roster. He asked me to look you up and see if you were Raymond Gates' son, class of '84."

"Surest thing you know," I said shaking his hand.

"Well, dad told me to tell you that your father was his best friend through college; they roomed together the last three years and I guess thought a lot of each other from the way dad wrote. Hope you won't mind my pushing in on you."

"Mind! Gee, I'm terribly glad. I suppose your father knows that dad has been dead for twelve years now?"

"Yes, he told me in his letter," said Sidney.

There was a silence, for a moment.

Then Baldwin broke it with a question about my course and my classes.

"I've seen your name in the *Daily Brighton*—freshman football," he said.

"Yes, I'm taking a shot at it," I answered, trying to be modest.



*Amy was so pretty I wanted to cuddle her in my arms—but that would have mussed her daintiness, and crushed the two yellow roses she wore over her heart.*

"Don't know much about it myself," he said ruefully. "Guess I've got to get my glory with a Phi Beta Kappa key!"

"You look heavy enough for football," I said quickly and we both laughed.

"Yes, but I'm slow as molasses. I tried it once in prep school and was an awful flop."

That was the beginning of my first real college friendship, the beginning of the second real friendship of all my life, in fact—but that's another story.

After the football season and the holidays, I saw more and more of Sid. He would drop in every afternoon and we would go down to the jigger shop and load a half-dozen sweet, indigestible concoctions into our stomachs, Sid talking the meanwhile on every subject under the sun. At first, I tried painfully hard to be brilliant and learned, but he made me feel like a baby mentally. It seemed that he knew everything and I doubt much if I would have passed a single mid-year exam if

he hadn't coached me. He had a knack of making everything seem so simple, things that the pros couldn't have made me see in a million years.

Girls never bothered me one way or another in those days. Oh, of course, there were various ones during vacation time and on the holidays in New York when some one was throwing a party. But I seldom saw the



same one more than once or had any desire to, until I met Amy Baldwin, Sid's sister.

Although I spent a great many week-ends at Sid's home in New York, I always missed seeing Amy because she was going to Smith College up in New England. When it came time for the Junior Prom I was without a girl to "drag" to the dance.

"What the devil am I going to do?" I asked Sid mournfully. "I haven't been in one place long enough in the last ten years to know any girl well enough so that her family will let her come down here for the prom."

Suddenly Sid grinned. "I'll tell you what," he said, "I'll ask Amy to come down. She'll be crazy to come and it will give you two an opportunity to meet. She's a great kid at that sort of thing—one of the best prom trotters at Smith."

For just a second I hesitated. I hated "blind" dates. But Sid's sister! I'd seen pictures of her and she was the sort who appealed to me. I warmed to the idea and told him to shoot along the invitation and I would follow it with a letter of my own.

SID and I borrowed Phil Simmons' roadster to meet Amy. We parked it carefully so that we wouldn't have a lot of trouble getting out of the maze of cars waiting for the same train. But I forgot everything when Amy stepped off the train. I even forgot that we had a car, or that Sid was with me, or that there was any one in all the world but Amy Baldwin.

When Sid introduced me I just stood there like a dummy, stuttering and smiling—probably the silliest smile in the world. There were a thousand emotions rushing together in my mind. I couldn't speak. My eyes were seeing more than they could possibly register at one time—brown eyes like Sid's, only with more life and golden lights in them, and light brown hair that looked almost like glinting bronze, peeping out from beneath her hat.

She was so beautiful I wanted to cuddle her in my arms. But that would have mussed her daintiness, and crushed the two yellow roses she wore pinned over her heart, a perfect touch of color.

"Well," Sid said dryly, "are you two going to spend the night here on the platform?"

I blushed and began looking for Amy's bag that Sid had already carried over to the car.

"There you go," Amy said, "I told mother you'd spoil the whole trip by saying 'isn't she coy' every time I got a boy well under control!"

I looked into her eyes and grinned, and she smiled back and looked away, then back at me sort of puzzled as though it had suddenly come to her that I was taking her seriously.

I was. The fellows at the club would have called it being "knocked for a cocked hat" or "dizzy with a prom hopper." I didn't try to name it—there wasn't any name for it in my estimation.

Gosh, how I fell! I fell so hard that the rumble must have disturbed the people as far west as Chicago! For the next three days I soared to the heights and sunk to the bottom of the pit. Through it all, Amy's twinkling brown eyes smiled into mine refusing to commit herself, thrilled with everything as a Junior Prom guest should be, but having no particular spots on which she concentrated her thrills.

It was the night of the prom that I was sitting outside alone—some one had cut in on me and it was just as bad as though they had taken a dull knife and began to hack at my heart. Sid came along and I just looked up at him, mournfully.

"Well," he said, "what the devil's eating you?"



"I'm just marvelling how a thing like you could have such a wonderful sister."

He laughed.

"Gee Sid, she's the most wonderful—good lord, I can't think of the words to describe her! You know, there are times when I wonder about myself, times I'm ashamed of when I'm near her."

Sid's face grew serious and he gazed at me for a moment in silence. Then he shrugged his shoulders and walked away! Somehow I didn't like the look in Sid's eyes when I spoke of Amy. Why did his eyes seem to be disdainful—the way the eyes of the people back home had been years ago, as though I had something in life to live down.

When Amy had gone home I didn't have a single thing to cling to, not a straw. Of course, she had been sweet to me, terribly sweet, but maybe that was because I was Sid's friend or the son of her father's friend.

We wrote letters of course, long letters, and every week I spent five dollars wiring her some yellow roses. That was a lot of money in those days considering my allowance, but it was the easiest money I ever spent.

In the spring I had the courage to tell Amy that I loved her—by mail. She wrote back: "You dear, dear Ray. I think it is perfectly adorable of you to write me





*With Sid hovering in the background, Amy and I spent glorious weeks together.*

such a letter and I am honored. But how can you really know, how can you be really sure? We're both such babies and we don't want to make a mistake do we?"

How ridiculous! Why, I considered myself quite a man of the world, and I felt old for my twenty-one years.

During vacation time that summer I visited my friend. With Sid in the background, Amy and I spent glorious weeks together. It was during that time that I began to really hope.

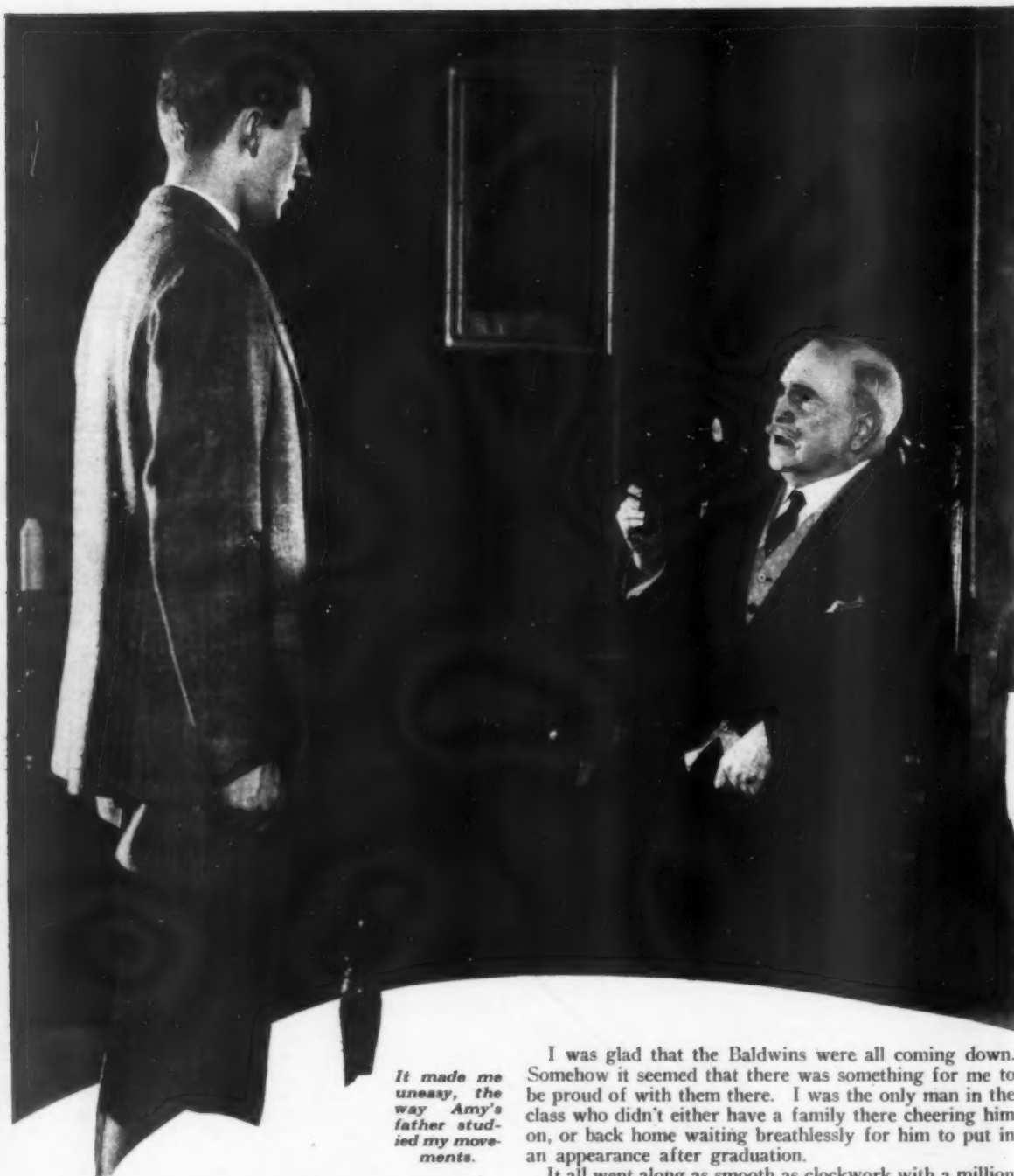
I went home with Sid the next Christmas too. It was the most wonderful holiday I had ever known, with Sid's whole family treating me like one of them and Amy trimming a Christmas tree in spite of my efforts to help her. And every night I would lie awake for hours with the joy of the day that had gone and the thoughts of being with Amy the next day, seeing her at breakfast in the morning, spending the day with her and with Sid. All my troubles faded away in the happiness of those two weeks. Nothing else mattered anyway, I told myself, just Amy for all of my life—making her happy and winning her smiles.

The only thing that marred it all was some peculiar

strain, that I could feel from Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin. They seemed to study and watch me as though they expected something to happen to me. It made me uneasy, the way Amy's father especially studied my movements. And I thought of how odd Sid acted whenever I told him of my affection for Amy.

ONE day I asked Amy why her family watched me like a trainer watches a pet bear—not sure, afraid that I would suddenly go wild. She laughed and said, "Probably they expect you to break out with the measles!" That was all the satisfaction I could get from her. But it was there. I could feel it.

It was along in the early spring that I was accused of intoxication and nearly thrown out of college. Several fellows—I found out later who they were—went to Philadelphia over a week-end. After having too much to drink with some girls they got in a fight and tried to wreck a restaurant. They came out at the worst end and were arrested. One of them gave my name. It came out in the papers all over the country and only because of my presence with Sid, was I able to clear myself. I over-



*It made me uneasy, the way Amy's father studied my movements.*

heard some one say, "It's funny the way that bird is always innocent and able to clear himself—wish I had his luck!" It was in the gymnasium and I tried to find the man but he had disappeared, vanished into thin air.

I managed to skin through my final exams by the width of a flea's ear, with Sid's help and tutoring. Then we got ready for those few precious days at Commencement Week, our last few days at Brighton. I was glad and I was sorry. None of it made much difference to any one but myself and maybe Amy.

"Gee, but it must be wonderful to have a family so proud of you, boasting and waiting for you to go out and tie the world in a knot!" I said to Sid.

I was glad that the Baldwins were all coming down. Somehow it seemed that there was something for me to be proud of with them there. I was the only man in the class who didn't either have a family there cheering him on, or back home waiting breathlessly for him to put in an appearance after graduation.

It all went along as smooth as clockwork with a million people in town, filling up the hotels to the last room, sleeping under trees on the campus, singing under the elms until they were hoarse and wheezy.

It was the day after everything was over that Amy and I went strolling down across the campus for the last time. I was hot and cold in turns and I think she knew before we started what I wanted to say to her. It was in the cool of the evening with the spires and steeples of the old buildings standing like black shadowed minarets in the face of the setting sun. After a while I put my hand on Amy's arm and we stopped under the elms in front of the moss covered chapel.

"Amy," I said. She turned her [Turn to page 84]



  
Fine Pores Make Fine Skins

# Will she "live happily ever after?"

**R**ADIANT, starry eyed, she looks inquiringly to the future. Will her rosy dreams come true? Will *he* love her always? Will *he* be as proud of her five years hence?

Who can tell? It depends so much on her—on her tact, her loyalty, but most of all, her skill in retaining her vibrant, youthful loveliness. For it is only too true—love often fades as beauty fades.

Don't let happiness flit out of your hands. Whether you are a bride of the past or present—or one for future years—make up your mind now to be and *stay* as beautiful as *he* would have you. Make up your mind to keep your skin always fresh and youthful—always satiny-soft and fine-textured as that of the youngest bride. It's all a matter of proper care—care that will refine the pores and keep them normally invisible. For, as you know, *fine pores make fine skins*.

*If you would learn the secret of a lovely complexion, learn to refine the pores*

All beauty specialists will caution you against powdering over open pores. For the tiny particles of powder enter the little openings, clog and enlarge the pores and make the skin rough, coarse and unlovely.

That's why most beauty parlors finish their treatments with the application of ice to close the pores. Ice does the work all right, but it is a little too harsh for most skins and quite inconvenient to apply at home.

*A new and better way—  
Princess Pat Ice Astringent*

Fortunately you no longer have to bother with chopping ice nor risk its harsh effect upon your skin. For Science has now pro-

vided a new and better way—Princess Pat Ice Astringent—a delightful, fresh, "freezy" cream that is really both *ice* and *finishing* cream combined—an astringent that has all the pore-refining and skin-firming qualities of ice without any of its disadvantages.

At the first touch of this magic cream you will feel a reviving, cooling sensation—a joyous tingle that will flush your cheeks with new life and vigor and leave your face glowingly refreshed for hours. In a second this cream has disappeared and you have a splendid foundation for your make-up. Your pores are closed and you can powder without clogging and enlarging them; without causing that "flaky" effect which comes from powdering over open pores. Your make-up stays on longer and looks more natural; your complexion is protected against dust, wind and exposure; you have the lasting loveliness that comes only with a satiny-soft, fine-textured skin.

*Keep your skin fresh and youthful this new way*

Begin today to win and keep the beauty that all men adore. Get Princess Pat Ice Astringent at your favorite toilet goods counter and always apply a little before putting on your powder and rouge. You'll be rewarded with an added loveliness and charm you have never known before.



*If you prefer to try this delightful Ice Astringent before purchasing, simply mail the coupon and a generous sample will be sent you without cost or obligation.*

## Princess Pat

PRINCESS PAT, LTD., Chicago, U. S. A.  
Canadian Address, 107 Duke St., Toronto, Ont.

This new Ice Astringent is the second "twin" of our famous Twin Cream Treatment—known everywhere as the ideal pore-refining method. It is a Princess Pat discovery and only Princess Pat can offer it to you. Do not confuse it with ordinary "astringent creams." There is no similarity. Princess Pat is the *one and only* Ice Astringent.

**Free**

So that you may know for yourself the lovely effect of Princess Pat Ice Astringent, we take pleasure in sending you a free trial tube. Just mail the coupon.

PRINCESS PAT, Ltd., Dept. 1307  
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Without cost or obligation please send me a free trial tube of Princess Pat Ice Astringent.

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(Print name and address plainly)

*Every preparation made by Princess Pat is made for a definite purpose. Each is guaranteed to achieve that end most effectively. If you are not delighted with results, your dealer will cheerfully refund your money.*





## Diogenes is looking for you

**D**IOGENES is on a new quest—looking for men who want an Honest Shave.

After many centuries he discovered his honest man, making the famous Durham-Duplex Blades. Now he is making this new search for men who want to be honest with their shaving careers by using the Blades Men Swear By—Not At.

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**NEW DURHAM-DUPLEX SETS**  
Including two 50¢ packages of 5 Durham-Duplex Blades—\$1.50

Interchangeable Blades—  
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(Address for Canada—50 Pearl St., Toronto, Can.)  
I enclose 25¢ for a razor and blade—Check type preferred.

Name .....

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I prefer Long Handle Type.....Safety Type.....

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DURHAM-DUPLEX RAZOR CO., Jersey City, N. J.  
Factories: Jersey City; Sheffield, Eng.; Paris, France;  
Toronto, Can. Sales Representatives in All Countries.

## When Flapper Turns Mother

[Continued from page 63]

here because I had the 'flu' and, gee, but I am homesick."

Behind the make-up, I now saw pallor, blue shadows.

"Did your doctor tell you about pacifiers?"

"No. We learn that at the clinic. Don't you know about baby clinics? You take the baby there once a week to be weighed. I hope Bill's mother don't fool with Betty's formula. We just get it right."

No doubt a few years ago her mother was telling her father that this girl would come to a bad end. Dancing every night, picking up with this fellow and that! But today "Bill's" wife is one of those flapper mothers who are helping to cut down the infant mortality rate.

And it isn't all bottles and bathing, either. Fifteen years ago Ruth belied her name. She was called "wild," because the word "flapper" had not been coined.

"She just lives for pleasure," her mother said to me more than once. "She cares nothing for books or music, just motors and dances, coming in at all hours of the night. Oh, I will be so glad when she marries! The responsibility is killing me."

Well, she is married now. I saw her on my last lecture tour, a thousand miles from her girlhood home.

"No, I'm not a member of the club. I just came to hear you, and get some first hand news of Dad and Mumsey."

"Well, you're no daughter of your mother if you don't belong to clubs. Isn't this a nice club?"

"I guess so, but I haven't time. Bob and I have bought an old farmhouse on the edge of town and we're busy restoring it. Then Bob is on a diet but he doesn't know it. On the Q. T. our doctor told me what he must have to eat for the next year or so, and it takes a lot of time working on nutrition tables. And then there's Babs. I drive her to school in P—every day. There's a much better school there; and that takes two hours out of each day."

"Can't you send her in a bus or with a chauffeur? She must be twelve now."

"Nearly thirteen. I don't want her to

grow away from me as I grew away from my mother. It isn't enough to give a girl the right food and the right clothes, the right school and the right friends. I don't want Babs to make some of the mistakes I did."

They have had their fling, these young people. They are swinging back from license to liberty! Some of them to a real and vital religion.

I worried for several years because some little children who are very precious to me did not go to Sunday School, and did not hear grace said at table. I visited them a few months ago and was amazed to find that they are well versed in Bible lore, that they are enrolled in Sunday School and that they argue hotly over who shall say grace before the meal.

"How did this all happen?" I asked their mother. "Who has been converted, you or your husband?"

"Oh, my dear, things aren't done now as they were when you were a child. We always read Bible stories to the children, but we waited until they asked to go to Sunday School before sending them. We wanted it to be a privilege, not a penalty. Children always want to do what other children do—when they find out what that is. As for grace, they heard it said at camp last summer and liked it. Sometimes they chant it together as we did in camp. You don't force children these days!"

She's right! Both of those boys learned how to read before they learned their letters!

Not all flappers will be good mothers. But then some of the supposedly high-minded young women of my day turned out to be pretty poor wives and mothers. Not all of the hard-dancing, hard-driving young men of today will make good fathers. And yet—I am not worrying about tomorrow's children. I think they will have their full share of physical, mental and religious training. Not as children get it today! Not as children got it when you and I were young! But as it will help them most under the new order of life and living.

## My Train Romance

[Continued from page 68]

fascinated by the incongruity of her dashing appearance and the look that I caught in her eyes several times as she watched the sleeping baby.

I wondered about her husband. In fact, I couldn't seem to get him out of my mind. After a short while, I was surprised to find that I intensely disliked the man. I was positive that he was an unappreciative brute and that, but for the baby, her life was intolerable.

It was at this juncture that I became aware that the baby was sitting up in his mother's lap, looking at me with an uneasy expression in his blue eyes—an inheritance, doubtless, from his uninteresting blond father. I was just trying to think what I could do to return the interest the baby was displaying in me, when his face suddenly puckered into a thousand wrinkles and he began to shriek at the top of his lungs.

His surprised mother picked him up anxiously. She ran her fingers over him, presumably feeling for pins, and then laid him down on his stomach and shook him up and down, but all to no avail. The shrieks continued, and I became alarmed, along with the rest of the passengers. The sounds were such as I had never heard

before and which, although I have heard neither, to my imagination resembled the call of the injured baboon or the orangutan, which Darwin has made famous.

The mother's ministrations having no effect, several women of various ages and experiences, offered suggestions both reasonable and unreasonable, but none of which proved effective. As the train gained velocity, so did the infant.

Finally, the mother, in desperation, repaired to the back of the coach with her disturbed and disturbing offspring. Then a matron of commanding mien staggered (due to the motion of the train) over to me and requested that I get a towel from my wife's bag. She would dampen it, she informed my startled consciousness, and sponge the baby off—hot weather was so hard on babies, she enlightened me.

I made an effort to get my mouth open wide enough to inform her that the bag in question was a perfect stranger to me. She surely must have at least suspected me of suffering from vertigo if she noticed my red and swollen countenance.

"I—I—" I began, when she cut me short with, "Oh, don't fumble so, your wife is having a terrible time with that baby!"

[Turn to page 76]



# Hair Dressers of many nations have acclaimed the Nestle Meter Scale



## The Machine that "prescribes" the Permanent Wave

This scientific instrument makes possible a new and perfected system of permanent waving. It discloses the true facts concerning the character of your hair—in advance of the wave.

In the Nestle Laboratory in New York it "reads" a strand of your hair and determines the treatment that suits each individual case.

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Just fill out the coupon below, and enclose a small strand, cut from your top hair (about as thick as the lead in an ordinary pencil—and at least five inches long). Enclose \$1 deposit—which will be deducted from the price of your next permanent wave, anywhere in the United States where the CIRCULINE Process is used. (Over 6,000 hair dressers and beauty Parlors use Nestle Permanent Waving apparatus.) The Nestle Company guarantees the refund of your deposit.

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Enclosed find \$1 Deposit and sample of my hair for an official laboratory reading on the Nestle Meter Scale. It is understood that my \$1 will be deducted from the cost of my next permanent wave at any hair waving establishment using the Nestle Circuline Process. You are to send me a record of your findings and your free booklet on permanent waving.

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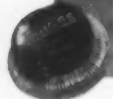
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In a handy form for your purse is Tangee Rouge Compact—the same lovely make-up in caked powder form—with puff and mirror—so easy to apply, anywhere, anytime... If you plan to be more lovely tomorrow... get Tangee today!

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If your dealer cannot supply you, send us one dollar for (1) a full size Tangee Lipstick, and we will send you in addition (2) a generous free sample of Tangee Crème Rouge, and (3) "The Art of Make-up" written by a famous beauty expert. (Your dealer's name will be appreciated.)

DEPT. H2 THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO.,  
417 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

## My Train Romance

[Continued from page 74]

Further protest seemed useless, so I tugged at the fateful bag and, to do myself justice, tried to divert my gaze from the bewildering array of soft, silken things that lay immediately on top. I had an idea what they were from sale displays I had seen in the windows of various women's shops, marked, alarmingly—"All silk underwear, one-half off today." I always had a sinful desire to get up close to one of the windows and find out exactly the nature of those mystifying affairs, but my horror of some lady friend coming upon me in the act, always prevented me.

AT LAST I located something that, to my confused eyes, resembled a towel, and handed it to the bossy matron, while I closed the bag with one hand and nervously mopped my face with the other.

At that instant the yells ceased and I breathed a sigh of relief, which was short-lived, however. For at that moment, a bottle of paregoric was placed in one of my hands and a spoon in the other, the while I was being directed by another voice, above the roar of the train, to take them to my wife, as the baby was doubtless suffering from colic.

When I reached the rear end of the car, there was the baby laughing gleefully in his harassed looking mother's lap, while he played with a collection of watches, tobacco boxes and pocketbooks which had been donated to the cause by the surrounding crowd of anxious passengers.

"Here comes his daddy—now he will be all right," squeaked one insipid female, while they made way for me, red in the face and stumbling over my own feet. I heard a little gasp, quickly throttled by a perfumed handkerchief, and saw the mother's eyes widen and then spill over with sudden laughter, upon which she instantly lowered her lashes.

As I was miserably delivering the bottle and spoon with the accompanying message, the baby looked up. Again that uneasy expression came into his eyes and once more blood-curdling yells rent the air.

"Poor little thing—it must be colic!" "Yes, suppose we try the paregoric," suggested another.

I stood helplessly, first on one foot, then on the other, torn between a wild temptation to beat it to the smoker and a feeling that by so doing I would bring down upon myself the disapproval of the entire coach. Still, I could remain in the smoker until the end of my journey and perhaps my unfortunate partner in this impossible situation would clear things up. But my fate was decided for me. I wasn't quite sure that I had heard correctly at first.

"Perhaps the baby's father would like to hold him and let the mother rest?"

I grimly but heroically held out my hands for the baby, while through my mind kept running some ridiculous, queerly familiar words—"some achieve sons and some have sons thrust upon them."

"O, no!" gasped the mother, "I'm sure I can manage him better."

Having decided that I could assume the outrageous rôle assigned me no longer, I resolved to arise and deliver for the benefit of that gaping group of imbeciles, a brief statement of the facts as they actually existed. However, I delayed in this action in the vain hope that the baby might either miraculously fall asleep or, that it might possibly, because of the extreme pressure which must have been placed upon its lungs, have a minor hemorrhage which would produce quiet.

To my disappointment neither happened. The paregoric seeming to have no effect

whatever, the mother disappeared with the baby to the lady's dressing-room and in an instant quiet reigned, startlingly. I resumed my seat and after a time, the mother with the cherubically sleeping baby in her arms, was sitting beside me again.

It was at this most inopportune moment that the engineer blew a prodigious blast from his engine. The child awoke with a sudden start and after gazing at me profoundly for a second, set up a wail that threatened to outdo all previous records. I timed this startling event, hoping thereby to gain some idea as to the marvelous lung capacity of the infant and noted that the duration of the first outbreak before pausing for air, was in the neighborhood of thirteen minutes and forty-eight seconds.

"Wh-ew!" I thought of that mild one just in time to prevent my most violent and favorite expletive from slipping out, and removed the heavy, tortoise shell glasses that I have been wearing for a number of years, to correct a case of stigmatism. When I take off my glasses, it is always the sign that I have reached the limit of my duration.

Instantly the baby's yells ceased and he reached up cooingly for my hat.

"W-why, it was your glasses—he was afraid of them!" stammered the relieved young mother.

"Well, now, isn't that just too funny!" trebled an insidious voice over my shoulder. "Wasn't he ever afraid of them before?"

I swallowed hard and choked. "Y-you s-see, I—I just started wearing them today."

We were pulling into Columbia now and I was thankful for the confusion occasioned by the collecting of bags and packages. I helped my strange traveling companion from the train and into a taxi. The fact that her husband failed to meet her only strengthened my dislike for him. I lingered, hoping to catch the address, but in vain.

So all my world was topsy-turvy. All night there persisted in coming between me and sleep, a pair of sparkling eyes and little, damp curls that continually mocked that otherwise perfect shingle. I had lost the desire for food and I felt myself in a fever.

Here is my afternoon lecture class filing in and my mind seems a blank on the subject of sociology.

"You may read us your paper—Miss—er—" I consulted my class roll absently, "Brown, Miss Evelyn Brown."

"I'm sorry, Professor Baker, but I had to be out of town—"

I looked up sharply from my aimless marking and my pencil fell from nerveless fingers. I peered, squint-eyed, to the back of the room.

Upon my vision flashed a sleek black head with a curly shingle. I gulped and consulted my roll nervously.

"I called on Miss Evelyn Brown—y-you—h-how did you g-get in here!"

"But I'm Evelyn Brown," the dark eyes widened in surprise, "and I've been here all this session—"

The sociology class was puzzled and murmured aloud.

"Then you are Mrs. Brown?" I asked anxiously.

"Why, no, I'm not married—Professor Baker, didn't you know me yesterday!" "But the baby?"

"But I thought you knew I did field work for the child-placing bureau?"

The sociology class howled with delight and I flushed a violent crimson. But my heart sang, and fate was good to me after all.

## Easy Money

[Continued from page 12]

Unlike many girls who come to New York believing that work in a chorus or cabaret means the capture of some prince who will carry his humble Cinderella of the powdered nose to a Fifth Avenue mansion via the altar, Alice never had any illusions. She wanted to work out a career.

How long she would have continued in the night club, storming the managers' offices in vain for decent rôles in musical comedy, there's no telling. But Mr. J. J. Shubert heard of that tip. And he offered Alice her first big opportunity. I suppose he thought that if one little encore could draw a \$2,000 tip, there ought to be some value to her songs in a big show. So he put Alice into a specialty part in "Gay Paree." So the \$2,000 opened a career for Alice behind the footlights, with possibly future fame and fortune as a star, and her success is only beginning. That's what one tip did for her.

Before Alice made her record, the biggest single tip which any girl had received in a night club was \$1,000. That almost staggered us. In this instance there may have been "strings attached." I don't know. The girl who got it, quit work the next day, and we never heard of Mildred after that. The man who gave it was an elderly millionaire, and the girl who got it hadn't been long in the city. Maybe she is "living easy" now, or maybe she returned to the folks back home, paid off the mortgage on the homestead, and married her boy friend, Willie. Which isn't reasonable, but nicer to think about than the other possibility. My bonus of \$500—which was the next highest average in single tips, but a sum which a number of girls have received—was for singing a little ditty:

*"Oh, who takes care of the caretaker's daughter  
While the caretaker's busy taking care!"*

Maybe the donor was a little "tight" when he gave it; I'm not quite sure. He told me he was a big real estate man from Oklahoma, but I was tipped off he is a big bootlegger. He did invite me out to dinner after he gave the tips, but when I told him my mother always came along, suddenly he lost his interest.

I BANKED that \$500. In fact, I keep a savings account and put my money away. Knowing as I do that I don't have the voice to ever become a star, and knowing I'm a day older every time the sun rises; I'm looking forward to the time when my "easy money" days in cabarets will be over, and any possible angels would take wing.

I'm in the night club furor until it passes for some other popular extravagance. My next biggest single tip after the \$500 was a hundred dollar bill which I got from Harry K. Thaw. Almost every night that he came to the club, Harry Thaw gave \$50 or \$100 to every one of the girls. Thaw certainly threw away his money. He was the most consistent and regular prodigal spender I knew of. Most of those who give big tips, do so on an occasional fling and not as an every night occurrence. Ruby Keeler, the buck-and-wing dancer, also got \$500 one night. Crane Garts, a boy from California—he was only twenty-six and had just inherited several million dollars—breezed in. Crane had just seen Pola Negri off for Europe, on which occasion it was rumored he had given Pola an eighteen-carat diamond ring. Crane saw Ruby do her buck-and-wing dance. General Pershing had also seen Ruby dance, and paid her the compliment of

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On the advice of skin specialists, women today are flocking to this new way.

It will effect unique results on your skin. By removing all dirt and grime, it will give your skin a tone three or more shades whiter than before.

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It will combat skin and nose oiliness amazingly. For an oily skin indicates cold cream left in the skin. The pores exude it constantly. That's why you must powder now so frequently. That's why, too, imperfections often appear.

This new way combats those failures of old ways. One day's use will prove its case beyond doubt.

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Upon receipt of it a full 7-day supply will be sent without charge.

Or... obtain a packet at any drug or department store. Put up as exquisitely as fine handkerchiefs, in two sizes: the Professional, 9x10-inch sheets—and the Boudoir, size 6x7 inches. Boxes that fit into flat drawers of vanity tables... a month's supply in each. Costs only a few cents.



Kleenex 'Kerchiefs—absorbent—come in exquisite flat handkerchief boxes, to fit your dressing table drawer... in two sizes:

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Regular size bottle of Perfume, and trial size of Face Powder—specifically White, Pearl or Roseette . . . . . **25c**  
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standing at attention while she did an encore to bugle taps.

"I bet there isn't a man in the house who can dance the buck-and-wing like that girl!" challenged Garts. "Suppose we have a contest. I'll give \$500 cash to the winner. And I'll let the house, judge." The only contestants who entered against Ruby were Franklyn Farnum and Joe Frisco. Each did the buck-and-wing. Well, the audience fairly hissed the two boys, and wildly cheered Ruby, who was \$500 the richer thereby. On another occasion one of your bloated millionaires asked Bee Jackson, who had introduced the Charleston, to do that dance for him. And he handed over a tip of \$300 for her being so obliging as to do that encore.

Any night some such thing may happen in the night clubs. Any night, one of us girls may go home with \$100 to \$500 tucked in her pin-cushion stocking. Even the cloak-room girls seldom average less than \$60 a week. And as for what the hostesses receive in gifts; some get a small fortune! Jewels, fur coats, diamonds and pearls! No hostess, of course, compares to Texas Guinan in popularity. Texas swats big bankers on the head with her clapper and calls society women by their first names, and they love her for it. You should have been in her club Christmas eve! They don't pass paltry hundred dollar bills to Texas, as she is in a class above us girls. But Christmas eve they came in—society leaders, capitalists, politicians, gentlemen and rich bruisers—loaded like Santa Claus. Two tables were loaded with gifts of fabulous value, handbags of platinum and gold, set with diamonds or fringed with pearls, gold and diamond-crusted vanity cases, necklaces and brooches, costly perfumes, exquisite, expensive lingerie, and princely nick-nacks to delight the heart of woman. I shouldn't be surprised if the total value of Texas' Christmas tree ran anywhere between five and fifteen thousand dollars.

Easy money? It may be easy graft for us, but the work is hard—harder than work in a show. From midnight until four or five in the morning you're kept going every minute. We must give repeated encores. And we've got to be nice to the guests. You must sing anything they want when your tired body is just aching for bed. And you must sit and smile and say nice things to foolish old codgers, and make pretense that you're interested in their transactions in stocks or cement, when what you most wish is that they were back home in the respectably conjugal embrace of their wives.

I feel we earn the money! I've no compunctions about taking a tip. Sober statistics of the night clubs—and believe me, they're hard-boiled business institutions—show the spendings run from \$25 to \$1,500; \$200 per person a night is not unusual. If the big butter and egg man can pay \$3.00 for cover charge, \$2.00 for a pint of mineral water, \$2.75 for pâté de foies gras and \$10 for a pint of whiskey—and many pints at that—why shouldn't they pay \$25 or \$100 for a song that may warm their withered hearts and make their ossified arteries throb? Yet you ask why they do it. Why, the night club, with its orgy of preposterous spending?

Of course, many men try to make up to us. But comparatively few of us, believe me, fall for the elderly Lotharios. In former ages, chorus girls may have become the easy victims of rich old roués, or top-hatted johnnies who waited at the stage exit. But today, and you may take it as authoritative from this little girl, we are wise in our generation. Do we go into this night club work with the fond belief that we shall thus be enabled to meet some handsome young millionaire who will marry

us? Or some elderly saccharine papa who will finance a musical comedy and star us?

I know, as every other girl knows, that the blooded young heir to millions who comes here and who is willing to buy violets or champagne at \$25 per, is probably engaged to a girl of his own class. We know the more elderly spender has probably been married a half a dozen times. We know men don't come to the theatre or the night clubs looking for brides. Maybe we are a little hard-boiled. But our sophistication is our protection. Will we go out with them when our work is over? Will we not have a bite to eat, or a cold bottle? Or lunch the next day? Oh, we are so sorry! But some one else is always meeting us. We may lead them on innocently during the performance and we may take their tips, but it's good night when morning dawns and our work is over, every time.

**DO THEY** give us those big tips with a string attached? With the purpose of winning some little girl's favor? The safest men are those who do give big tips. You may take it from one who knows that the men who are looking for dates don't pass out their money first. Those who tip, do it generally through honest generosity. Give 'em credit for that. They are pleased by what we do; they know we work hard; they've loosened up for the night; generally they're considerably mellowed, for gin does make for generosity—temporarily; and when it comes to paying a staggering check, the twenty-five or hundred dollars they give one of us girls is of comparative insignificance. But beware of the men who promise gowns, automobiles or apartments in the golden future!

Men who come to night clubs expecting to find the girls eagerly responsive to their promises and blandishments generally have a surprise waiting. We are, no doubt, a little hard-boiled. Ever stop to think how we regard them from the inside of our bobbed haired or chlorined little noodles? Those old boys with enormous paunches, grown fat of body and fat of brain, with heads as shiny as ostrich eggs—can they possibly believe they're irresistible Don Juans for whom we'd fall? They've got another guess coming! Oh, yes, they often get liberal with promises. Do we want new clothes, a nice apartment, jewels, an automobile?

Girls who dream the stage is a golden door to matrimony and millions, who think any girl who works in the night clubs where the millionaires disport may become a Peggy Hopkins Joyce, will have a rude awakening if they desert the safety of the sticks for that mythical future. I have never yet known a girl to marry a millionaire out of the ranks of the chorus or night club entertainers. If they have beauty and a certain amount of talent, they may get a chance here, and they may earn big money in tips. But from the night club they won't be led to the altar.

You might think some of those who give us girls big tips, do so with motives other than mere generosity. Nevertheless, as I've said, the men who are looking for parties later on don't pay in advance. One very rich elderly man comes constantly to the club where I work. Every time I sing an encore for him—such as "*I'm Sitting on Top of the World*"—he sends to me, via the headwaiter, a twenty-dollar bill. But this "angel" never comes alone. He is always accompanied by three women, who wear beautiful gowns, pearls and diamonds and chinchilla wraps. I couldn't count the twenty-dollar bills he has given me, and twenty dollars isn't bad for the singing of a little song. But the song must please. And so it goes. Millionaires spend their money lavishly on us, and we sing and dance for them. Easy money—maybe.



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## Footsteps in the Fog

[Continued from page 39]

to the varied, exciting possibilities the city stood for in my mind.

But loneliness, and being tired and poor were all bearable, when your pride and ambition were at stake. What had begun to wear on me lately was something I wasn't used to, something that Mary Hogan had never known in her life before. It was the ghostly finger of Fear.

Fear of what? I couldn't have said, exactly—I hardly knew. But it began with that sensation of being followed at night—and I remembered the first time I had felt that, perfectly. It was the same evening the Chinese they called Chun Wang came in, and sat at my table for dinner. That was not unusual; Chinese often dropped into the chop house, and there was nothing strange about Mr. Wang, except that he was very rich, one of the girls told me. "Runs a curio store—'hop' on the side, I guess. But he's a swell Chink, all right."

The long narrow face, topped with glistening black hair, the utter detachment of his expressionless gaze were certainly not alarming. He never even looked at me. Yet, from the moment I took his low-voiced order, I had the feeling that those opaque, slanting eyes were surreptitiously watching me. I could not have said why. What lay behind those black depths, cold and inscrutable as polished ebony? I cleared away all the dishes without touching the unusually large tip that lay on the white cloth. Finally I picked it up gingerly and dropped it into the corner of my apron.

As a rule, I enjoyed the five-block walk from the street-car to my lodging-house, but tonight I felt vaguely uneasy. I scolded myself for it.

"Don't be silly—no one's following you. You'd better be thinking about the rent, or why Larry Miller hasn't written, instead of imagining that Mr. Wang is after you!"

But all the same, I looked over my shoulder. Turning down the long street, I quickened my pace. It was actually with a little gasp of relief that I ran up the steps of my lodging-house. Usually, when I got home, I found Mrs. Means, my plump, kindly, inquisitive landlady, reading by a worn oak table. But the parlor was dark.

I climbed on upstairs to my own room, a small dingy place on the second floor back.

"Not much like home," I said to the slim, copper-haired girl who looked back at me from the cracked mirror, a tired droop to her mouth. Wearily I pulled off my hat, and made a grimace at the girl, whose hazel eyes had suddenly filled with tears. No use being a baby and crying for the fresh, rose-tinted walls and snowy curtains of my own pretty room in the ranch-house now.

But that memory brought another—of my father, and of a lean, bronzed face, and frank, blue eyes, and a pleasant, deep voice. How I wished Larry were here tonight—just to feel his big, protecting presence near me.

"You were mean to poor Larry," I said sternly to myself. "If it weren't for false pride you'd write this minute and tell him so."

I went to bed happier that night I had been for a long time. For on my bureau, ready to mail in the morning, lay a fat white envelope, addressed to "Mr. Laurence Miller."

Mr. Wang appeared at the chop house the next evening, but I was determined not to let silly fears bother me again. When I got off the car that night, I was relieved, all the same, to see I was the only passenger. Yet, before I had gone

two blocks, some subtle instinct pulled my head around. Too far away to be seen distinctly, a figure was approaching. Dull dread settled about my heart. No amount of reasoning with myself could drive away that sense of apprehension. But why should any one be following me? There were people close at hand, and lighted houses on either side. Nevertheless I hurried forward, and was out of breath when I reached my own door.

Mrs. Means sat by the table reading. She put down her book as I came in.

"Gracious, have you seen a ghost?" my landlady exclaimed as I sat down. "Your eyes are as big as saucers."

"Oh, no! I was—I just walked pretty fast because—" I hesitated. Then in a rush, I told her about my fright. Mrs. Means listened attentively, and announced that the story indicated a too active imagination.

"That terrible Mr. Wang of yours is probably respectably married and has a houseful of little yellow kids. But just the same, I'll ask Walter sometime soon to find out about this Chink. Will that satisfy you?"

Walter Adams was her brother, a patrolman whose beat carried him into that section of the city where the Orient looked with mild disdain at the crude young civilization around it. Mrs. Means told me he was one of the few men who really knew San Francisco's Chinatown.

I was reassured, and thanked her. The next three evenings were clear and bright, and I walked home jauntily enough. Nothing happened to alarm me, and even that queer feeling was slipping away. But on Saturday, Mr. Reed kept me late. It was ten o'clock when I left, and outside there was another of those horrible fogs, rolling in heavier and heavier from the Bay.

**T**URNING down the long avenue, I began to walk fast, my footsteps booming strangely between the line of closely set houses. And suddenly the same eerie feeling of dread, struck through my veins again! I glanced back. There was no one visible. All I could see were the lamps of a car, shining dimly. I walked on, more confidently. All of a sudden, the black bulk of the car shot past me. It swung directly to the curb opposite, and stopped. The headlights were switched on with glaring intensity, and I caught a glimpse of figures leaping out. A sick fear held me motionless for an instant—then I whirled to run—but a powerful grip had suddenly pinioned my arms! Before I could scream for help, something damp and sickening was pressed against my mouth. Fighting wildly, I felt myself being lifted into the waiting car. The engine purred, and we slid forward. Dazed, I huddled against the seat as the car lurched rapidly around corners, shrinking in a panic from the dark silent forms on either side of me. After that—nothing.

I was sick and dizzy when I opened my eyes again. My confused mind told me it was all a dream—the gorgeous draperies, the queer stillness and fragrance of the room. Slowly, with a throbbing sense of consciousness returned. For a little gathering my self-control against the faint light. Then I twisted myself to a sitting position, and stared gropingly about me.

I was lying in a small, exquisite room, among silken cushions, on the satin-embroidered covering of a richly carved bed. Even in the half-light of tapers, the room glowed like a jewel. Gold and scarlet

[Turn to page 82]

# Laugh If You Like-!



## - But I Did Learn Music Without a Teacher

IT was at a little social gathering. Everyone had been called on to entertain and all had responded with a song or with a selection on some musical instrument. And now it was my turn.

I had always been known as a sort of "sit in the corner." I had never been able to either sing or play. So they all murmured as I smiled confidently and took my place at the piano. Then I played—played as no one else had played that evening. First some ballads, then beautiful classical numbers, and now I was closing with rollicking tunes from all the musical shows—anything they asked for.

For the first time in my life I knew the thrill of real pride. How many nights I had sat in my room—alone! And yet here I was now the very center of this gay party! I would not have traded my place with anyone.

They had listened—dumbfounded. For a moment, now that I had finished, they remained motionless—silent. And then the storm broke! Thunderous applause! Joyful congratulations! A veritable triumph! Then they bombarded me with questions.

"How did you do it?" they chorused. "And you're the one who didn't know a note!" "Why didn't you tell us you were taking lessons privately?" "Who was your teacher?"

The questions came fast. For a moment they overwhelmed me.

"Teacher? I never had one," I replied, "I learned all by myself, at home."

They laughed in disbelief. "Laugh if you want," I countered,—"but I did learn music without a teacher. Yet there's nothing remarkable about it."

"It's true, comparatively a few short months ago I didn't know one note from

another. Yet I loved music—everybody does. But I couldn't afford to engage a private teacher. And I couldn't bear the thought of monotonous scales and tedious exercises. Anyway, I thought a person had to have special talent to become a musician.

"But you all know how I've just sat around and watched the rest of you entertain. How I used to envy Laura playing beautifully mellow notes on her sax—or Billy jazzing up a party with his peppy banjo! Time after time I longed to be able to play.

"And then one night I was sitting at home alone, as usual, reading a magazine. Suddenly my eye caught a startling announcement. Could it be true? It told of a new, easy method of quickly learning music—right in your own home—and without a teacher. It sounded impossible—but it made me wonder. After all, about all the colleges have home study courses for most every subject, so, I decided, it was certainly worth investigation—as long as it didn't cost a cent to find out. So I signed the coupon, dropped the letter in the box, and—well, you know the rest."

The course, I explained to them, was more helpful than I ever dreamed possible. It was amazing in its simplicity—even a child could learn to play this quick, easy way. I chose the piano. And from the very beginning I was playing—not wearisome scales but real notes, catchy tunes—just like a regular musician! And it was all tremendous fun—just like a fascinating game!

Now I can play almost anything—jazz or classical. I am never at a loss to entertain. Wherever there's a jolly party you're sure to find me. Wherever there's life and fun and music—I'll be there! No more melancholy nights alone. No more dreary hours of solitude. And I even play in an orchestra on the side and make a lot of money having a wonderful time!

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Be sure to ask for Othine—double strength; it is this that is sold on money-back guarantee.

## Footsteps in the Fog

[Continued from page 80]

dragons writhed against the tapestried walls, worked in metallic thread. Pale yellow lilies bloomed in ivory bowls, their thick, sweet scent mingled with the smell of incense that wreathed up in smoke spirals before a sprawled jade idol on a teakwood stand. There were deep, silky, rugs on the floor, muffling any sound. I stared at the picture forming upon my unbelieving mind.

A soft dry whisper startled me into quivering consciousness.

"Ah, you better now? Soon well. I tell Chun Wang."

COULD it be real? Was there actually a sinister old Chinaman blinking at me? Even as I looked, the figure vanished, sliding catlike between the coiling dragons on the wall.

"I tell Chun Wang." The words repeated themselves meaninglessly for a while. Then with sick horror, I remembered. Chun Wang! I sprang up and ran to the place where the figure had vanished. Yes, there was a door behind the heavy tapestries—a door locked fast and immovable, made of smooth black wood. Nowhere were there any windows. I made the circuit of the room unsteadily, only to fall back on the couch, where I lay, my hands pressed dazedly to my head. Thoughts of escape crossed my mind like flashes of light seen from a distance.

They blotted out in a blaze of terror as the curtains parted again. Mr. Wang stood there, a silent, smiling figure, stroking the sleeve of his satin coat gently. His smooth, ironic, yellow face looked at me, familiar, but weirdly different above the gold and turquoise of a mandarin robe. His cold black eyes were as impenetrable as ever, but his voice was velvety, ingratiating.

"You rest now. See Chun Wang later. Plenty time. Plenty everything. Mary Wang be very happy."

Without a move in my direction, he was gone.

"Time!" he had said. At least that promised a respite. My leaping terror at the sight of him, and at the memory of his last meaning words, left me trembling as my mind raced forward once more to thoughts of escape. Escape! How could I—a prisoner, closely guarded, and not knowing where I was. Perhaps Mrs. Means might grow alarmed when I did not return and notify the police. But even they could not know where to search for me. I wondered what time it was, and, with a stab of pain, caught myself thinking that if I were at the ranch I could tell the time by the stars.

What was that?

I repressed a scream as something dark jumped on the bed. Relief flooded me as I saw it was small and furry—only a cat. Where had it come from? I asked myself. There was something comforting in the presence of the friendly little animal. I stroked its lithe body. To my surprise, the fur was damp, and the soft pads left dark stains where they touched my wrist.

"Why, you're an alley-cat, aren't you?" I whispered. "How did you get in here, pussy?"

Grateful for the warm contact, the cat arched and rubbed against me. Suddenly an idea flashed across my mind. The cat was freshly wet, with fog, no doubt. It must have come in through some aperture. Then it could go out again. Perhaps show me a way! With trembling fingers I reached down and began to unravel the strong silk threads of my embroidered bed covering. Yard by yard I coiled it care-

fully beside me, the cat resting contentedly in my lap. Often the thread snarled and had to be broken and tied again—but I persisted till I had a long line. Then I took my handkerchief, and tied it snugly around the furry neck. To this I fastened the thread, and lifted the cat down to the floor. It turned to jump back in my lap, but I slapped it and said tensely, "Shoo! Scat!"

The animal stood uncertainly, and then walked noiselessly across the room. Slipping from the couch, I followed, with a throb of hope as the thread moved away.

The cat made for one section of the wall that looked like any other, but, to my joy, it nosed gently through, and disappeared. Loop after loop the thread slid through my fingers. Something was open—perhaps that way lay freedom! I tugged at the heavy hangings, and they slid apart.

The sickening disappointment of that moment, I shall never forget! There was a door, slightly ajar, opening into a long narrow passage. But outlined solidly against the curtains, were steel bars. They were set in another door, such as they have in banks, and it was locked fast. A cat could squeeze through, but I was as much a prisoner as if I were in a cell. Trotting down the passage, far off, and free, went my little friend. With a gasp I felt the end of the thread move away.

The sight of those bars brought the full sense of my helplessness over me with crushing reality. I felt faint and collapsed as I walked back to the bed, and sank down on it, my face in my hands to shut out the sight of that horrible, gorgeous prison, whose luxury made my flesh creep.

For a long time no sound broke the stillness. The lilies gave out their heavy sweet perfume; through curling wreaths of smoke the sprawled jade monster seemed to grin at me, the tapestries hung motionless. In the morbid quiet I could hear my own heart pounding heavily in my ears, my fingers, locked together, were damp. Desperately I tried to think, but a thousand crawling fears swarmed in upon me. It seemed to me that if Chun Wang returned now, and put his long-nailed yellow hands upon me, I would die. Hypnotised, I stared at the hangings where the cat had gone through. A current of air stirred them faintly, and my very skin grew chill with dread.

Did they move that time? No, it was imagination. Yes—surely they moved! I watched breathlessly. Like something in a nightmare, a man's hand was sliding between them, slowly parting the folds. I caught the gleam of an eye—and all the blood seemed to thicken in my veins!

"Mary, honey!"

My own name, in a voice I knew! And the face! The face that was framed in the curtains was not the sinister countenance of an Oriental—but the tanned brown face and steady blue eyes of Larry Miller. "Come here, quick!" came his low whisper again.

Heaven knew how it could be, but it really was Larry! The next instant I was whispering frantically with him at the bars. He was not alone. With him was the burly, blue-coated form of a policeman. I knew him—Walter Adams, the brother of Mrs. Means. They had already discovered that the door was padlocked and bolted on the inside. There was absolutely no way they could get in to reach me.

"How did you get here?" I gasped.

"Cat showed us. We haven't any time to lose—don't dare rush the front—"



"Listen, Mary girl," broke in the policeman, "take Larry's gun, hide it in the bed, get Wang in here—and cover him. When he puts his hands up, find the key to this lock—he must carry it. Pass it back to me and stand in front of us."

"Here you are, honey, the old six-shooter," Larry said, as he passed the glinting weapon. For a sweet, comforting instant, his strong fingers clasped mine. "Don't lose your never and we'll have you free in no time."

Shivering with excitement, but forcing my mind to steadiness, I ran back to the bed and threw myself on it in my old attitude of bewilderment and despair. Then I called, clearly:

"Oh, Mr. Wang, please!"

But Chun Wang did not come. I called again, and this time I was answered by the soft sliding of slippers. It was the old Chinaman once more. He eyed me keenly.

"Chun Wang sleep. I call him for lady—yes?"

Not trusting my voice, I nodded.

To me, and to the others, waiting in the passage, I know it seemed like an eternity before my captor came. I shivered inwardly as I sat there, my cold fingers clasped tight around the heavy smooth stock of the gun. Then a sick shudder swept across my flesh. Wang had entered the room. He twisted his hands in a loathsome motion. A thin stream of saliva drooled from his sensual lips as if he were literally waiting to devour me. His words came, soft and caressing.

"You send for me? Good."

"Raise your hands, and make it snappy!" I cried. "And if you move, this gun may go off!"

My tense whisper held an unmistakable determination. With the deadly menace of the gun pointed against his breast, I walked forward. Fear-stricken as I was, my brain and muscle, trained to emergencies in my life on the ranch, were the tools of my will. Chun Wang stood motionless, his hands up. Even then his face betrayed nothing. Keeping my right elbow close to my body, the way Larry had taught me, I felt his robes. Nothing. Despair was at me again when I glimpsed a thin gold chain hung about his neck. A quick snatch, and I had it. From the middle hung a heavy key. Chun Wang's impassivity shattered. His hand jerked down sharply—but I sprang back toward the bars.

"Don't move, or I'll shoot!"

I HELD the key behind me. Fingers closed on it. There was a click, and Patrolman Adams was beside me, a black automatic in his hand, covering the Chinaman. I saw Chun Wang's thin lips twist in a snarl of rage. My own hand faltered—I felt dizzy as a strong arm went round me, and I sagged into Larry's arms.

"You're a wonder, sister—cool as ice. That's real nerve," came the policeman's voice. "Now you run along with Larry. I'll take care of our friend here."

"Come away, sweetheart!" With Larry half carrying me, we ran down the passage. At the end of it, where the cool night air blew in, he swung me close against his breast, and I clung there, as if I would never leave him.

But afterward, as we rode home together in a taxi, my head on Larry's shoulder, and his dear strong hand linked in mine, he told me what had happened, and how he came to appear in that miraculous way. The very day after my letter reached him, he set out for San Francisco. There was something in the way I wrote, he said, that made him feel anxious. He had to see for himself how I was getting along. He had arrived at my boarding-house that same evening, to find Mrs. Means alone.



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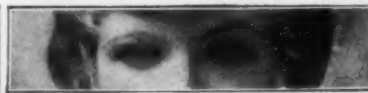
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Test this preparation on your arm or on your neck where the skin is usually much darker than on the face. See what an amazing improvement three days make. Use my Lotion Face Bleach any way you like for six days. Then, if you are not simply delighted, I ask you to let me refund your money.

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(Mrs.) GERVAISE GRAHAM, Est. 1888.  
Dept. 3-7, 25 W. Illinois St., Chicago

Send me, postage paid, one Lotion Face Bleach. On arrival, I will pay postman only \$1.50. If not delighted after six days' use I will return it and you will at once refund my money.

Name.....

Address.....

It was already ten-thirty, and I had not come home. He waited, looking out at the dismal fog, and getting more and more worried and impatient as I did not return. Finally they called up the chop house, and found I had left at ten o'clock. It was half-past eleven then.

Of course, Mrs. Means remembered instantly what I had said to her about being followed. And she told Larry.

"Gosh, I was scared, honey-girl!" he said excitedly, "but by luck we got hold of Mrs. Means' brother right away. He knew where Chun Wang's place was, and we went there straight. I wanted to break right in, but Adams said 'nope.' He knows these Chinese joints. They'd take you somewhere else before we could ever force a way through. He said our only chance was to snoop around in the back and pray for luck."

Larry gave me an extra hug at this point.

"And we sure had it," he added, jubilantly, "not at first, though. We risked using the flash against the back of the house—just a brick wall, without a break in its surface, except one high window. We were figuring we'd have to go back and chance rushing it, with enough men to smash our way in. It wouldn't have done us any good, either, the way they had hidden you down there. Then, I felt something brush against my leg. I swung the flash and saw it was a cat—funny for an alley-cat, though—it had a white rag tied around its neck and a string tied to it.

"Well, I picked it up, and there the handkerchief had your initials, M.H.—and the string just went off into blackness. You can bet we were excited! We followed it up, and it went into a small hole beside a rusty grating. Adams flashed the light on it, and it seemed to go right down in one corner.

"We worked like mad, tugging at the iron bars and lifting that grating out—and under it was another iron frame. Three feet lower was what looked like a sloping passage. Lying flat we could just grasp the bars. It took a lot of pulling, but we got them out too.

"And then, we just went in to see what was what. The passage was about three feet wide, and barely high enough for us to stand up in, but the thread went right along, and we went after it. 'Way down at the end we could see a tiny beam of light—and smelt incense—well, you know the rest!"

"Larry—it was like a miracle, wasn't it?"

"Sure was," said Larry solemnly. "If it hadn't been for your telling Mrs. Means about the Chink—and that darn lucky cat!" The color drained from under his ruddy tan. "God, Mary, we might never have found you!"

"But you did," I told him, happily.

"You bet I did. And I'm going to keep you. You're coming back to the ranch tomorrow—to me and your dad."

"Of course, I am, Larry," was my meek answer."



## The Trail of Yellow Rose

[Continued from page 72]

face up to mine and I just couldn't seem to breathe for a minute. Her hand slipped down into mine and I whispered, "I love you Amy—more—more than anything in the world, more than any one ever loved a person before. I want to be with you always. Oh, Amy, I'm so lonesome, dear!"

All the sweetness of a hundred generations of mothers came into her eyes and she shook her head from side to side just a little, her lips half parted as though she were trying to say something and couldn't.

"Ray!" That was all.

"Do you, could you love me, do you suppose?" I begged.

Her fingers twined a little tighter around my hand and she nodded her head, looking into the ground. "But you've got to talk to father first, Ray," she said. "I told him that I loved you, dear—he said that you must talk to him—I—" Her hand slipped up to her heart and took the single yellow rose from her coat. She touched its petals lightly with her lips and put it in the buttonhole of my coat.

Just before we reached Amy's hotel we ran into Sid and Mr. Baldwin. They waved a gay hand at us and Amy broke into a run and took Sid's arm. Mr. Baldwin dropped back to walk with me. I wondered how to begin. It wasn't quite so easy as I imagined, after all. I wet my lips and started a dozen times and finally blurted out, "Mr. Baldwin, I—I love Amy!"

"Eh?" he said in a startled tone.

I began again. "I just told Amy that I loved her, Mr. Baldwin, and she says that she loves me. She said that I had to come and tell you."

"I'm afraid it can't ever be, Raymond."

He said it so quietly that at first I didn't understand. Then I looked at him to see if he was in earnest. My heart seemed to sink into my boots. I began to talk and Mr. Baldwin broke in. He seemed to be trying to explain, but I couldn't un-

derstand nor make head from tails of what he was saying. There were things about dad and grandfather—things I didn't understand.

What on earth was this thing that had been thrown in my face since I was a baby? I was sick of it. I clenched my hands; little lights played before my eyes and I heard myself say, "I wish to God some one would be man enough to come out and tell me what this inheritance of mine is—man-fashion, without trying to hide it behind a lot of silvery words. I want to know!"

**I** WOULD have given anything in the world to have been able to take back those words after I said them. Mr. Baldwin stiffened and his face grew cloudy with anger. We had almost reached the entrance of their hotel. Sid and Amy passed through the doors.

"Well, then, I'll tell you, Raymond," Mr. Baldwin said. "Your father was my best friend. I would have done anything in the world for him. But his son can't marry my daughter! He was his own worst enemy. Your grandfather and your father were both drunkards, Raymond. And they both killed themselves because they couldn't face a world that they helped to make miserable with their drunkenness. Your father broke your mother's heart and then took his own life because he was afraid to face what he had done. Would you want me to give such a heritage to my daughter and to my grandchildren?"

His face was soft now. I turned away and he put a hand on my shoulder for an instant and then followed Sid and Amy.

I wasn't angry at first. I wasn't anything that I could feel. Just numb and so alone. Some one called to me from across the street. I looked up as a hand shot out in salute. I half lifted my hand and waved. A laugh and "Where'd you

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get it, Ray?" I realized that they thought I was drunk. For a moment I surged with red hot anger. Then it passed as quickly.

People began to look at me as they passed. I swung about and went wandering aimlessly down the street.

Lights began to appear in the store windows. Motors hummed by with singing crowds of people, singing their farewell to Brighton for the year, perhaps forever. I kept on, oblivious to everything and every one.

After awhile I realized that I was on the country road. It was almost pitch dark. Banks of fog laid low over the meadows, like the trailing robes of ghosts. I shivered a little and tried to make out where I was. Then I turned and started back.

As I tramped back Mr. Baldwin's words came to me again and again: "Your father broke your mother's heart and then took his own life because he was afraid to face what he had done!"

I began to curse, low and steadily at first. Things began to come to me a little more clearly. I began to straighten the whole thing out in my mind. It was ridiculous! Crazy! They couldn't condemn me because my grandfather and father had been—I drew a breath and breathed the word—"drunkards." I had hardly touched the stuff all my life.

I could see Amy's brown eyes twinkling like the stars, full of the joy of life, so good and fine and clean. Why, no one would ever, could ever, do anything to hurt her. Her very goodness would keep any one from drinking if he was the worst drunkard in the world.

She would believe me and we could tell them all to go to the devil unless—there it was again! Unless there was something else that she knew that even I didn't know.

Then I scrambled to my feet and got back on the road. I began to feel a little better as I swung along the road, breathing the cool evening air.

Why hadn't they come and told me about it years ago? It would have been a million times easier than fighting an enemy I didn't know existed. Well, I would find out now—all of it, from the beginning.

When I got near town I broke into a run every few minutes. Suppose they had started for home! The thought left me cold with fear. Amy would think that I had just quit, didn't have the courage to fight for her.

I arrived at their hotel breathless, my face covered with perspiration. I pushed my way eagerly through the mob of people that milled in the lobby. I asked the bell captain to page Miss Baldwin, trying her room first. He wrote down the name with a reluctance that made me want to kick him. Didn't the fool know that it was a matter of life and death? I sat down in the lobby to wait. I heard a boy calling, "Miss Baldwin, Miss Ba-a-a-alwin!"

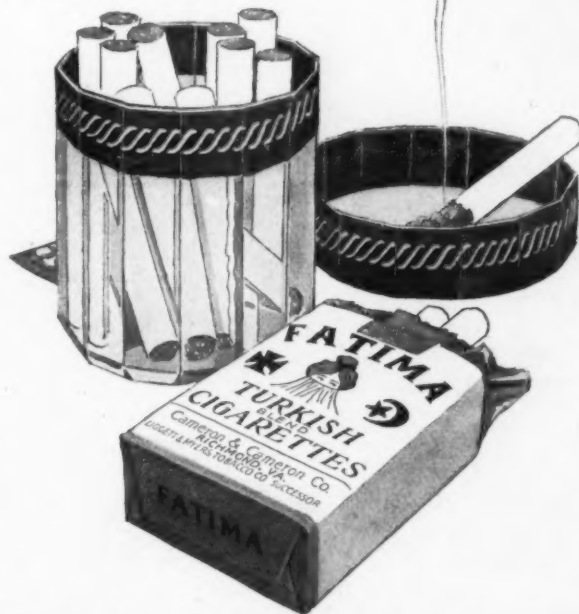
SHE would know who it was, all right; no doubt of that. I rubbed my hands together nervously as the minutes passed. The boy came back to the stand. I hopped to my feet. The captain turned toward me and said, "Miss Baldwin's family checked out an hour ago!" Just as he might have said it was raining.

I went slowly, painfully, back to my room. Suddenly I realized that I hated Brighton, hated everything about it from its smug, satisfied air to its boasted place in the educational world. On this day when I should have been regretting that I had to leave, I was glad.

I looked at the trunks I had packed with my things. I had intended going to Baltimore first. I tore the tags off them and

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readdressed them to a hotel in New York. Then I threw my remaining things in a large bag and phoned for a taxicab. There was no one I wanted to say good-bye to, not then at least. I got the first train out for New York.

The next morning life seemed a little brighter. There was sunshine streaming in my windows when I awoke. The tap, tap of a riveting machine across the street made a terrific noise, but I was glad. Anything was better than just silence.

At ten o'clock sharp, I put in a call for Amy's house. It seemed hours before a voice answered. I asked for Amy.

"She left early this morning for New Hampshire," the voice informed me.

Scarcely able to speak I asked for Sid. "They all left, the whole family, for the summer. Is this Mr. Gates?"

"Yes."  
"Mr. Sidney said he forgot to tell you yesterday that they were going this morning, but he said he would write you at the Brighton Club."

I don't know how long I sat there on the edge of the bed, my head on the telephone stand.

I have only a faint recollection from then on. I went downstairs and went in the bar. Two fellows from Sid's club were there having an early cocktail. I started to go out to avoid them. They saw me and called loudly.

"Awful party last night!" one of them informed me. "Got a little hangover yourself, haven't you?"

"Haven't had a drink—just a shock!" I said to him, almost venomously. "But I'm going to have one—going to have a lot of them!" I could feel the liquor burning through me already. They slapped me on the back and gave a boisterous cheer. One of them called the bartender and ordered three Bronx cocktails. I poured mine down in a gulp and called for three more. My own face stared at me from the mirror across the bar. It was drawn and white and my eyes looked back at me like dull raisins in a batch of dough. After another cocktail they insisted on having some luncheon. It was fortunate for me, because my head was beginning to reel and buzz already, having had no food since the night before.

In the middle of the afternoon there were twenty lined up at the Knickerbocker, and at six, just Dave Phillips and I remained. We were both having difficulty with our legs and our tongues. Dave suggested thickly that the bartender mix us something to sober us up a little. Then we called a cab and went to a restaurant famous for its unattached women. We hadn't been seated fifteen minutes before two girls from another table were smiling at us, openly. Dave beckoned them over to our table and in less time than it takes to write it, they were ordering a dinner that staggered us both.

THEY followed along with us to a half a dozen cafés and restaurants during the evening. At two o'clock they suggested that we all go to their apartment. I had crushed every quail of conscience that presented itself during the day and had managed to curb my natural dislike for liquor enough to stay thoroughly "tight."

A taxicab whisked us uptown. I rested my head against the back of the cab and fell into a slight doze. As long as I stayed awake I couldn't keep terrible thoughts out of my mind. I knew I was taking the easiest way out. Tomorrow it would be worse.

A colored elevator boy grinned and winked as he took us upstairs. The girl with the black hair and overly painted face smiled at me—a paid smile; more dollars,

more sweetness. I had an insane desire to call her names and tell her how low I thought I was for being with her. I toyed with the idea in my mind for a moment, then sank into a chair as the lights flashed on in the apartment.

The next thing I knew there was someone shaking me. Dave was standing above me with a tray of glasses and some ginger ale and rye. I opened one eye and gazed at him speculatively. He grinned back and said, "Come on, old topper, it's time for your bedtime medicine!"

I looked around and saw the girl with the black hair arrayed in a suit of black and orange pajamas. She sickened me and made me want to laugh at the same time. My eyes went slowly around the apartment and rested on a vase, a tall blue vase with a single rose sticking from the top. I gazed at it, fascinated. It was a yellow rose—Amy! I got up from my chair and walked toward it as it drew me like a magnet. I fingered the rose between my hands for a moment. It was artificial. It was like everything else there—everything in life, for that matter.

A thousand thoughts came tumbling through my head and before they could stop me I had dashed across the room and was turning the lock on the door. I rang for the elevator and then ran down the seven flights of stairs to the street.

I hurried down the street, calling a taxi on the corner and climbing in. I almost cringed in the corner until I arrived at my hotel. In my room I stripped to the skin and scrubbed myself until I felt clean again. Then I fell into bed, asleep the instant my head touched the pillow.

When I awoke in the morning my head was splitting. Bits of the previous day floated before my vision. The girl with the black hair and the painted face. The artificial yellow rose—imitation! I shuddered and climbed out of bed and doused myself under a cold shower until my body tingled.

Through breakfast I realized that I couldn't ever drown my troubles with liquor. Maybe my father had and my grandfather, but I couldn't!

If I only had some one in all the world to go to and tell and ask for advice! If there was only some one back home who had cared enough to keep in touch with me.

It had been thirteen years since I had been there. Perhaps people had forgotten about my father. I decided to take a night train home. Perhaps my happiness was there, waiting for me. I didn't see how because I couldn't imagine any happiness any place, ever without Amy.

The next morning I stepped off the Pullman at eight thirty-seven. The little wooden depot was just as I remembered it. The sheds across the tracks still bore the tattered and torn signs of a one-horse circus. Up the track was the same old red mill with the water pounding down the little runway to the wheel.

A few minutes after the train had pulled out the crowd dwindled away to the two or three loafers who had been sitting on the baggage truck ever since I went away.

I wandered down across the tracks toward town. A new manufacturing plant had sprung up on Troy street and there was a macadam road running down the center of town.

I went by the old printing press across from the post office and stopped to see if the same man ran the press. A younger edition of the same man stood there.

The same trees lined Wyoming Street, a little more majestic if anything. Funny I hadn't noticed how much all the houses needed paint when I was a youngster! My heart beat a little faster as I got up



near our old home. The Methodist Church on the corner below our house had never been painted either, but the place where the farmers used to hitch their horses had been supplanted by a row of small garages.

Tears came to my eyes as I stood in front of our old house. On the front across the upper floor was a sign, "Boarders." I stood there for only a moment. The grass had grown up where there used to be a well-kept lawn and the whole place seemed about to tumble apart. It hurt me and I turned and went down Cedar Street toward the other end of town.

WHEN I came to the little paint factory down by the creek I took the road that curved up over the grove of trees to the place of no returning. Mother and dad and grandfather, all my family were buried up there. If dad could only tell me, only come to me for a minute to touch his lips to my hair and whisper all of it in my ear!

Everything seemed to be so much simpler now. I almost ran down the hill and hurried across town. If I hurried and the train schedule was the same as when I was a child, I could get a train at eleven o'clock that would take me back to New York. I heard it blow for the crossing above town when I was a block away, and broke into a run.

Late that night I got a sleeper from the Grand Central Station headed for Boston. My heart was singing and I knew that nothing in the whole world could keep Amy from me now. I made connections with a train at Boston and landed in Wolfeboro on Lake Winnepisaukee at noontime. A local taxicab was backed at the station. I inquired if the driver knew where the Baldwin house was. He said, "Sure!" I hopped in, and we went bumping and rattling along over the country road out along the lake.

I met Amy driving a station-wagon into town. Her eyes flew open as wide as saucers when she saw me. I shouted at my driver and thrust a bill in his hand. He tossed out my bag and I put it in the back of Amy's station-wagon.

"Amy!" That was all I could say. She reached down and helped me up beside her. I felt her hand steal up over my arm and stroke my cheek and hair and then her lips touched mine, oh, so sweetly and tenderly.

"I thought you wouldn't ever come, Ray," she whispered. "I wrote you and Dad wrote you—"

"Wrote me? Where? I asked.

"At Brighton—that's the only place we knew. Sid tried to find you, too. He stayed over a day in New York and then came on yesterday."

"Do—do they think it's all right?" I stammered.

"Yes, dear," and laughed so that her brown eyes twinkled at my worrying again. "Sid told Daddy a lot of things that he found out—things he was sorry that he ever believed true. Dad has been nearly heartbroken."

Something snapped in my brain then and set up a cadence in time with the horse's hoofs. "Fool! Fool! Fool!"

But I held her face close to mine and told her about my trip home, about my trip to the cemetery and the quiet calm of it all and the power it gave me and the happiness to carry on.

"I don't think I ever want to go back again," I finished. "It might spoil the beautiful illusion."

But we do go back, Sid and Amy and I, every year, and it's great to see the youngsters coming in, each having the same worries that I had and living the same life, suffering the same hardships.

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## Dimpled Knees

[Continued from page 31]

close. "The night's young, a mere baby, and we must do a few more Charlestons together."

"Oh, but we must get home," I said. "Greta and I aren't ladies of leisure. Seven in the morning comes awful early."

"You don't do this every night, do you, Dot? Well then, once in a blue moon it won't hurt you to stay up. You can afford to lose a little of your beauty sleep. You're too darn good-looking as it is."

"You're great on the blarney."

"Nothing of the sort, kid. I tell you, you've got me going, and going strong! I'm crazy about you, Dimpled Knees, honest I am! The minute I saw you out there dancing with your friend I said to Willis, 'There's the kid for me.' I know what I want, and when I see it I go after it, and get it."

"Oh, do you?"

"I sure do!" he said and he kissed me. I didn't want him to kiss me, but my head felt kind of dizzy and easy-going and it wasn't any use making a fuss.

"The boys want us to go up to their apartment," Greta said to me as we got on our wraps. She had been drinking much more than I, and her eyes were too big and her cheeks too flushed. The sight of her brought back my own sense. I caught her by the arm and gave her a little shake.

"We're not going to any apartment tonight, Greta. We don't know these men, don't know a single thing about them or who or what they are. We've got to get home and get some sleep, so we can go to work tomorrow morning."

She shook my hand off angrily. "Oh, you make me sore, Dottie Walsh. You're the biggest old maid I ever met. You can do as you please, but I tell you I'm going with Harry Willis. I like him."

"You can't go!"

"Can't I?" She glared at me in fury. I was angry, but I could not desert her. The poor little fool! One night's pleasure had gone to her head and she no longer knew or cared what she did.

Then she wheeled on me. "I see your game, Dot. I can see right through it. You're jealous. You see what a hit I've made with Harry Willis and you're afraid I'll get married before you do."

I knew if Greta had been herself she would never have said anything as crazy as that. But she was half mad with the whiskey. "You think you're better looking and more attractive than I am, that you can get a man whenever you want; but I'm going to grab mine off while I've the chance."

I TRIED to make her listen to reason; but when we came outside she made fun of me before the boys.

"Dot wants to go home," she told them. "She don't think it proper to stay out after ten."

"Just one more drink all around and then you girls can do as you think best," George said, and poured out his flask into the four glasses of ginger ale. "Here's the luck." And he winked at Willis.

I didn't want any more to drink and pushed my glass aside; but George insisted. "Swallow that down, Dimpled Knees, and then I'll let you go home."

"Really?"

"Sure."

That was a promise so I took the drink. It seemed stronger than the others had been and I coughed till the tears came to my eyes.

We all four got into a taxi. I remember then giving George my address. I would

keep Greta with me for the night. That seemed to be all I distinctly recalled, except that George had his arms about me and was holding me close and kissing me many times.

I didn't seem to care. I didn't seem to care about anything; but gradually one idea fixed itself in my fumbled brain. I must take care of Greta.

It was a small apartment on a side street and all I remember was a room with pink shaded lights and a couch piled with cushions. A victrola was grinding jazz out, and Willis was shaking up cocktails. Greta was laughing very much and this sound seemed to bring me to my senses, for when George tried to kiss me and make me dance with him I pushed him violently to one side and told him I wanted to go home.

That must have tried his patience, for he caught hold of me. His face was flushed and ugly and he was saying a great many things that I supposed I deserved to hear for being such a fool as to have come.

"Say, kid, what's the big idea? Think I'm from the sticks and don't know nothing? What do you think we picked you two girls up for, to play tiddlediwinks? I guess not! And you know it, too. Harry and me, we're regular guys and we'll treat you right."

I was painfully clear headed now and saw the danger and the trap into which Greta and I had walked. I saw just what these two men thought we were and what they expected. I tried then to make him understand that he had been mistaken and that we had only picked them up for fun.

"Well, that's your hard luck, then," he sneered, his face close to mine. "Girls that take up with men in a place like Lin Chung's know what they're about or they ought to. If you didn't it's time you learned. Now, come along, Dimpled Knees, and don't try and do the injured innocent act, because I'm an old bird and hard boiled and it'd take a lot wiser kid than you to put a thing over on little Georgie."

"Please, please, believe me. We didn't mean anything wrong."

"This'll teach you a lesson then not to monkey with fire, young lady. Dancing around like you two did, showing your bare knees and then pulling that line. Say, how do you get that way? I've a good mind to sock you one and bring you to your senses, you darn little — you!"

I cried out at that, struggling in the arms he had brutally flung about me. I saw his leering eyes and the cruel, thin line of his mouth. For a moment I was afraid I was going to faint, but I fought off the dizziness and battled with him with all my strength.

I tried to scream out, but his hand clamped down over my mouth and nearly choked me. I tried to pray to God for help and in a flash, just as they say it is when people drown, my whole life seemed to rush before me. My home, my people, my job—was it for this that I had always tried to be decent and do my best? Was it to meet such an end that I had lived? No! No! A new strength seemed to come to me as if some power from outside were coming to my aid. I flung off this man's hold and rushed to the window. Better death than to give in and be a broken creature of shame.

But when I tried to throw up the window it was locked and inside the curtains were iron bars.

The man stood back and laughed at me.

His laughter drove me mad with horror. Oh, I had done wrong, been foolish; but it could not be that I was to be so terribly punished. In the next room I could hear Greta's high-pitched laughter. The poor kid didn't know or realize her danger and again I determined to save her too. But what could I do? Could we escape if I were to pretend to agree? Could I hope by pitting my wits against this man's to hope to win? A slim chance, but I must take it.

So I shrugged my shoulders as if with indifference.

"Let's have another drink," I said; "I'm thirsty."

HIS eyes narrowed as if he were sizing me up, then he laughed again, and I had a feeling that he could see through my game and was so sure of winning that he was willing to bide his time.

Back in the other room Greta and her John were dancing. I tried to pull her to one side to explain to her the mess we were in; but Greta was too drunk to know or care. She flung me to one side and called me a prude, saying she was having the time of her life and wasn't going home for hours yet.

What could I do? Even if I were able to escape, myself, and it didn't look much that way, how could I go off and leave Greta? If I did I'd never know a minute's peace of mind again as long as I lived.

"Let's dance," I said to George, but I managed to pour my drink out under the table without his seeing me do it. As we danced my anguished eyes searched the room looking for some means of escape.

I noticed then that the place was not like an ordinary room. The windows were heavily curtained and barred on the inside. The doors had double locks and a little sliding panel. My terror increased. We were not just in the apartment of two unscrupulous men, but in a strange and evil den of some kind.

My hopes sank in proportion as I pretended to get gayer and more affected by the drink. If only Greta was herself we would have stood a better chance; but she was lost to all reason. I felt that if that victrola went on playing much longer I would go mad.

Suddenly I saw Greta collapse on the couch.

There was a cut glass pitcher on the table and I ran to get her a glass of water.

"Let her be," Willis said to me. "She'll come round all right," and he picked her up and started to carry her in the next room. I tried to follow, but George caught me by the wrist and pulled me back.

"If he takes her in there I'll scream for the police," I cried.

With that he came at me. I caught up the glass pitcher and flung it at him with all my strength. It crashed against the door with a smashing racket.

"So, you will break up our crockery, will you, you rat, you!" He jerked me out into the middle of the room and the expression of his face was wicked. "I'll show you if you can act like that. I'll break you now," and he raised his hand to strike me.

"Go easy there, George," Willis interrupted nervously.

"There's some you got to beat to bring round. Go on, attend to your own affairs."

I felt like a trapped animal. There was no use, I knew, appealing to George, and though this Willis seemed a better sort, I could see that he was completely under the domination of his friend. Desperate, I looked around for a phone in hopes that I might ring up even the police, but there

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did not seem to be any. Just then a phone rang. It was in the hall quite out of sight. I sprang to reach it, but George dragged me back and flung me violently on the couch. "You answer, Harry," he said, and tightened a cruel grip on my wrist.

I could see Willis' face blanch with fear. He was stuttering with excitement, and when he turned around to try and tell George the message, his teeth chattered so he could not be understood.

"What is it, you blithering fool?" George roared, and just then there was a pounding at the front door, the shouting of many voices and the splintering crash of wood.

"Beat it!" George hissed through his teeth. "The fire escape." He tried to drag me along with him; but I fought him off with all my strength. Suddenly he raised his clenched fist and struck me; but before he could pick me up, an arm reached out and jerked him back by the collar. I wondered if I was crazy but the man who had broken in through the door and stopped George from hitting me again was no one else but Big Frosty from the Chinese restaurant! I was too unnerved and sick to quite know all that was happening. The small room seemed full of policemen and Frosty had me in his arms, protecting me from the swing of clubs.

"Greta, my friend,—she's in the next room," I managed to say; but a patrolman had already found her and brought her in and laid her, still unconscious, on the couch by me.

"Rounded them both up, have you, boys?" Frosty asked.

"Yes sir," one of the policemen said and saluted. "We've nailed 'em both this time, at last, and with your help, sir. We've been laying for these two birds a long while; but they was too slippery for us, till now. Come along, you!" and the policeman jerked the shivering Willis to his feet. George seemed entirely possessed. He faced Frosty defiantly and sneered.

"So you landed us at last, did you? A lot of good it'll do you. You ain't got nothing on us. These two janes came here of their own accord."

"Never mind the janes," Frosty said, quieting me, when I tried to interrupt to deny this. "It's not on that charge we're going to get you this time. Something more serious. How about dope peddling, eh?"

Even George's face blanched at that, though he tried to keep his air of scorn. "You got nothin' on me," he muttered.

"We'll see about that later," Frosty said, and then to the policeman, "haul them off, boys."

"How about the janes? Want them nabbed too, boss?"

I CRIED out in terror, but Frosty calmed me. "I know these two girls, Flannery. I'll be responsible for them. They're all right."

When the policemen and their two captives had gone I turned to big Frosty, the tears streaming down my cheeks.

"How can I ever thank you enough," I sobbed.

"There, there, little girl. I guess you have plenty to thank me for, all right; but I have to thank you too, though you don't know it. Tonight I was watching you and your friend dancing at Lin Chung's. There are plenty of girls go there, but I kind of watched you especially—you took my eye; being just my notion of what a real pretty girl is. I was watching the place, because at headquarters we knew it was a center for the dope ring. I'd been there, presumably as bouncer for a long while; but somehow I couldn't seem to

get a thing on any one, though I was sure the stuff was being handled right under my nose. Then I saw those two birds pick you girls up and all of a sudden in a flash it seemed to come to me that they were the boys I was after. Funny how a hunch like that will strike you; but if the tall gink hadn't been getting kind of fresh with you and rousing my anger at him I'd never have seen him slip the package to the Chink as he went by for his hat. It was done so slick I all but missed it. I had those two birds placed then. George the gunner, and his kind of soft witted partner, Dopey Harry. Wanted them for assault on a girl, too, about a month back. So I trailed you and when I saw you come here I fixed things to raid the joint and grab the two of them. Unluckily we were a bit delayed, and I was that anxious about you." He mopped his forehead and then took his handkerchief and wiped my tears.

"Don't cry. No harm's done, glory be! But the chances you girls'll take! I hope you and that little fool of a friend of yours have learned your lesson."

I flushed scarlet. "Not that it wasn't pretty," he added with a trace of embarrassment. "Only they're too nice to let everyone see. And now I got to get you two girls home before I go to headquarters to turn in my report. This'll sure mean promotion for me." He looked around the room and then began making a swift examination of the premises.

I tried to rouse Greta, but had quite a time to bring her to.

"She's been doped," Frosty said. "Ordinary booze wouldn't knock her out like that."

Suddenly Frosty swooped down on the cushions of the couch. He ripped the back off one and plunged his large hand in the opening.

"As I thought," he said, and went to the phone. In ten minutes there were two plain clothes men in the flat.

By this time I had managed to bring Greta to and we took her down and put her in a taxi.

"I'll see you safely to your door," the big detective said.

It was not till then that I realized I was clinging fast to his arm and had been holding his hand for the last ten minutes. It somehow seemed the one thing in the world worth holding on to. But as soon as I knew it I blushed and tried to draw it away. But he smiled down on me, his kind, friendly smile that I had liked from the first.

"No need of that. A girl like you ought to have a big fellow like me to watch out for her. You've none too much sense."

He said it so comically I had to laugh.

"I'll not be seeing you at that Chinese place anymore," he said regretfully. "On account of this haul I'll likely go up on the Narcotic Squad; but if you'd not mind, I'd like to drop in and see you once in a while, young lady, to see how you're behaving yourself."

"I'd like to have you come," I answered, my heart beating fast.

"How about tomorrow night? I'm off then. Or is it too soon?"

"No, it's not too soon," I said softly. Nor was it. The oftener my big detective, his name is James Frost, comes, the better I like it. Only I hate to see him go. And he won't soon; for we're to be married in June. We've the first payment made on our bungalow already.

And Greta. When she found out what had happened she came to her senses with a jolt. She is to be our maid of honor, and is almost as happy in my joy as myself.



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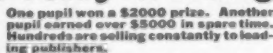


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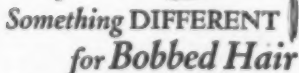
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## For the Sake of Julie

as I had once before tried to keep from hearing Armand make love to Julie, and failed, because he made love so ardently, and so beautifully, I now tried to shut that faint call out of my heart and soul.

Do you wonder that I failed then to keep from hearing a voice that still drifts to me down the roads of all the world—and will drift to me through the valleys of eternity? I could not deny that call.

**S**O I answered Julie's calling in my imagination with steps that seemed to catch up the echo of her voice.

I halted in the bend of the road, just where I could see the light gleaming through fields and trees. For a long time I stood there, shifting from one foot to the other; my whole body laboring with emotion; my hands continually twisting my overseas cap into knots and balls. But, not for a tiny moment did my eyes move off that flickering point of orange. Not even when my whole being started forward as the point spread into a yellow square that suddenly became shadowed by the form of a girl and a man kissing each other at the door. More than ever, my eyes devoured that square of yellow light and what it held. Julie in a man's arms! Kissing him! Had Armand come back in some mysterious way? Or—good God! Could there be another man known to both Armand and myself? Could some secret lover have stolen away my friend's dream of love with Julie?

Half frenzied by these unanswerable questions, I broke into a run toward the farmhouse, my fists clenching at the picture Julie and the man made in the door.

I halted a few yards from the Perrone farmhouse, suddenly realizing that the man with Julie was a French soldier old enough to be her father. I would have turned and slipped away if she hadn't seen me and called me back to introduce her uncle from the next village. He was on his way to the Front again. A moment later he said "good-bye" and struck out for Verdun. I turned to Julie. There was anxiety in her eyes, and they showed the effects of recent crying. Armand! I thought. She has been crying over his going! If only Armand, back in the hell of Verdun, could have seen Julie's eyes red from her tears over him! Surely then his dream would live again!

"When you did not come for supper, I—we grew worried, Dinee," she said.

"I had the whole feeding detail for the picket line tonight. We were late with the work, Julie," I answered, feeling as if the truth in my heart were making a last stand against suppression.

We sat on the steps underneath the stars where I realized the futility of trying to say things. The silence deepened just as the night deepens toward twelve. I wondered then would it ever lift as the shadows lift toward dawn. If not, I wouldn't be able to stand the strain of trying to imprison my feelings.

The clatter of hoofbeats approaching from Fleury saved me. Horses were coming at the gallop! I arose swiftly as a man does when he senses something is going to happen. A pair of horses dashed around the bend and into full view. The off-horse was riderless. He was Jimmy, my mount. My heart began beating like that old town-crier's drum had beat in Fleury. I knew what was up. Orders had come. We were going in again!

"Julie, we're going back to the Front!" I said in a voice that at last seemed free.

"Dinee—you—you are going to leave me?" she asked in a constrained voice. I wheeled sharply to see if her face would confirm the revelation of her voice. Before I could be sure, Corporal Bates was reining in almost on top of us. I grasped the bridle of Jim and waited for Bates to get his breath.

"The regiment's moving out of Fleury at six tomorrow morning. Orders are for every outfit to be harnessed, hitched, and hooked-in by five forty-five. I figured you'd want to know."

"Thanks, Bates. Any more dope?"

"Lieutenant Waters says we'll be in position beyond Verdun inside of thirty hours——"

I turned to Julie. "Would you care to walk a little way toward Fleury with me?"

Julie nodded for an answer. I would have gone into the house to bid farewell to old Madame, but she was asleep. We started down the Sacred Road without a word. Jim followed me as he was used to doing. A hundred yards or more were covered and still not a sound from either of our lips. The white road began to bend toward Fleury. I took three steps before realizing Julie was not at my side. She was standing in the turn of the road, hands covering her face.

"Julie—Julie," I called, my voice losing its surety again.

She swayed toward me, then almost staggered backward as if suddenly caught between two great conflicting forces. Her voice reached me like that of a girl in pain who tries to muffle anguished outcries.

"Dinee . . . Dinee—I cannot let you go like this. It will kill me—"

I caught Julie in my arms to keep her from sinking to the road. But, at my touch, strength flared into her body. She suddenly pressed against me; her arms went around my shoulders; and I felt her warm, sweet breath mixing, merging, blending with mine until both became like flames.

"Dince, I love you—I love you—I love you—my sweetheart," I heard her cry, and yet I could hardly believe my own ears. But certainty came when our lips pressed together, trapping the flame of our breath.

"Julie—Julie—oh! my girl—my woman—  
—I've loved you from the first day——"

"Dinee . . . Dinee," she sobbed, her tears mingling with my own.

We were still clinging to each other, both of us sobbing out the feelings we had suppressed for days, when a bugle blew through the summer night. It was the call to quarters. Of course, I could have stayed away until reveille. But, the bugle suddenly brought a vision of Armand Fourchambault as I had seen him in the larkspur and goldenrod.

"I love you—I love you, *mon Americain*," she answered.

"But—Julie—what about Armand?"

"Armand! Yes—yes—I love him, Dineé. I love him. I've always loved him since we were children in the fields. Once, it seemed like love enough. Then . . . ah! my sweetheart, when you came my love for Armand was not enough. *Non—non—* not enough!"

"My darling," I said, drawing her yieldingly into the depths of my arms. No longer could I deny myself the sweet seduction of her love. To this day, I do not know how I ever let her go. But, such a parting moment came. It had to come. War is like that.

[Turn to page 94]

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## For the Sake of Julie

[Continued from page 92]

"Good-bye, Julie. I will come back. I will come back to you," I said slowly.

"Good-bye—my sweetheart. You will never—never forget that Julie loves you with all her heart?"

"Never—never—Julie."

"May the Blessed Mother keep you safe for Julie—Good-bye, Dinee!"

There are times when love is madness, the madness of flames fanned by hot winds. It was that way then when I looked into Julie's passion-laden eyes and saw my longings reflected in their appeal.

"Julie!" I breathed. "You mean—you love me enough—"

"Oh! my Dinee, come with me. Come with me and hold me—"

"Julie!" was all my love could find to say as I lifted her and started toward the old farmhouse. Just before going up the steps with her still in my arms, I stopped long enough to bend my face over Julie's. Closing her eyes she lifted her red lips, and my kiss trembled against them.

In my room at the farmhouse a consciousness that this night was over came with the crimson proclamation that dawn was abroad in the fields of Fleury... At a gentle tapping on my door I arose, and together Julie and I watched the stars pale in their far-off places; watched the exquisite pageantry of light moving across creation, enchanting earth and sky with changing color.

Infantry swinging down the Sacred Road greeted our eyes in the lifting light. I saw Julie wince at what the scene suggested now, a journey into the vale of war; another heartbreaking wait while love and life trembled fearfully in the awesome balance!

Then her eyes caught a view of the church tower of Fleury. Although it was little more than a sombre shadow in the struggling light, the steeple became like a finger beckoning to both of us. She turned to me:

"Dinee, we must go down to the church and find Père François. He will marry us and keep our secret, for, of course, it must not be known until the war is over and Armand comes home. I alone must tell him. Père François knows life and love. He will be glad for me—glad to consecrate this past night that shall be our eternal bond."

Together we tiptoed out into the dawn, and with my horse following, we went down the Sacred Road to stand before the priest of Fleury.

Our walk to Fleury was one of strange silence. Silence that made me feel as if we were on our way to eternity. Only once was it broken, and then by Julie whispering as the red-roofed village lay before us in the rising tide of golden sunlight.

"We must not be seen going to Père

François' together. Even the village street has ears and a tongue. Armand's mother, must not know, nor any one else. I will go to the priest's house by the front way. You, Dinee, must slip into the church by the rear and wait—"

We dared to kiss each other before the waking village of Fleury; we dared to stand there in the road and search each other's eyes, although reveille was blowing loud and clear through the Grande Rue and my buddies were already swarming out of their hay-lofts.

The din and commotion of my regiment answering roll-call in the streets seemed hushed and far away as I knelt in the church of Fleury and waited for Julie and the priest.

My head was bowed when I felt a light touch upon my shoulder. Looking up, I beheld Julie standing over me alone. Stark terror filled her dark eyes.

"Père François was called to the bedside of a dying man in the next village. He will not be back in time to marry us," she said, twisting her hands.

I was holding Julie in my arms the next second. As if my touch were magic, she calmed her hands and the stark terror fled from her dark eyes. As her lips moved again I saw the soul of France looking up at me through Julie's eyes: the France of the North; the France of the Great Shadow; the France that waited for men to come home from hell.

"Kiss me, Dinee, here in God's church—and I shall not be afraid, for God will know what is in our hearts," she said.

We kissed, standing there in the aisle under a sanctuary lamp, and though there was passion in our kisses, it was passion that was made soft and holy.

"Julie, our chaplain will marry us," I said, lifting my face from her's at last.

But, Julie shook her head slowly, her hair seeming more blue-black than ever in the shadows:

"Non—non—my Dinee. Julie's love does not demand that now. You will come back to me some day and good Père François will be here."

It was Julie who pushed me toward the door at last. It was Julie who tried to smile through blinding tears; Julie who made the last strange sort of sound between us, then turned back into her church.

I stumbled through the doors and into the golden September morning, my ears suddenly assailed by the rattle of mess-kits as the men waited for their last breakfast in Fleury, and by the sounds of artillery horses being harnessed and hitched over in the gun parks. That rattle and that sound from the gun parks suggested what lay before and behind me—war and Julie.

[To Be Concluded in the August Issue]

## "Let Them Go!"

[Continued from page 45]

man boss her." She is always going to remain in a position where she "can make the man look foolish" and if by and by she wants to mate, she intends (so she says) to choose one who will know his place! She does not want to be bad; she just wants to be free!

The truth of this is that gratification of every whim has engendered such selfishness that she prefers to express herself, than to experience any tender devotion or passionate love-thrills which might make her want to subserve her will to another.

Well, let her be, her sort do not help on a race. They are the means of its decay, and Nature takes care of all the obstacles to her purpose of evolution. So that is that! One more letter is whimsical! This girl says since men give her pleasure and women bore her, she would sooner pander to their desires, and keep them, than to assert herself and remain languishing alone! This girl seems to be no fool, for she at least knows what she wants. So, girls, analyze what you want—and if you stick to the basic virtues you will receive it!

## Intrigue

[Continued from page 61]

attachment. Was she quite sure that she loved him well enough to break up our happy little home and to give the two boys a step-father—granted that her lover wanted to marry her? She was quite sure. She loved Frank madly, desperately. She liked me, but she didn't love me; she did once upon a time, but—as she told me, quivering—"Youth calls to Youth." Frank was twenty-six, six years younger than my wife.

"Has he asked you to marry him?" I asked her, dully, my heart sinking within me. The very foundation of the earth seemed to split open and I seemed to be dropping down—down—

"Yes. He told me if you would release me, he would marry me immediately."

I wanted to know the details. Could he support her, not necessarily with luxuries, but with the ordinary essentials of life? Could he provide for the two boys? It would mean forever. I told her to summon him, which she did. Coolly, without heroics, just as though we were discussing the weather or other disinterested topic, we had a little session together, but my heart was bleeding—torn apart, it seemed.

I COULD understand the reason for Mary's infatuation—at least externally. What a good-looking chap he was, although in a rather effeminate sort of way! He told me of his willingness to marry Mary, if I would betake myself out of the picture. He spoke convincingly and assured me of his ability to provide well for my wife and the two kiddies.

I gave my consent.

However, the next day, I determined to make a few inquiries regarding the fellow. I had a right to know something of the man who was to be the step-father of my two children. Fortunately, I had become very friendly with his friend who often came out to the summer resort with him. Twenty-six years old; a youngster not twenty-six years old; a youngster not fully sure of his mind. Moreover, he was not the reliable sort; he was wont to drift from "flower to flower"; that it was only the unattainable that he craved and as soon as he obtained that, it was "off with the old, on with the new." As far as he knew, he believed that the fellow was merely having a "wonderful time" with my wife, and that he meant nothing serious in the relationship.

Well, what would any red-blooded man do under the circumstances? I had told my wife that she was free to do as she willed—her happiness came before mine—but, privately, I preferred to see both of us in purgatory before I would let another man put his hands upon her unless he meant to do the right thing unequivocally by her. And, how on earth could a man, making \$45 per week in the city, support her and the children, when she just made both ends meet at my \$100?

That night, the eve of the presumable departure of mine, I took my foolish, silly, romance-loving wife into my lap, and soothed her sobbing.

"I'm sorry, Daddy," she told me, "but 'Youth calls to Youth.' That was an unkind cut, but I forgave her. 'You understand, don't you? And you'll forgive me?'"

Instead of berating her, I comforted her, held her tightly to me as though I never wanted to let her go, lavished kisses upon her and—cried a little. She compassionately wiped away my tears. "It is that way, Daddy; I cannot help the dictates of my heart."

My heart was well-nigh broken that night. I pretended to let my wife think

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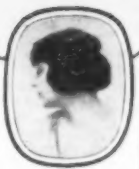
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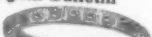
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she was going to go through with it. I was sure that when the crucial moment came, the fellow would show what a bounder he was. In the morning she went down to the fellow and told him of my readiness to depart. To her horrified surprise, he told her the truth; sheepishly admitted that he had got in touch with his folks about it and they threatened to disown him if he dared to marry a woman with two children. He asked her to wait—"not to rush matters."

At her remonstrance, he told her he feared that after all it was for the best not to see each other again—that he felt he would be hurting too many people were he to actually marry her.

An altogether complete change of heart on his part, it seemed!

Her pride hurt beyond repair. Disillusioned, unhappy, she came stumbling into our room, where I sat apathetically smoking my pipe. This was the following week-end.

One sight of her tear-stained and woe-begone face, and all my bitter, resentful feelings toward her vanished in thin air. She was after all just a girl—perhaps no weaker than other women, but a woman, anyway. After all, I was getting on in

years (I am thirty-eight, but look all of forty-five), and who could possibly love a stocky, gray-haired old fool as I was? I held out my arms to her. She slipped into them, and without a word on either part for over an hour I held her, locked in my understanding embrace. Then, quietly, I told her to pack all her belongings and get the children and nurse ready for departure. We were going far, far away—together. The children were to go home with nurse and I would go direct with my wife to the Thousand Islands, where all honeymooners sojourn. This was to be a second honeymoon for us. Here she would forget all about this little escapade. I helped her to the best of my ability; only gently and lovingly did I speak to her.

I can only say, dear Editor, that the happiest, the greatest, and most jubilant moment of my entire life was mine when my wife, with penitence written all over her sweet, childish face, kissed the bald spot on the top of my head and earnestly told me:

"Daddy, dear dear Daddy. You're the dearest Daddy—and husband—in all the world. I love you!"

E. F., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The August issue will contain the other prize-winning letters on "How I Regained Her Love."

## Playing with Matches

[Continued from page 26]

they think it's fun, smoke and bootleg gin and loud talk. Mock hilarity, every bit of it. I've a car outside. Are you game to slip away from it all, out into the country, into the cool of the night-wind, out into nowhere? Ride and ride, and ride?"

"You tempt me strangely," I mocked. "But I couldn't. It isn't done, and you ought to know it."

"It isn't, eh? You don't know what you're talking about. Suppose I put that question to any one of these girls?"

I looked into his eyes, mistrustful of what I saw there. Something within me seemed to meet their fire. I well knew that it was sheer madness. He was quick to catch my hesitation.

"Slip away," he urged. "Slip out and get your wraps, and meet me by the stairway. They'll never notice you. Look at them!"

The party was becoming maudlin. Half-intoxicated girls clung to fully intoxicated men, who frankly caressed them. Kisses were given and received without any attempt at concealment. On a divan in the corner, two couples sprawled amorously. One pair was made up of June and a lackadaisical young fellow who dangled her on his knee. Mayo's lip curled. "That synthetic gin works fast," he observed.

I turned away, bored as much as disgusted. "I'll come," I whispered.

Mayo guided me to a big blue roadster, which was parked just around the corner. After the alcoholic reek of those rooms, the clear night air felt glorious. He tucked me into the seat and pressed the starter.

The big car purred like a sleeping tiger, and swung away from the curb. The purr developed into a roar as we glided through the streets, out through the suburbs, past sheltered residences set far back from the street, with broad lawns and flower-beds, out by small cottages

with garden patches, out into the open.

The powerful motor roared loudly, its headlights cut the darkness ahead, unclosing wonderful woodland pictures. A rabbit scuttered across the road, half-blinded by the glare. Mayo opened the throttle wider and wider. The great car lurched sidewise in a tremendous burst of speed.

"Too fast for you?"

"It's glorious!" I shouted back.

We had left the river and were gliding through a wooded hillside country. We were going slower now, for that first mad burst of speed could not keep up forever. The dark wrap slipped back from my shoulders and the wind cooled my flushed throat. The sweet scent of new-mown hay clung heavily to the air. He slowed down the machine, and finally came to a stop just where a dusty country road branched off from the main one.

"Is—is everything all right?" I demanded.

"Of course, everything is all right. Why shouldn't it be?" He fumbled in his pocket, and brought out a silver-monogrammed case. "I want a smoke." He extracted a cigarette, and held the box toward me. "Have one?"

I didn't want it, but I took one from the box, and put it between my lips. He struck a light and held it for me.

"You've never smoked before," he taunted. "Just as well." He lit his own, and flipped the match out into the road. "You're not so sophisticated as you would have me believe. I'm not sure that I don't like you better for it."

"That isn't what they say of you," I countered. "You were pointed out to me as the past master of sophistication."

"Give a dog a bad name," he drawled. "A reputation like that is easy enough to acquire. But, honestly now, Sylvia, isn't this better? Just you and I, the moonlight, and the wings of the wind. Back there, now, they've reached the



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maudlin stage. They passed the silly one an hour ago. In a few minutes more—"

Without realizing it, I laid my hand on his arm.

"Don't! You're spoiling this, to compare it at all. There's as much difference as between roses and patchouli."

His arm had encircled me, and he drew me to him. For a moment I yielded.

"There's a very devil in your eyes," he bantered.

His arm tightened. I sought to draw away, uneasily conscious that this sleeping devilry had roused his own dormant desires, and that to forbid was well-nigh impossible now.

His lips met mine, hot fire against bruised flesh. For an instant, I felt their sting. Then I realized that he was beginning to take liberties that I had not dreamed of allowing any man. I fought him off with all the power in my arms.

"You're a witch, with your smoke-black hair, and that rose and fur in the moonlight!" he muttered thickly.

He caught at my hands. I snatched one free, and struck again and again as hard as I could on those hateful lips. His hazel eyes narrowed to pin-points. The cynical laugh was gone. In its place was a snarl.

"So! You're nothing but a bluff, after all, like the rest of them! I thought here was one girl bold enough, novel enough to be something more than sham. Well, I'm going to call that bluff. If you don't like the way I treat you, get out! The walkin's good—and it's a damn long walk back to your friends! I'm not bluffing, even if you are!"

"You wouldn't do that?" I gasped.

I had struggled to my feet. I swerved away, backing toward the running-board. He lurched toward me, and clutched at me as I leaped and fell from the car into the road. There was a deep puddle just where the car had stopped and I was plunged into it.

I ran in a frenzy into the darkness. I knew not whither—anywhere to get away from this calculating genius.

I listened to the roar of the engine, saw the headlights swing, and heard the car come slowly up the little road.

The car was almost upon me. The glaring headlights picked me out. To stay in the road was useless. I fled into the tangle of undergrowth which fringed the road. Every step was horror. Every vine and twig was a monster which caught and tore with relentless fingers.

The car had stopped. I realized that the beam of a spotlight was flashing, here, there, searching me out in the thicket. The car door opened, and I heard him stumbling noisily through the bushes. He slipped and crashed and stumbled, nearer—nearer—nearer! I crouched in the shadow of an alder thicket like a hunted rabbit. He came so close that I could have put out my hand and touched him.

I held my breath till it hurt, he was so near. I heard him lurching by, a foot or two away. Then all was quiet. I waited, fearing a trap. I was numb with the cramping pain of crouching so closely. Then, when I was about to move, I heard a blast of obscene profanity a few yards away, and his step crashing back to the road.

Even then I feared lest the rustle of a twig might betray me. But I heard the car door slam, the starter whirr, a noisy grind of gears, and the powerful car backed drunkenly down the road to the main highway.

He had gone and left me, as he had threatened he would. Miles from nowhere, on a deserted country road far after midnight; I could only wonder what

would be the end of it all. It was a deserved ending to a mad yielding to my rash impulses. I had no money with me. My silly little mesh purse was tucked into a pocket in the cloak I had left in Gerald Mayo's car.

I CREPT along until I reached the main highway again.

From somewhere on the right came a doleful shriek. Shivering with dread, I ran out into the road, heedless of what people might think. The light of a car appeared far down the road. Again the scream. Would that car never come? I stepped out into the center of the road and waved my hands. The car slowed up. A red flame stabbed the dark, and I heard the whine of a bullet. I heard something about "a trap," and a drunken laugh as the car swerved by me. I thought of tales I had heard of hi-jackers and auto bandits, and I ran down the side road in panic. Even that frightful scream was preferable to passing autos at that time in the morning.

The ghostly shriek again was nearer, more piercing, more blood-curdling this time! But the clutch of fear loosened around my heart as I realized that it was nothing worse than a screech-owl. I ran on. There must be shelter somewhere.

The woods grew darker. Childhood tales of bears and witches and werewolves, flooded my brain. I was shivering now, with cold and fear and lack of clothing. Then I fairly cried with joy as the trees thinned, and a clearing appeared ahead. A house was silhouetted against the sky.

A dog barked.

There were times when I would have welcomed a dog, but at this time of night! He was growling; a big shaggy animal that seemed to me as big as a wolf, and twice as dangerous. I screamed, and fled for the house, with the dog after me. I tried to push the door open with one hand, while I warded off the dog with the other.

Would that door never open?

It did. A man's voice shouted: "What in the devil's name is all this?"

It was no whiskered farmer, but a young fellow in rumpled pajamas who listened with masklike face while I told my story. I was not proud of my part in it. But I knew it was no use to lie. "You don't believe me?" I almost wept.

"Why should I? I've met clever black-mailers before this. The old badger game works even now. It isn't usual for a girl to wake you up at three in the morning and ask for shelter on this back road."

"If you think I'm what you insinuate," I flamed, "all I want is to get out of here! If you'll tie up that dog, I'll go somewhere else where they won't be so hard-hearted."

"I wouldn't," he observed dryly. "The next house is over a mile down the road, and the only one there is a deaf old man who baches it."

It was the last straw. Something seemed to snap, and I lost consciousness. When I came to, he was stroking my hair, and saying, "There, there," and forcing something between my lips.

Half an hour later we were sitting at the table, calmly discussing ways and means. Ralph Vincent, for that was his name, was an artist, and had a camp in this old farmhouse. It was thirty miles from town, and he hadn't a car. For the first time I became acutely conscious of the remnants of my scanty costume, and the appearance I should make at home in broad daylight. "I don't care," I asserted defiantly.

He shrugged his shoulders. "If you don't care, why should I? If you girls



## "Had my Mother only told me..."

By ETHEL K. BANNISTER, Graduate Nurse

SO did the heroine of Frank Wiedekind's great drama, "Spring's Awakening", speak against the ignorance of her age. Even in this day many women are the victims of false prudishness, unenlightenment and old-fashioned custom.

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after Ed, so that there was an audience. For an instant Will was dizzy with the blow, but in the next moment, losing his temper completely, he reached out like a flash and swung those records on top of Ed's head, breaking them into a hundred pieces.

That must have startled Ed, and probably scared him more than it hurt him. But before he knew what else was coming Will climbed up on to the counter and then jumped on Ed from the elevation, for all the world like a little rooster, raging mad, as one of the persons in the store described it. To understand this you should know that Ed was a big, robust-looking fellow, while Will was slender but clean-cut, and probably weighed about forty pounds less. Of course, Ed stumbled backward with this human wildcat landing on his chest like that, and they both spilled over on the floor. Ed got to his feet as quickly as he could, but before he could get his balance, Will, again like a fighting rooster, jumped at him and sent him stumbling backward, toward the door. And then again, before Ed could quite get his balance, Will had jumped at him and upset him.

There were a couple of screen doors, swinging either way, and the last time Will rushed and jumped at him Ed turned half-way round, as if to see where he was going, or how much farther he had to go, and because of that, when Will flung against him he stumbled worse than usual. The result was that he struck those screen doors in just the right place to send them flying open and he shot out on to the sidewalk as if a half a dozen policemen had thrown him out.

And then Will came flying out after him. But just as it happened, little "Chubby" O'Brien, our sergeant of police, and Officer Harrigan were walking by the store at that precise moment, and Ed bumped square into them, almost knocking "Chubby" into the gutter. Instantly they grabbed Ed and looked around to see what had happened. When Will saw the officers he hesitated, although still full of fight. And when they saw Will standing there, full of pep and fire, and realized that he alone had done this thing, they both began to laugh. And how they laughed! Then everybody on the street began to laugh. And that only incensed Ed. He wanted to fight Will even with the officers on the spot, but they held him back.

Ed Ramsey never married, as if to blame me for his bachelorhood and loneliness.

There was one time that I had the foolish notion that Ed might be ready to listen to reason, after so many years. He now had plenty of money—perhaps he would relent. It was at this same time when he bought the building where our store was located, and had given us notice. Will was sick with the gripe, and worry. I think my own judgment was upset, thinking about Will and the store. Anyway, he seemed to be resting easily this Saturday night, and I told him I was going to the store, where Jane was all alone, leaving Hazel home with him.

I went to a drug store and telephoned Ed's place, but was told that he had gone home, not feeling very well. Then I called up his house and asked him if I could see him. To my surprise he was rather cordial, and said that he would be glad to see me if I wanted to come to the house. I walked through back streets to avoid being seen. I was even disturbed at the thought that his servant would open the door for me. But it was Ed himself. He took my hand with both of his, and looked at me for what seemed like a long time, until I felt uneasy. I withdrew my hand and we sat down to talk.

"Ed," I said, "we can't gain anything by quarreling."

He shrugged his shoulders, though still beaming on me.

"I came to see you about the store, and your giving notice—"

"Oh, that," he exclaimed, a little impatiently. A frown crossed his face, there was a dark expression in his eye and his lips twitched, something like a spasm. And then he quickly clapped his hand to his mouth, like one having a toothache.

"What's the matter?" I said.

"Oh, I bit my tongue," he said. "You know, I am always biting my tongue. And it gets sore."

"Can't you keep from biting it?"

"Oh, when I eat too fast, sometimes when I'm talking, first thing I know I bite it."

I said to myself that it probably happened when he got excited, or lost his temper. Then he began feeling in his pockets.

"Excuse me," he said, and he got up and went over to the mantel where he took a cigar out of a handsome little copper-trimmed box. It was a big, almost black cigar, and he bit hard on it as he shoved it between his teeth. He put three or four more cigars in his pockets, found some matches, and came back to his chair.

"I can't get along without my smokes," said Ed, as he lit up.

"What I wanted to see you about, Ed, was whether you wouldn't reconsider the matter of our store. It's a purely business matter—"

"Not with me, Louise," he said. "If it was just you alone, Louise, you could have anything in the world you wanted to ask of me. But I'm dealing with him—in this."

"Oh, Ed, but—"

"Now, wait a minute," he interrupted. "It's no use talking about that. I'll show him no favors. Why should I?"

And then he quickly grabbed the cigar from his lips with one hand and clapped the other to his mouth again. It must have been really painful, from the expression on his face. "Oh, d—," he said.

"Oh, I'm sorry," I said. "Why don't you try to talk more slowly."

"No use, I'm always doing it. It doesn't matter." And now he took a long pull on his cigar, and his eyes relaxed a little.

"But Ed, I thought that on my account, and the girls—I thought you might consider me—"

"Consider you? That's the trouble. I think too much about you. That's why I hate him. If there was any reason why I should consider you—"

HE LOOKED over at me, as if a new idea had entered his mind. And all of a sudden I felt afraid of him. I had been uneasy at first. Now I was frightened. Oh, why had I been such a fool as to do this crazy thing? It was hopeless, anyway. My one idea now was to get safely away. But I must be tactful.

"Oh well," I said, "I thought that you and I, at least, might be friends." And I stood up, as if getting ready to go.

"Oh, that was just what I was thinking, too! You and I might be friends."

He laid his cigar down on the ash tray, got up and came over to me, grasping my shoulders tight.

"You and I—you and I—can be friends," he was saying.

Then I met his glassy stare, and commanded: "Let me go!"

He remained silent.

"Ed, we can only be friends," I said, looking him straight in the eye. "Remember that I am married. I am Will's wife."

I knew that the mention of Will would have its effect, and it did. He let go of

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AT ALL DRUG AND DEPARTMENT STORES

me almost roughly. But I stood perfectly calm and still. I was not sure, even yet, that I would not need the scissors. And then he went over and picked up his cigar, and I moved away from the table.

"I think, Ed, that I will have to be going."

"Wait a moment, Louise, I'll drive you home."

"No, no."

"I've got to go down to the store, anyway. The car is right here, waiting."

I hesitated to tell Will. What would he think? After all, I might not have been noticed. But in this I was wrong. People never fail to notice such things. But, since he now owned the building we were in—our landlord, and it was a businesslike Saturday night, it would, of course, be regarded as a business contact.

However, one evening about a week later, Will had recovered and had gone to the store again. He came home demanding to know what I meant by riding around with Ed Ramsey, while he was sick and helpless at home? I really would not have thought that he would be quite so upset about it. I realized that after all, Will might be jealous of his former rival. "Ed Ramsey, of all people," he kept saying. I told him all about it. Of course it was a mistake, and I acknowledged that it was. But he kept wondering—what would people think?

After we moved into our new place, in the better location, and Jane spent all her time at the store; the business was better. Then, there was talk of Ed not feeling well. He was losing weight, he who had seemed so strong, with such an iron constitution. He went away to some sanitarium for his health. Finally, and this was about two years ago, we were told that he had come back home to die. Cancer of the tongue! The doctors had said that he smoked too much. But at once the thought of his biting his tongue, when excited, popped into my mind.

To know that a man was staring death in the face—even Ed Ramsey—seemed rather appalling. Death seems to pay off all scores, wipe out all grudges. At least, that's how it seemed to us. There would no longer be anything to fear from him and it seemed—well, kind of terrible. We thought it would ease our minds if only we could bury the hatchet. So with this sentimental spirit we went to see him, only to be rebuffed as I have already told.

In another three weeks he was dead. I would not say that we were glad of it. That is not quite how we felt. We had a feeling of sorrow that any man should live his life in such a way as to make trouble for others. And at the same time there was something of a feeling of relief.

"In any event," said Will, "now we can live our lives in peace."

And then the blow fell.

It was, as it happened, on a Friday, the thirteenth of the month. Will was coming home from his vacation on Friday, a couple of days in advance of the others, so as to be at the store on Saturday. We thought that Will would be home in time for supper, and so I left Jane at the store that afternoon and planned a big supper. Hazel was busy cleaning up the house.

At about five o'clock I called up the store to ask Jane to stop at the dairy just around the corner from there and bring home a bottle of cream, and to make sure right away that they had cream. When I asked her how things had been going at the store, she said that there had been no customers in, all afternoon, and with that remark came some strange foreboding of trouble. I felt disturbed, though I could not imagine why.

"That's funny," I said.

"It isn't merely funny, Mother," she

said. "It's almost queer. People go by and they look in, but they don't come in. I can't understand it."

"Oh, it's quiet now and then, Jane," I said. "And we can't expect people to buy records all the time."

I had thought that Will might bring home some fish, which I could fry quickly. But now it occurred to me that with poor luck he might not bring any, and even if he did, they could be put on ice for the next day. He might be tired of fish. But he was fond of chicken. Perhaps I could get some nice broilers at the butcher's.

So to the butcher's I went. Mr. Schwarz was always so very friendly. But this evening I felt a change, even before he spoke to me. He said, "Good evening," but in a different way. I told him what I wanted, and he tried to be polite. What Jane had said about the situation at the store came back to me. Was there anything wrong—and if so, what was it?

AT HALF past six the telephone rang. I hesitated to answer. But it was Will's cheery voice on the wire. He was at the railroad station.

"How's everything, Louise?" he asked. "Fine," I said. "I'll be so anxious to see you."

"Not so glad as I'll be to see you, dear," he said. "I'll stop around at the store first, and then I'll be right home."

"Did you have a good time, Will?"

"Great! I'm hoping we can buy a car soon, and then I'll take the bunch of you next year. I'll see you in a few minutes, dear."

That cheered me up. I immediately put the broilers on the range. It was foolish to worry. Everything was all right, of course. It would be a nice little family party. Twenty-five minutes later Jane came in. Had she seen her father? Yes, he was happy and would be right home. Then she helped me with the dinner while Hazel finished dressing. But the minutes passed and Will did not come. Half past seven, and no Will. The food was waiting, being kept warm. Seven forty-five—eight o'clock—a quarter after, and I was disturbed more than ever with that strange sense of trouble in the air. Why didn't he come—why didn't he phone? Could anything have happened to him? The suspense of waiting was painful. He had said he would be right home.

Finally, at nearly nine o'clock, I heard his footsteps. After all, he was here now, and everything was all right. I ran to the door, with joy.

But he stood there on the porch, scowling at me. His eyes were blazing. His manner was forbidding. I dared not touch him. Will was never like this. Could it be alcohol? No, it did not seem like that. He stood there a moment, as if uncertain whether to come in. And then he suddenly stamped in and I shut the door.

"Will—what's the matter?" I asked, still trying to smile, but with some strange terror in my heart.

"What's the matter? My God!" he said, and then he turned and looked at me. "You—you seem glad and happy enough!"

"Why, of course," I said. I meant, naturally, that I was glad to have him home again, but he thought I meant something else—what he had in his mind.

"For heaven's sake, Will, what's the matter with you?" I asked.

"What do you think is the matter?" he said. "How do you suppose I feel?"

But I couldn't understand—it was all so mysterious. And just then the door-bell rang. At the sound Will jumped.

"Good God!"

Then he ran upstairs. I heard him shut the door of our room. I wondered.

It was Mr. Pemberton, the editor and

owner of *The Survey*, our local paper. "I'm so sorry, Mrs. Orton," he was saying.

"Mr. Pemberton, please," I said, "will you kindly tell me just what it's all about? I know that something must have happened—everybody acts as if—oh, I don't know what. Is it something scandalous?"

But he did not deny it. "I can see, Mrs. Orton, that you know nothing about it. I was sure that you were blameless. I said to myself, the very first thing, that it was all a trick, a malicious trick, the act of a madman. Otherwise, I don't see how he could have done it."

What trick? What had Will been doing? Had he been found out in some dishonorable thing?

"Perhaps," said Mr. Pemberton, gently, "perhaps it would be easier to speak to you alone."

And then I realized that both the girls were behind me, clinging to me, apparently as alarmed as I. They took the hint. As they left the room I heard a sound in the kitchen. At once Hazel came running back to me.

"Mother, father just came down the back-stairs with his suitcase and went out the back door."

"That's all right, dear," I said. "He probably knows what he is doing."

It seemed to me that if there was any reason for his trying to escape, it would not be proper for us, his own family, to interfere, no matter what it was that he had done.

But Mr. Pemberton said, strangely, "Oh yes, Mr. Orton, of course, knows what he is doing. I can understand how he feels." This only mystified me further. Hazel again left the room and closed the door.

"Now, let's see," said Mr. Pemberton. "Apparently—er—you have not even heard of this thing. Do I take it that you know nothing at all about it?"

"Mr. Pemberton, I haven't the slightest idea of what you are talking about. Please tell me, and end the suspense."

"Well, well," he said, still hesitating. "I am sure that I had the right hunch. As a rule, a newspaper is only too glad to get hold of a thing like this, but I said to myself that perhaps it would be better not to publish it."

"Whatever it is, it seems to be all over town," I said.

"But it is now only rumor. When it is published, it is on record. At least I do not need to publish it."

"Thank you."

And then he plunged into it. "You see, Mrs. Orton, in Probate Court this morning they read the last will and testament of Mr.—er—er—they read the last will and testament of Edwin Ramsey."

"But surely that has nothing to do with us," I said.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Orton, but that's just it. He gives instructions for his attorney, Mr. Jacobs, to sell his store and all his real estate holdings, and then to place the money in our First National Bank here, at your disposal."

"AT MY disposal?" I questioned, startled, but still mystified and not yet catching the full significance of it. Why should that half-crazy man do such a freakish thing?

"Yes, you see, he has made you and your two girls the beneficiaries of his will. Everything—his house and all—will be sold. The money is yours."

"But how can he do such a thing? We don't belong to him. We don't want it."

"It is yours, nevertheless."

"But we won't take it."

"Well, there it is, Mrs. Orton. Of course you realize the unfortunate position it puts you in."

And then, in a flash, I saw clearly what had so terribly disturbed me from the moment of the first mention of Ed's will. I saw why Mr. Pemberton had hesitated to publish the story. I saw the dreadful implication, the scandalous, poisonous implication that this legacy conveyed. All of a sudden this struck me, and it made me sick with a deadly nausea. It put the girls and myself in eternal disgrace, even though we were innocent.

Apparently everybody believed it. I was the last to hear of it. And everybody remembered the feud between Ed and Will on my account. Doubtless they even remembered the Saturday night that Ed drove with me through the main streets, when he maliciously tried to convey the very impression that he had now established by means of this wicked last will and testament.

And what was more, Will believed it. That was why Will had acted as he did this evening. It was because of nothing that he had done. It was what he thought I had done—the horrible, unspeakable thought. Even Mr. Pemberton had said that he could understand how Will would feel about it. How could the people of the town expect him to remain in his home when he believed—and they believed—that I had cheated, and when he suspected that his daughters were not his own daughters at all, but were those of his lifelong enemy? How could—oh, how could Will think such a thing? And yet, clearly, he did believe it.

"Oh, it can't be, it can't be!" I moaned. I could gladly have died right there.

We have not seen Will since that night. Only once, a year and a half ago, we thought we had word about him. Some phonograph salesman in Chicago told a druggist from here that while he wasn't quite sure, he thought he had seen Mr. Orton one night, hopelessly intoxicated. I advertised in the Chicago papers, then, trying to locate Will, though we couldn't afford to spend the money for it, but it was of no use. Oh, if only he might have had faith in me. I am sure that, if the situation had been reversed, I would have believed in him.

That is why the girls and I cannot touch that money. It is legally ours, but really not ours. Of course, we had to close up the store. The business dropped to nothing, anyway. We could not even sell out the business, since it belonged to Will and he was gone, and there was now nothing to sell except the stock. We had to practically give that away to the man who bought Ed Ramsey's store from the estate. He put our stuff on quick sale at bargain prices and he, not we, got the money for it.

So here we are, penniless. It is hard for Jane and myself to find any worth while employment here in this town, after what happened,—we even shrink from asking for it. For two years we have hesitated to go away and lose ourselves, because if Will should come back he would then be unable to find us. But now we have just about given up hope of that. I am inclined to stay on here, waiting and hoping, and even scrubbing for a living. But as Jane says, what is the use of brooding? Dear, dependable Jane,—with her youth and her glorious spirit, she says that we must go away, as far away as possible, and start life all over again. Why should we let ourselves be crushed, especially by a dead man?

Jane is right. We have decided to go to a large city where no one knows us, and where we can work and earn our way and be happy. We are going as soon as we can scratch up a little money. We three still have each other. We will yet find happiness."



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## My Rich Fiancé

[Continued from page 60]

Then taking me back to my room, she asked me to unpack everything I had in my bag and show it to her.

After a while, Mrs. Saunders came back with a maid whose arms were loaded with the daintiest little frocks, stockings, evening slippers, even lingerie. With a smile, she laid them out on the bed while I stood by with my eyes wide, my hands clasped before me in sheer ecstasy. It was like a fairy tale in a book of dreams. I could only gasp and try to keep back the tears that kept brimming in my eyes while Mrs. Saunders took the frocks and held them up before me.

Then she came to a thing of blue, all folds at the bottom with a tight bodice and just little straps over the shoulders—a blue so dainty that it seemed to be the color of the sky and the sea at sunset. I cried out with joy and wondered what Dad would say if he could see me. When I turned to Mrs. Saunders, she had gone.

When I was ready, the maid helped me arrange it and then I hurried downstairs to find Murray. He was waiting in a little nook in the spacious library. When he saw me, his eyes became wide open and he just stood looking at me as though he couldn't believe what he saw. I walked slowly toward him. He gathered me into his arms and held me so close to him that I could scarcely breathe.

I fairly trembled with joy. He led me out on the porch and down a little flower-bordered path to a summer house covered with honeysuckles.

He told me to close my eyes tight. I did, and then he turned me around twice and said, "Now open them!" He was pointing down across the rolling lawn that seemed to be a carpet of soft velvet, and at the end were the waters of the Sound with the moonlight playing golden shadows across its ripples. We walked hand in hand down to a stone bench beside the water and I told Murray all that had happened. At first, his hands clenched and he swore beneath his breath, but after a bit he began to laugh.

The next morning while Murray was unpacking the half-dozen trunks that had arrived with his notes and specimens, I wandered down across the perfectly kept grounds to a little rustic bench beside the swimming pool. I was thinking of Murray and the sweetness of his lips, and the wonder of his love when I heard someone coming up behind me. I turned and saw Florine, Murray's sister. She came toward me hesitantly and I moved over on the bench so that she might sit down. We talked for a moment, and then she put her hand on my arm. There were tears in the corners of her eyes as she said, "Marion, I'm so sorry for what I did yesterday. Don't you see, I didn't stop to think how rotten it was of me. I—I, well I just didn't stop to think about any of it. All last night I lay awake after I began thinking about it and after awhile I began to feel ashamed of myself when I thought that I might have been in your position. I almost got up at daybreak and came in to tell you, only I was afraid that I would waken you."

I SMILED and said, "You needn't have worried over that. I was also awake, thinking about it. But it doesn't make any difference, Florine. Murray has told me so much about you, and I thought that we might be friends because I knew it would make Murray happy."

"We will be friends," she said, and she pressed my arm as she touched my cheek with her lips. "There! that seals it. Now

let's go dig Murray out of his preserved polliwogs and toasted toads!"

We sauntered across the lawn to the garage where Murray was directing the unpacking of his specimens. When he saw us arm in arm, he beamed from ear to ear and from his glance at Florine, I knew that he had made her come to me to apologize. I wondered how much real truth and sincerity there was in her apology and promise of friendship.

A few days later, Mrs. Saunders gave a tea in Murray's honor—and mine. Only I didn't want it! I hated the thought of having to meet a lot of people and being scrutinized from my head to my toes—whispers, meaning looks, catty digs!

I tried to get away in the farthest corner of the library to avoid as many people as I could. Murray came over to dig me out and make me an object of interest, but I refused to budge. I couldn't! I was too frightened. Some of the people came over to talk to Murray about his trip and others came out of curiosity to see the "wild specimen" he had brought back with him. It was the first real lesson I had ever had in discipline. Their patronizing, tolerant little smiles nearly drove me frantic with rage. But I smiled back at them while I whispered to Murray, "I'd like to shock them with some of Dad's picturesque language when he has the rheumatism!"

The girls strutted like peacocks, and foppish-looking men ogled them.

And while he looked into my eyes I heard a voice say, "And here's my Murray!"

I looked up to see Mrs. Saunders appear in the doorway and at her side was a girl of about twenty-five with the most gorgeous brown eyes I had ever seen. And when she smiled at Murray, she seemed to encompass all of him and make him a part of her, leaving the rest of the world out, including me! Murray went forward and she lifted her lips to his. He hesitated for a fraction of a second, and then brushed her lips lightly while I tried to keep the thing that bobbed up into my throat from choking me.

Mrs. Saunders went out of the room and I was left there alone. I could feel the blood rush to my face as I clenched my teeth over my lip to keep from calling Murray. She began to maneuver him into a chair, but he swung about and came back beside me.

Something in my eyes must have warned him, for he said quietly, "I'm sorry, dear."

I made myself smile back at him and followed him over beside her. The lids of her brown eyes drooped down, half-closing, studying me while I came toward her.

In a moment I heard her saying, "I think you children are very romantic to have fallen in love as you did. You always have been fortunate in the things you've found on your expeditions, Murray!" Murray beamed at her, thinking she meant it, but I could feel the irony behind her words and it made my blood boil within me.

It was two or three days later that I got word from Dad that he had orders to sail immediately for the West Indies. He had gone when I received his letter. I felt as though I were left entirely at the mercy of strangers on a desert island.

And the next day, when Murray told me that he had to go to Boston to see his publishers about his book, I became almost panic-stricken.

"Oh, Murray, Murray," I almost cried, "you can't leave me here alone. Why, I



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wouldn't dare. It's bad enough when you are here, but if you go away they'll be even worse!"

Then I realized how unfair it was of me to try to keep him when he should go. I turned my sob into a laugh and pretended that I had been joking. But I wasn't. I would rather have faced a den of lions than face those searching, sneering eyes and the whispers behind my back.

A DAY or so after he left, Nita came to me and said, "Maybe you won't believe me, but I think it's a darn shame!"

I looked at her, puzzled, and asked what was a darn shame.

"Why, what Murray has done—and he's always put on such a puritanical air!"

"I'm afraid I don't know what you mean, Nita."

"Silly, I mean, Murray running off up in New England, pretending to go to his publishers."

"Pretending! What do you mean?"

"Oh, dear! I thought you knew!" She looked into my eyes with anxious concern. "I never would have spoken, only I thought of course, you knew."

"Knew what, for heaven's sake!"

Nita bit her lip for a moment and then looked around her to see if anyone was near. "Well, if you don't know, you ought to! Remember the girl who came to the tea Mrs. Saunders gave—the pretty girl with the brown eyes, who kissed Murray?"

I nodded my head.

"Well, her people have a summer place up on the North Shore, near Boston. That's where Murray has gone. But don't you tell a soul I told you!"

I looked at her for a moment with my lips parted in consternation while her words filtered through my mind. Murray gone up on the North Shore to see Elsie Maynard! I repeated it over a half-dozen times in my mind. Then I began to laugh, and I laughed until the tears ran down my cheeks and Nita regarded me with angry perplexity.

"Do you think it's funny?" she snapped. "Funny!" I had to stop and catch my breath. "It isn't half so funny as you are. Why, I wouldn't believe that if Murray's whole family came to me and swore it was true—"

"Are you calling me a liar?" Nita jumped to her feet, her eyes spat fire.

"I most certainly am!" I assured her and began to laugh in her face again. She went white with rage and sneered some insulting remark as she went flouncing off across the porch, but I couldn't hear it for my own laughter.

That was the funniest thing I had ever heard. Murray! My Murray leaving me and going to see Elsie Maynard! I knew Murray too well for that. Then I began to get angry at the idea of Nita's trickery, trying to undermine my trust and belief.

But she had done her work better than I thought. She had planted a seed and all during the day I caught myself wondering. I had only had one little note from Murray since he had been gone. But it was only, let me see, three days. In three days there should have been at least two letters.

At luncheon I asked Florine if she had seen Elsie Maynard in the past few days, casually I thought, but she glanced at me quickly and I turned a flaming red.

"She's up at their summer place in Massachusetts," she said shortly, and I thought I saw her glance at Nita in disgust. The rest of my meal was a nightmare, and after luncheon I went to my room. I tortured myself for the rest of the day thinking, thinking until it seemed that I couldn't stand it any longer.

After dinner, I walked down across the lawn to the Sound and saw the moon come

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peeping up over the rim of the world, reflecting its own beauty on the dark, lapping waters.

I closed my eyes and said a little prayer, a prayer to Murray, begging him to come back to me, to hurry back and take the awful torture out of my mind—silly, weak torture I was sure, but nevertheless torture.

"Hello!" came from behind me. Startled, I whirled and saw Randy standing behind the bench.

"My!" I said. "You startled me, you came so silently."

"Always come silently," he assured me in a thick voice, and I knew he had been drinking too much again. "Beautiful night, isn't it?"

"Lovely. The moon on the water makes me homesick for the sea."

"Bet you saw a lot of the world while you were with your father."

"Almost every country that has a seaport," I said proudly.

WE WERE silent for a few minutes and then he said, suddenly, "Want to take a little drive down to the club with me? It'll do you good. Been hanging around here for three days looking as though you'd lost your best friend!"

I hesitated for a moment. But it was nice of him to even think about me, and I was desperately lonesome. "Sure," I said, "if you'll get me a wrap, or something."

We swept out the driveway with the brakes screeching as we barely missed another car on the main road. My hands went to my face to stifle the scream that came to my lips. Randy slowed down and put one of his hands over mine.

"Don't cha worry, Marion. Wouldn't hit 'nuthing for world—you're too sweet." And he smirked at me while the car nearly shot off the road, careening on two wheels as he wrenched the wheel around. I dug my hands deep down in the pockets of Murray's coat, because the touch of his hand on mine made the goose-flesh rise all over my body.

In a few more minutes, I saw Randy look at me out of the corner of his eyes as the needle on the speedometer began to climb. The wind came rushing by us, tearing at the top as though it would wrench it loose. At sixty-five miles an hour the car began to lurch; I begged Randy to slow down. I heard the accelerator come up as he took his foot off it; I breathed a little prayer of relief. The car moved along slower and slower until we were down to twenty miles an hour. Then he tried to put his arm around me. I laughed at first, thinking it best to humor him. But when he leaned over to kiss me, I pushed his face away. I saw his lips come together and felt the car gaining speed again. The motor began to roar as he opened the cut-out and we went lurching and swaying from side to side. I begged him to stop, to slow down, and he only laughed at me and tried to put his arm about me again.

"Randy! Please, please," I begged. He looked at me strangely for a moment, and then as the lights of a roadhouse loomed ahead, he began to slow down. When we were opposite the driveway, he swung the car in and came to a grinding stop in the parking place.

While the attendant was coming toward us, he said, "Gee, I'm sorry, Marion. I don't know what the devil got into me."

I looked into his eyes and in them was real contrition. After a moment I said, "It's all right, Randy. But why are you stopping here?"

He threw back his head and laughed, that gay, reckless sort of a laugh that everyone loved.

"C'mon, we'll go in for just one dance!"

"Oh, Randy! I couldn't—really I wouldn't for the world!"

"Oh, c'mon!"

I shook my head emphatically.

"All right, then we won't dance, but come while I get just one drink—only one, I promise."

To appease him, I climbed out and we made our way up the steps of the gayly lighted veranda.

The head waiter and the proprietor bowed until they nearly bumped their chins on the floor when we entered. Off on one side was a dance floor with an orchestra, but there were no tables to be seen. Instead, there were little rooms bordering it all the way round. When the music began, the people came swarming out, crowding the floor until it seemed there wasn't a square inch to stand on.

We were led to one of the little rooms and Randy ordered a highball for each of us. I protested that I didn't want it, but he only laughed, and when it came tried to urge me to drink it. I took two or three little sips to stop his insistence. He excused himself and went out the door, saying he wanted to speak to the head-waiter for a moment.

And suddenly above the music, I heard a scream from the next room. There was a crash as though a table had been overturned. Frightened, I stood undecided what to do, when the door that separated the rooms suddenly opened and a girl came running through. Her hair was streaming down over her shoulders and her eyes were wide with fright. And directly behind her was a man with tousled, grey hair, his eyes red and watery from too much liquor.

The girl ran out the door of our booth, and the man with a curse, went back into his room and slammed the door behind him. During all this, I had just stood there, my eyes wide, my heart pounding. Then, without another thought, I went rushing out of the room and out the front door. I told the motor attendant to get Randy.

He came out just a little more wobbly than when we had gone in, and I damned myself for even getting out of the car. What would Nita think and Mrs. Saunders, with Randy drunk? I saw by the little clock on the dashboard that we had been gone nearly two hours.

I told Randy about the girl and the man in the next room, and he chuckled, but he didn't offer any comment other than, "Probly just drunk!"

I wondered whether I ought to go back and see if I could do anything to help the girl. Then she went out of my mind entirely, as Randy went shooting out of the driveway on two wheels.

Again, he began to tear down the road, whizzing by cars with a rush, taking the corners on the wrong side in order to keep the road. I begged him to stop, and when he looked at me, I smiled at him, hoping to humor him into driving more slowly. Mistaking my smile in his half-intoxicated condition, he leaned toward me and mumbled some foolish words of endearment. We were going sixty miles an hour. Another car came shooting around a bend, its headlights directly in our eyes. I felt the car lurch as Randy swung by them. For a moment it held an uncertain course and then there was a terrific bump, a crash of glass and the car seemed to come up in the middle, buckling like a pony. I felt myself tear through a part of the top and go flying through space.

That was all I knew.

When I opened my eyes, I felt myself being carried. I could see forms about me, like shadows against the light of an electric torch. I felt myself being lifted higher, and a frightful pain in my shoulder brought a gasp of agony to my lips.

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The voices seemed to die away for a moment and the light became dimmer. Then the sound of a motor came to my ears, and I tried to lift my head and look about me.

I heard a voice say, "She's coming around," and a light flashed in my face. I looked up, blinking into the light, and tried to speak. One of the men leaned closer and I asked him what had happened. He straightened and laughed, mumbling something under his breath.

THEN they lifted a form in the back seat beside me, and my eyes grew wide in amazement. Randy! There was blood flowing down over his face from a little cut on his forehead and his head dangled to one side like a scarecrow's. Then I remembered! Randy had been drunk—that sickening crash!

"Is—he dead?" I asked them and began to cry.

"Naw! Hardly a scratch on him. He's just drunk! You got the worst of it with that shoulder. Believe me! God takes care of the drunkards!" and he laughed.

I started to tell them that I hadn't been drinking, but what was the use? What if they did think so—every one else would understand. So instead, I told them where to take us. Two of them climbed in the front seat and the other got in between Randy and me, and they headed for the Saunders' house.

When we arrived, I was sick with pain and could hardly hold up my head. One of them climbed out of the car and went up on the porch. In a moment, there were a dozen people swarming around us, hysterical, asking a thousand questions. I tried to stand on my feet after they lifted Randy out. I took one step forward. Then everything went black again.

For a day and a half I lay there deliriously calling to Murray, praying, asking for Dad. When Murray came, he dropped on his knees beside the bed. He laid his head on my arm and I could feel his tears running down his cheeks. I smoothed back his hair and pulled his cheek over against mine and told him that I didn't mind.

Then he stood up as his mother came in, and as they looked down at me, their eyes held an expression I couldn't understand—as though I had done some terrible thing. There was silence until I wanted to cry out and ask them why they looked at me with such accusing eyes. Finally, I asked about Randy and they told me that he hadn't been injured at all.

"Drunkard's luck!" Murray said bitterly, and his mother looked at me in scorn.

In a moment she turned and went from the room and Murray dropped down beside me again and said, "Oh, Marion, why did you do it?" and his eyes were full of suffering and pain.

"Do what, Murray?"

"With Randy, of all people!" he said.

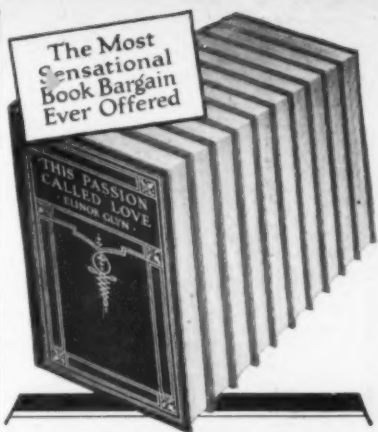
"But Murray, I didn't do anything! He just asked me—"

Murray put his hand over my lips as his mother's voice sounded outside the door. Then the door swung open and she came in. Beside her was a man with grey hair and a jolly smile. As I looked at him, Murray said, "This is Dad, Marion."

For a moment I couldn't think. Everything stood still.

Murray's Dad! It was the man with the grey hair and the watery eyes from the next room in the roadhouse!

[To Be Continued in the August Issue]



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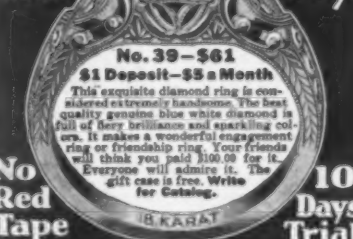
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## The Man I Couldn't Marry

[Continued from page 35]

remember me? I asked this as if I had just called him up to pass the time of day. His voice came to me, warm and reassuring, Scotch and full of burrs.

"Came up to see Sam, didn't you?" he said carelessly—oh, so carelessly.

Hilton eyed me at that in apparent wonder—rumbled his sandy hair, considered, pondered on something.

"Don't you know," he asked me at last slowly, "that Sam takes—dope?"

Something flipped over inside of my heart and pounded fiercely at its thin walls. I put on my poker face; he shouldn't know—he shouldn't know!

"Well, of course I've suspected it," I said evenly.

"He's been taking it quite sometime, I believe," Hilton went on, apparently relieved that I wasn't going to create a scene. "Two or three months—ever since he's been up here."

There was silence. I moved my fork about aimlessly, and kept my face expressionless. Sam, arrogant, lovable, loving Sam—and this thing—this thing—worse than drink—worse than women—

"Still want to see him?" asked Hilton.

"Yes," I said, and pushed aside my plate.

"Really, my dear," said Hilton slowly, "he isn't worth your love. I know him."

"So do I," I cried fiercely at that. "And you can't tell me anything about him that would change me. I can't help loving Sam any more than I can help him being what he is. It's just one of those things that happen to you and you have to carry through. If you can find Sam, get me to him. For God's sake, let's go!"

My nerves were snapping. Hilton helped me into my wrap and went out with me. We walked up the street to the *Clarion* office.

Upstairs the girl shook her head at Hilton's request. She was sorry, but Mr. Tarrant had gone out. No, she didn't know where he might be. Hilton stood a minute, then with a murmured word of excuse, he went on and left me. I saw him go past the rows of desks and battered typewriters, to where he conferred with a rumped-haired, rushed-looking young man in a green eyeshade. He returned to me, looking thoughtful.

"HE'S not here," he said slowly, and eyed me again. "But I know where he is," he went on. "Do you—do you want to see him—at his worst?"

I nodded into his eyes. Hilton told the man to wait. Then he took my arm in a steady, reassuring hold and guided me up the broken sidewalk to a decrepit house.

It seemed to me that the largest negro woman in the world opened the door. Her face broke into an understanding grin at the sight of us, but Hilton spoke sharply to her, thrusting a bill in her hand.

"We want to see Sam Tarrant," he said to her briefly.

For a moment I thought she was going to shut the door in our faces; she eyed us with disfavor and open suspicion, but Hilton nonchalantly turned back the lapel of his coat, and she sulkily stood aside for us to enter after that.

"He's in de back room," she said indifferently, and thrust the bill into her bosom.

The house seemed choked with heavy soiled odors; the rooms reeked with some strange sickening scent. It made me feel like a strange dream moved about me. I found Hilton's hand and clung fiercely.

We passed through the crowded rooms; men and some women were lying about on soiled beds, breathing heavily. In the back room we came upon Sam. He lay sprawled across a bed, breathing with catchily unevenness. His shirt was pulled away from his splendid shoulders . . . they were pricked with numberless little holes; one shoe was partially unlaced as if he had tried to take it off and had been overcome by the drug before he could do so; his hair was rumped across his head as if some loving woman had fondled it with tender fingers; I felt my eyes go blind with tears for him.

Hilton paused by the bed. "See?" he said to me simply, as if there were no more to be said.

I clung with trembling fingers to the foot of the rickety bed. My heart was breaking.

"Sam!" I called to him. "Sam! Sam!"

He must speak to me—he must fight off this thing that made him like this and speak to me! Sam opened his eyes, searched the room, found Hilton's face.

"That damn girl!" he confided to Hilton, and groaned. "That damn girl. . . Wish she'd die . . . Why can't she die? . . . Damn girl . . ."

He appeared ready to cry for a second. Then he closed his eyes again.

"What girl?" I whispered to Hilton.

You see, I had known all the time that there must be a woman. Hilton's Scotch mouth twisted and he shook his head at me.

"It doesn't matter," he said.

I let it go at that, and began moving around the bed. Hilton put out his hand as if to stop me, and then seemed to think better of it. I came a bit to Sam's pillow, reached out and smoothed his hair.

"Sam," I murmured gently. "Sam—Sam—"

He opened his eyes again and saw me. His glance flickered about my face drowsily.

"I used to know a girl . . . looked like you . . ." he mumbled. "I loved her . . . only girl I ever really loved . . . but she's through with me now . . . I'm in such a damn mess . . . such a damn mess . . ."

He lay supine an instant, then grabbed me convulsively.

"I'm going to get shot!" he wailed to me wildly. "Going to get shot! Going to get shot!"

He looked terror stricken. I raised up and questioned Hilton swiftly.

"What's wrong? What's the matter with him?"

Sam was repeating his refrain over and over. Hilton looked away, shook his head.

"I'll go mad if he says that one more time," I said frantically. "What's he done? Who's going to shoot him?"

"Let's go!" said Hilton suddenly. I could see that he regretted bringing me here at all. "Let's get out of this dive, Corinne." And he took my arm and pulled me toward the door.

"No," I said. "I can't leave him here like this. I can't leave him here like this. I can't. Sam—wake up, Sam; let's go. Wake up, Sam, it's time to go. Sam, wake up!"

"Where'll you take him?" Hilton demanded. "To his home?"

"No—no—to the hotel, I guess. Yes, we'll take him to the hotel. I've got a room there. Help me wake him, Hilton."

Sam's drug-soaked mind rose groggily from unconsciousness as Hilton shook and prodded him. But when at last his brain had cleared a little and he saw me,

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he turned from me swiftly burying his face in the dirty pillow, sobbing in his shame.

"Go away, damn you," he cried to me. "I hate you for seeing me like this—I hate you. Go away, damn you—get on out of here—go away and leave me alone."

"Sam—" I pleaded.

"This is your damn doing, Hilton," he stormed on. "I hate you both—get away from here."

"Sam dearest," I begged. "Sam, please come with me. Please, Sam—please come with me—please Sam, please—please—"

HE STILL moved clumsily and it was with an effort that we got him into his coat again. I was not aware of the commotion our entrance into the hotel caused until I saw Hilton lift an eyebrow at the desk clerk and make a motion signifying that Sam had been on a spree. The clerk laughed at that, and sent a bell-hop along with ice water. They seemed to know both men well here, and for that reason did nothing about Sam's erratic entrance. We had to almost carry him across the lobby floor to the elevator. Once in my room, Sam flopped on my bed limply and slept again with a leaden intensity that defied further efforts for the time being.

Hilton made me sit down, and then he sat beside me, smoking in a comforting silence.

"He'll probably sleep for an hour or so," he told me.

It was nearly five o'clock before Sam stirred. He moved groggily, struggling to a sitting posture, blinking. When he met my eyes, he turned a slow red, fumbled hurriedly at his shirt to hide his arm.

"Don't bother, Sam," I said gently. "I've already seen your arm."

"There aren't many places on it," he said sullenly, still pulling at his shirt.

"I know it," I said, and came and sat down by him on the bed. "But, Sam, dearest, I wish those weren't there. What made you do it, anyway?"

He made an angry, impatient gesture. "Start preaching—" he muttered.

"I'm not," I said hastily. "Really, I'm not preaching at you, Sam. But I only wanted to know so I can help you. What's troubling you, Sam?"

He hunched his shoulders hopelessly.

"It doesn't matter, Corinne. You couldn't help me—nobody could help me. I'm in a damn mess—a terrible mess—I'm going to get shot."

"Don't say that again," I said to him sharply. "Just tell me what's wrong and let me be the judge as to whether or not you can be helped. That's what we're here for, Sam—Hilton and I—to help you. We—we love you, don't we, Hilton?"

Hilton cocked a quizzical eye to the ceiling.

"Oh, yes, I'm simply wild over him," he commented sarcastically. "Absolutely wild!" I gave him a pleading look, and he arose then. "I've got to get back to the office," he said to me. "I'm overdue there now, and I've got to trot. I think you'd better come along, Corinne."

But I shook my head at him.

"You've been terribly decent to me," I said to him in low tones. "I—I love you for it. And I'll be along in a little while. Thank you."

Then I came back to Sam. "Now, dear, tell me all about it, from the very beginning," I said. "It's a woman, of course, I know that."

He was sitting on the side of the bed, his head in his hands, and his eyes, when he peeked through his fingers up at me, were bloodshot and miserable.

"I never could figure out why you



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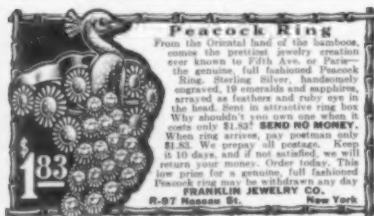
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loved' me," he said with the first touch of humility I had ever known him to exhibit. "I'm such a low-down cur, Corinne."

"Let's not worry about that now," I said. "Let's get down to brass tacks, as the boys say. What's your trouble, and what can be done to get you out of it?"

"Nothing—nothing can help me," he protested a little hysterically. "It's such a damn mess—I'm going to get shot—"

"Stop saying that!" I snapped at him. "It's not getting you anywhere. Who's going to shoot you? Have you gotten some woman into trouble, Sam?"

"Three of them," he blurted out suddenly, and then buried his face in his hands again.

I sat down limply. For an instant the room swam. Then something came up—permost and took over the situation. I found myself viewing it detachedly and from afar, speaking lightly: "Well, I must say, Sam, that you're a bear for trouble. But tell me about it. I'll do my best to get you out of this."

"It was for you I did it," he said in muffled tones. "I thought perhaps—if I had a lot of money—you'd marry me. And so when I had to leave town and come here, I decided to make my phillandering pay. I picked out the three richest women in town and started rushing them . . . women do fall for me easily, Corinne . . . and I thought perhaps they'd give me money . . . if I worked things right . . . between them all maybe a lot of money . . . and then you'd marry me. . ."

I got up suddenly and walked away to the window. I was torn between a gripping desire to laugh wildly and weep openly. Sam's voice came to me, still muffled.

"I guess I'm a damn fool."

I wanted to shriek aloud at that. He guessed he was—ye gods, I knew it! "Anyway, things didn't turn out like I thought—and now they're all after me—like wolves—and they say their husbands and fathers are going to shoot me on sight. They will, too, when they find it out—that's why I started taking the dope—when I saw what a mess—oh, Corinne, what shall I do? What shall I do?"

"Husbands?" I echoed feebly from my place at the window. "Sam, don't you know better than to run with married women?"

"It's the single one that I'm scared about. She was the richest one of the lot. . . Damn little fool—believed everything I told her," he said.

And hadn't I? And hadn't I? If Sam had knelt on the floor beside this other girl, and held her knees tight in his arms; if Sam had called her his moon-princess, his beautiful, wonderful one? Of course, she had believed him. Hadn't I? I bit my lips.

"Oh, God, Corinne, I'm living in hell—plain hell. What shall I do—what shall I do?"

I saw it all as clearly as if I were not I at all. There was only one thing that Sam could do. I spoke: "Simple, Sam, very simple," I said lightly, moving away from the window. "Marry the girl."

He yelled at me then.

"Marry her? Hell, I wouldn't marry her, not if she was the last person on earth! You are the only woman I ever wanted to marry."

Shattered little dreams of mine—they tinkled to the floor of that plain hotel bedroom, and lay there, their bright broken fragments catching the light of the dying sun. I could almost hear them crunch under my feet as I moved over the carpet toward Sam. I marry Sam—now? Never! Never, never, never! Yet I had come to Blue Pines for that very

purpose—come, hoping timidly that he would ask me again. Strange—strange life! And stranger love that could make us both so mad. Poor Sam! Poor Corinne! Poor unknown little girl with her trouble unshared. . .

"I couldn't marry you, Sam," I heard myself saying. "That's all over with—"

"Why?" he broke in sharply.

I struggled about in my mind for reasons.

"Because—because—" I said lamely.

"It's not on account of the women," Sam challenged me. "It can't be that, Corinne, because you've always known there were women. I never lied about it."

"YES," I agreed passively, "I've always known about the women."

He caught my hand and pulled it down against his cheek, holding it tight. I shut my eyes and clenched my teeth. I could feel Sam's wet tears searing my palm, his tender lips burning their imprint against my fingertips.

There was a step behind me, quick and frightened; a little gasping voice, raging, breathless: "What—what are you doing to my sweetheart?" it demanded fiercely.

I turned swiftly. The girl was small, almost tiny; her eyes were a deep blue. Now they looked black with her emotion; her hair was the silky, curly gold that can never be duplicated by art. Her face, small and dainty-featured, was twisted this moment with pain and outraged love. This, I knew instantly, was The Girl. All of the pull of Sam's magnetism left me instantly, never to return. My mind worked swiftly, faultlessly, and I spoke, still lightly.

"Ah," I said, "we were just talking about you. My brother has been telling me all about you. Won't you sit down?"

She stood a moment uncertainly, looking at me.

"Your brother?" she said. "Why—why—you do look like him. When—when did you come? I didn't know Sam—had a sister."

"Well, Sam most certainly has," I answered her firmly. "And whenever Sam gets into trouble, he remembers it very well, though he may forget it otherwise. I just came this morning. Sam wired me to come. You see, he realizes that he must marry you—at once."

Sam made a sudden sharp negative gesture, and his eyes met mine in horror, but I stared back at him coldly. The girl seemed puzzled.

"But—but I daren't marry right now," she stammered. "Father—father has arranged for me to go to college this fall; he doesn't even know about Sam; he doesn't know I know him. Why, he'd be furious! Oh, I daren't marry Sam right now. Isn't there—can't we—can't we do something else?"

Such a little innocent, so unsophisticated that it was laughable, only it was so pitiful. I could easily see why she would believe what Sam said; I could easily see why she would love him. And knowing women as he knew them, he still was willing to sacrifice this baby!

"Well," I said slowly, feeling terribly old and wise and superior, "you'd scarcely dare to go to school under the circumstances, would you?"

She shook her head, blushing shamefully under my eyes.

"How old are you?" I asked her. "Eighteen? I guessed as much. And what is your name? Vera? Well, Vera, what do you mean to do?"

Her childish chin began to wobble a bit. "I—I don't know."

"Don't blame him," she sobbed. "It was



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my fault. I did go to his room. I had been reading about Lord Byron. Don't you think Sam looks like Lord Byron? And I was reading about the girl, Claire, who went to him. It seemed so romantic! Sam said he loved me—oh, he said it so beautifully! So I went to him. I thought he'd be glad—

"Oh, hell!" Sam groaned, squirming. "Oh, Lord," I said under my breath. What a person to pattern after! It was no use telling this girl that Claire had been a determined young female, had her baby and raised it all by herself. Such a hideous, filthy mess! I felt soiled, degraded. The telephone rang grimly. Hilton's voice was sharp, a trifle anxious. "I told you to be over here in an hour," he said to me briefly.

"Has it only been an hour?" I asked him a little wearily. "It seems like days. Don't be cross, Hilton, but come over as soon as you can and bring a minister. I've lived through a whole dime novel since you left."

"Are you and Sam—" Hilton began amazedly in to the transmitter.

"Sam is," I told him quietly. "Vera is here, and as his sister, I feel it my duty to see this thing through before I leave. But it's been a terrible afternoon, Hilton. Will you see me on the train afterwards, please?"

"Has the girl—" Hilton stammered. "Is she—"

"She has and is," I answered positively. "Be a good scout and hurry, will you? I'm all in."

"Right over," he promised swiftly, sparing me any pity. I could not have endured it.

We had a quiet dinner afterwards, waiting for the evening train. I never remembered what I ate. Hilton talked steadily and soothingly. Once, under the quiet burr of his conversation, I reviewed Sam's statement about the reason for his dilemma, and laughed out loud. "What have I said that was funny?" Hilton demanded, eyeing me swiftly. He seemed to feel that I might go off queer at any minute.

"Oh, everything is funny tonight," I cried to him jerkily. "Frightfully funny! Fancy a man seducing three women so that he might marry a fourth! Only fancy it, Hilton. Was there ever anything funnier in the history of the world? He seemed to feel my money was a barrier between us; so he decided to get himself some from other women, and then I'd marry him. Isn't it funny, frightfully funny? No wonder I'm laughing."

"You'd better go back home at once," he said. (I told him I must go on somewhere for a few weeks.) "I don't like your eyes, Corinne. Let's go back to the hotel and get your things, and let me put you on the eight-ten for home tonight. What d'ye say?"

"NO—NO, I won't go back home, old dear," I told him. "I may never go back home again. I think I'll take a trip to Panama. Yes—Panama would be a good place. Yes, I'll go to Panama."

"Silly, people don't go to Panama in the summer."

"Don't they?" I asked indifferently. "Well, it doesn't matter. I'm going to Panama. Phone the hotel people to get my bags down in the lobby. I couldn't go back in that room if I never got them! Imagine, Hilton, she saw us come in and took the elevator up after us, and bribed the elevator boy to tell her what floor we got off on. And there she was, wandering about the hotel, looking for us—and ready to kill me—really, Hilton, you



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should have seen her eyes. Imagine loving like that, and then he hated her for it. Considering everything, still he hated her. Wasn't that funny? Isn't life funny? Yes, I think I'll go to Panama on the next boat. Hurry, Hilton, I want to catch the night train south."

Few people go to the Isthmus in the summer, and my boat only boasted six passengers beside myself.

For four days and most of four nights I lived with the lure of running water beneath the boat rail; running water beneath a blue and gold bowl in daylight; running water beneath a silver canopy at night. And each night after dinner the captain joined me on the deserted deck and paced slowly up and down beside me, talking. I was silent often.

"Life," said the captain, concluding a story one night, "human life is held very lightly in the tropics."

"It is a negligible quantity always," I said suddenly. "Living—what's there to it? Dead illusions, still-born hopes, shattered dreams."

"Still, most of us like to cling to it," said the captain calmly. "There are few wounds that just living a few years longer doesn't heal."

"But there are the scars," I reminded him. I felt impatient with talk suddenly, drifted toward the rail. He followed me, his tall figure throwing a shadow on my face.

I looked down. The boat lay low in the water, laden with cargo. The waters rushed along its side gently, seductively, invitingly. They looked soft—like silk—like waves and waves of rippled silk.

"I'm going in," I said suddenly. "Good night."

The captain seemed a bit startled. "Why, it's early yet," he protested. "Scarcely midnight. Why leave the moon on a night like this?"

I SHRUGGED, and moved away. "I'm tired tonight," I said. It amused me that he should find it necessary to escort me to my cabin door. Once inside the room, I shut the door firmly and stood listening till I heard his steps up on deck again. Then I whipped out of the cabin, and slipped like some slyly substantial ghost along the deck to the prow, out of sight of the promenade.

Out here the boat met the water, parted it with a little soothing swish—a little singing, bubbling sound, like happiness—and then swept on through more soft silky water—on—on—on—I leaned far over the side, watching. It fascinated me. The movement of the boat; the movement of the water; the whole song of the rushing sea stirred a resonant song within me. I felt an unconquerable desire to melt myself into the water; to merge my moving with its moving; to sink into it, become one with it, dreamily happy, dreamily singing, dreamily rushing on. Here—here was beauty for the taking: beauty of dying, beauty of death. I slipped to the rail . . . leaned over . . . leaned over . . . far out . . .

Directly above my head like a voice from God, came the words in deep commanding tones: "Don't jump! Remember that you are in the Caribbean now, and before you could drown, a shark would bite your leg off!"

I slumped down on the deck like a pricked balloon. My head swam giddily, my knees shook. I lifted my eyes. Above me on the bridge stood the captain. Even as I looked he swung one leg over the rail. "Wait there," he called, "I'll be right down." A second later he struck the deck beside me, caught me under the elbows, lifted me to my feet.

I stood an instant, feeling more utterly

foolish than I had ever thought a human being could feel. I had no word to say. I couldn't cry—I felt too silly; and I was unable to manage a laugh—the business had been so near tragic. "How did you guess it?" I babbled. "Had you been watching me?"

Said the captain casually, supporting me along the deck toward the companionway, "I always watch folks when they come aboard with that funny look in their eyes."

BILL covered the Inaugural Ball this year for the *Sentinel*. It was considered rather an important function as the new governor was a lady, the first that Texas had ever had. It was too bad of course, but I wasn't able to go. Corinne Jr. was only six months old and not particular about attending balls. But Bill came back just bursting with news, so I enjoyed the affair vicariously from his narrative.

"Honestly, honey, the ball was a scream," said Bill, heartily attacking his waffle, the third one. Sam Tarrant and his wife stayed at the same hotel with me. Bill stopped to butter a waffle for Bill Jr. and pour him a glass of milk.

I lifted another waffle from the iron and turned off the current. "Want another one?"

"Don't care if I do," Bill acknowledged, and buttered it lavishly. "Say, honey, didn't you meet Sam's wife? I thought you said you were in Blue Pines around about the time he got married."

"Yes, I did meet her," I said, and smiled down into my plate. "Once—up at the hotel, the day she was married. But she was so flustered she may not remember it."

"Well, I asked her and she said 'no,'" Bill went on. "She said she didn't recall the name at all. But I guess she'd remember you if she saw you again."

"Yes, I think she would," I agreed, and lifted Corinne Jr. out of her chair.

"She's grown a foot," Bill said, meaning his daughter of course, and not Sam's wife. "Miss me, honey?"

"You know it, Blarney," I replied.

"Well, I just wanted to be sure," Bill said comfortably. "Say, Corinne, you'd die if you could see Sam with his family. And you remember how he rode roughshod over everybody when he was on the *Sentinel*? Well, believe me, his wife sure leads him around by the nose, now. And she's the cutest little trick you ever laid eyes on—pretty as a baby—but what she doesn't know about henpecking might as well be torn out of the book. Sam sure walks the straight and narrow path, too. She makes him wait on her like she was Cleopatra, and nurse the kids to boot."

"Have they more than one?" I inquired interestedly.

"They've got three—all exactly like Sam."

"And how does Sam take his bossing?" I asked.

"Simply revels in it," Bill told me with a delighted chuckle. "He's perfectly foolish over his wife—told me she had all the brains there was in his family. She is smart too—this terrible highbrow smart, such as you like to strut—reels off the classics by the yard and won't listen to anything that isn't Greek or Assyrian. I'm sure you'd have the same tastes."

Strange love that could make me think I wanted to spend my life with Sam Tarrant; stranger life that could give me the glorious devotion of Bill. The giggle just would creep into my voice. "Well, not exactly the same tastes, Bill," I said. "I remember rightly, Sam's wife is a great admirer of Lord Byron, and you know I never cared for him."

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## The Gilded Trap

[Continued from page 15]

sweltering city drifted perspiring, gasping humanity. There was no choice of places. The flotsam and jetsam of Manhattan was abroad.

I crumpled down upon a tiny patch of free grass between a group of Italian and Polish families that had been disgorged from the tenement districts by the heat.

Cars streamed by like an endless ribbon of moving light. The people in them, enjoying the breeze made by motion, looked out upon the park scenes only half aware of the miserable discomfort they witnessed. Big cars, the motors of the rich, flashed by in the incessant parade. I caught glimpses of well-dressed men and gorgeously dressed women. A pang of envy shot through my heart. Life had long ago given me to expect a place in the motors of the rich. But Life had lied.

For a long torturous time I sat in one position. At last a sensation of dizziness overwhelmed me. Nausea swept over me. The babble of the Poles and Italians became like muffled far-away sounds. The park lights dimmed . . . then went pitch black and silence stormed my ears.

That was all of my story!

There seemed to be tears in Mrs. Raymond's beautiful blue eyes as she reached out and held my hands a moment: "Betty, I'm sorry I made you go over all this in your mind again. And, still I'm glad, because it's not fair for a girl to carry it all alone. I am not going to let you go until we can find a way out somehow."

The tinkle of a telephone bell followed her words. She got up, graceful as a dancer, and hurried over to the phone near the apple-green bed I had occupied. A few words of greeting and she hung up the receiver. Mrs. Raymond excused herself as she left the room, saying she would return presently.

I was busy looking out of the window at Riverside Drive and the Hudson when Mrs. Raymond returned. She lost no time in telling me that Reggie Eastman, an old friend, wanted her for the week-end at Shorridge, his summer place on the Jersey coast.

"When I said I had a guest, meaning you, he immediately insisted that I bring you along. Of course, Reggie throws wonderful parties and will get hold of some other man to make a foursome," she smiled.

I PROTESTED against accepting her hospitality and that of an unknown friend, saying I had no clothes for such a party. But, Mrs. Raymond was graciously insistent. I finally agreed to go, sensing somewhat that she had really demanded it. To tell the truth, I was considerably pepped up over the idea of a week-end at the beach in a rich man's summer place.

Answering the door a few moments after Mrs. Raymond had left for a luncheon appointment, I found myself face to face with a man whose smile and voice immediately fascinated me. Under the gaze of his eyes that were blue with strange wistful sort of shadows playing in them, I felt much like a person beneath a mysterious spell.

"I am Neal Lang," he said, "a friend of Margaret Raymond's."

"I am Betty Morrison, her guest. Please come in," I returned, giving him my hand. The touch of his fingers against mine left me with the sensation of electricity shooting through my being.



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"I can always bank on Margaret's having the most attractive kind of guests," he said, following me into the living-room. I turned upon him at this nice compliment, unashamed of the blush it had brought to my cheeks.

My interest in the tall, blonde young man increased as we sat on the divan and talked. Only a short few moments had passed before I realized that Neal Lang appealed to me as no other man ever had. And yet, as this realization brought me a new kind of happiness it also made me acutely aware of a new kind of heart pang,—the pang that comes from a sudden, inexplicable yearning for something that can never be. Neal Lang, like Mrs. Raymond, belonged to another world from mine. It was well enough for me to be masquerading under her roof as a guest in order to thwart the city that waited to claim me. But, it was quite another to be deliberately allowing the voice, the smile, and the touch of a strange handsome man of her circle, to lure my heart.

At five he arose, saying he must keep a dinner appointment. I was sorry and I plainly showed it. As we stood facing each other in the gorgeous drawing room Neal Lang made an impulsive gesture with his hands. Before I knew it my hands were imprisoned by his. Too startled to snatch them away at first, I shamelessly allowed him to hold them until my composure returned somewhat. His eyes, still haunted by the suggestion of wistful shadows, searched mine for many seconds as if he were trying to find something in their depths.

"What is it, Mr. Lang?" I asked at last. "You ask me that which is difficult to explain, since I do not know just what it is myself; I mean the impulsive taking of your hands a second ago. But, I—I wonder would you care to see me again—soon?"

I nodded for an answer, my eyes now upon the stylish slippers encasing my silk-clad feet. Somehow I sensed it would be dangerous folly to see him again; sensed that I was playing with a fire that burned hearts away in women's breasts. But, this did not matter. I had nodded "yes." The die was cast!

"Tomorrow afternoon?" he asked. I had to refuse, explaining regretfully that Mrs. Raymond and I were going to Shoreridge for the week-end as Reggie Eastman's guests. My words seemed to agitate him strangely for a moment. He repeated Eastman's name twice, twisting his hands nervously as he did.

"Do you know him?" I ventured, puzzled at the way the shadows had deepened in his blue eyes.

"Yes," he said, "great friend of Margaret's—" pausing a moment, he went on turning the conversation back to its starting point.

"Then meet me Monday in the Biltmore at four. Will you, Betty?"

"Yes, Neal," I answered, calling him by the first name, a happy feeling in my heart.

At the door he took my hand again, saying good-bye with his eyes as well as his voice. Just about to leave he held back as if something had just crossed his mind—something he had almost forgotten to say:

"By the way, Betty, don't mention my little 'pop' call to Margaret. All three of us will meet some place soon at a party or something, and you and I can make believe we've known each other a long time. I want to have a little fun with Margaret. Promise?"

During dinner Mrs. Raymond casually asked if there had been any callers. A

sensation of guilt surged over me as I lied. Somehow that sensation remained with me for a long time. After dessert we drifted in to her room to look over the clothes I was to pick for the Jersey coast trip. If the bedroom I occupied was luxurious, Mrs. Raymond's was the boudoir of a princess.

My eyes wandering about the room came to a sudden focus on the silver framed picture gracing her dressing table. I tensed in my tracks like a person stricken with momentary paralysis. From that silver framed picture a handsome young man, wearing the uniform of an American officer, gazed up at me. The young man was Neal Lang! Mrs. Raymond turned in time to catch me staring at the photograph.

"Do you see something impressive, my dear?" she demanded easily.

"I—I was struck by the handsomeness of this officer," I replied, nervousness running riot through my voice and body. "Oh!" came the soft, almost subdued exclamation from my hostess. "That is the picture of—of—my husband. He was killed in France."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," was all I could find to say as I put my arms around her, baffled that she should lie about her husband being dead, but determined to play a part.

Dinner at Shoreridge seemed to have more to do with drinking than eating. As round after round of cocktails were served before the soup, Reggie Eastman and his friend, Tom Mayfield, became more and more intoxicated. Margaret Raymond tried to hold them down for a while but after the champagne was brought on she gave up, and began drinking herself, as if in self-defense. I sipped at the bubbling silver that was placed before me. However, this did not please Mayfield. He got up and fairly poured the fizzing champagne down my throat. Something in the eyes of the big man as he bent over me, sent a shiver of fright up and down my spine. In that moment I guessed the terrible things going on in his mind about me. His drink-brightened eyes had become those of the animal stalking what he considers his inescapable prey!

**TERROR** gripped my soul at the touch of his heavy hand. I looked to Margaret Raymond for help. But, her face was turned. She was kissing Reggie Eastman whose cocktails had already stolen some of my strength away, handicapping me for the moment that would find me at bay. No longer did I misunderstand the kind of a party I was in. Mrs. Raymond was Eastman's mistress! Mayfield expected to take liberties with me. God! Mayfield did not leave me in doubt very long. Embracing me, he half pulled me through the dimness. Desperate courage burned in my veins. False strength galvanized my muscles. Twisting suddenly I broke from his arms and backed away. He lunged after me. But, I dodged, and ducking past him ran up the wide stairs. Tom Mayfield clambered after me a snarl of rage bursting through his lips.

There would be safety in my room behind a locked door, I thought, gaining the second floor landing, and speeding through the hall. Once inside, I slammed the door and leaned down to lock it against the man whose footsteps came nearer and nearer with each passing second.

"God help me!" I moaned, seeing no key in the lock. Desperate, I turned to pull the bed against the door. But in that spinning moment there was a crash

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outside and Tom Mayfield burst in upon me, his great arms reaching out like hooks.

There was a moment of terrible, painful collision—his heavy body banging against me. We swayed together. But, my strength was gone. He crushed me back, and over, until I thought my back would break in two. Then came a sickening moment of lost balance. I fell across upon the bed. It seemed that at last the city that had beaten me down was about to exact its most terrible toll. But, even in this last moment there was no surrender in my heart. I clawed and thumped at the man in a final outburst of strength. Just as the last ounce of vitality was leaving me there was a great commotion in the hall. I heard shouts; a woman's scream; and then a terrible weight lifted from me.

A tall, broad-shouldered man moved toward me through the subdued rose light of a room that was strange to my tortured eyes. The man bent over me. Then I recognized him by the blue of his eyes. In place of the shadows I had seen loitering in them before, there was a hard look. I drew back against my pillow at this discovery—afraid of what Neal Lang was going to say.

"You're still in Eastman's house. I guess you'll come around all right now," he said.

"But you? What are you doing here—and how did you happen—"

"I came here to trap Margaret and Eastman and force him to marry her," he snapped.

"Marry Eastman!" I cried, my brain going around and around. "How could you? You are her husband—"

"What the devil—"

"She showed me your picture on her dresser and said you were," I insisted.

"I am her brother. Margaret lied if she told you differently. My sister made a terrible mistake sometime ago. She left home to take everything Eastman could give her except a wedding ring. Margaret was used to money before we lost everything. She couldn't stand poverty. I've been trying to locate her ever since last winter. I found her place the afternoon I met you. You told me about this. It was a simple thing after that. I came here after dinner tonight with detectives and a Justice of the Peace. Eastman and Margaret are married. They have gone away. I—I have Mayfield locked in a room downstairs. The—er—Justice said he would come back if—you have any use for him in connection with Mayfield."

THE blood rushed to my cheeks and temples. Then I seemed to turn to ice. Somehow, I managed to tell him that I did not want him to call the Justice—that Mayfield need not be held. The very thought of seeing that beast again made me shrink back into the covers. The look that Neal Lang gave me was a blow that bowed me down and down.

"That is for you to say. Of course, if you care to let him go it would be absurd for me to insist. I am going now. Good—"

A terrified scream broke from my lips. Neal Lang was going after he had saved me! Going with a terrible hard look in his eyes!

"It can only mean one thing. He—believes—the worst about me," I groaned inwardly. Then I mustered voice enough to confess I needed money to get back to New York.

"Is it as bad as that? Here," he said, throwing a yellow bill at me. Then he turned on his heel, passed quickly through the door, slamming it hard be-

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hind him. Through my tears, I watched him go, and when the door slammed I held my arms out in dumb pleading. But his retreating footsteps mocked my unspoken plea.

I had loathed the yellow bill Neal Lang threw at me before he left me broken of heart and soul on the bed in Eastman's house. But, I had to use it; had to spend the money of a man whose eyes had grown cold believing the worst of me. Two dollars of it got me back to that cheap dingy room where signs of failure leered at me, warning that the city still waited three red-bricked stories below to claim me when the last hated dollar was spent, and I crawled out of bed and down below to make a last heartless stand.

Three days passed. I came to hate the yellow sunshine that tried to pry its way through my curtained window. I came to hate the sound of life that drifted up from the streets. I wanted nothing of sunshine and life.

## My Vacation Boy-Friend

[Continued from page 52]

"They said we might find treasure!" he said.

His voice, I thought, was like a golden violin note.

"And now I've found my treasure," he continued, "I'm going to bear her away to my castle and regale her with baby gin, almost four weeks old," he went on, taking my hand, with a hesitant look to know if he might.

"I suppose 'finders are keepers,'" I said. Things were moving along now.

His 'castle' proved to be a tiny cottage close by the hotel. He was 'batching it' alone.

"Come into the kitchen and I'll mix you up a cocktail," he said, proceeding through the living-room with its soft, shaded lights, to a dream of a kitchen immaculate in white tile and enamel.

"Here is to Charm, the Queen of all the Virtues," sipping his drink. Then he tilted his glass to spill a few drops on my palm. "I christen you 'Delight'—and Delight you shall be," gallantly stooping to kiss away the wet.

"You don't want to know my real name?"

"No."

Taking the cue, I sprinkled a few drops from my glass upon his hand.

"Charming—Prince Charming—from Delight," I said.

"Suppose we take a spin in the motorboat," said Charming, as we came to a little stone wharf. We clambered aboard a trim little runabout and I settled back luxuriously against the cushions. At his touch the engine purred into life and chugged along at half-speed, just beyond the white shreds of surf. About two miles down the coast he headed into a romantic little cove, "to play Mr. and Mrs. J. Robinson Crusoe." Beaching the boat, we jumped ashore.

A low murmur I had thought to be the rustling of the leaves, grew stronger. He gripped my arm, and with a finger to his lips, stepped forward a few yards and parting the bushes peered beyond. At his beckon I crept to his side. He pointed to a spot on the beach hardly a hundred yards away. There seven men were unloading something from small boats. Out in the cove, sheltered from sea-view, lay a vessel at anchor!

"Look like rum-runners," he whispered.

Morning of the fourth day came. At noon there was a knock at my door. The woman coming for her rent, I thought bitterly. But, it was not the rent woman, or any other woman. It was Neal Lang.

He stood in the doorway for a long time twisting a paper in his big hands, and looking at me as if knives were grinding inside of him. At last he came closer and fell down on his knees, still twisting the paper.

"Margaret's letter," he said brokenly. "It came this morning from Canada. It told me all about you. That I'd find you here."

In the magic of his touch, fresh strength came, sending a great break in my heart and I lifted his hands up to my lips.

"I loved you from the first, Betty. That's why I took it all so hard," he cried as I pulled his head down against mine, and smiled at the thought of the city lurking below—the city and its gilded trap that Neal Lang and love had finally saved me from.

"And they don't like strange company."

A new thrill, and not a pleasant one, shivered through me as we quickly made our way back to the boat. Throwing the cushions in ahead of us, Charming fiddled with the engine for what seemed to be hours before it would start. Full speed ahead, we darted for the sea.

The engine was sputtering strangely and Charming looked worried. But I was not to understand till we had gotten well out beyond the breakers that we were out of gas! Helpless, we rolled in the trough of the waves, the current bearing us slowly south.

"What can we do?" I asked. "I can't swim!"

"I can, but not enough for two. We'll just have to trust to luck on somebody picking us up."

"But we may drift all night!"

"Maybe we'd better head in through the surf and take the wetting."

"Please, don't," was my answer. This slight protection was preferable to those green-black waters.

It was eleven o'clock.

Charming put his arm about me and I cuddled to him.

"It might be worse," he said. "If we swam for it we might have been swallowed by a whale with better digestion than the one that tried Jonah."

Slowly the whole eastern sky was threatening with clouds, their great arms seeming to stretch out to engulf us.

Hours passed. It was almost two o'clock. The moon showed only in silvery flickers. I shivered in the cold, though Charming insisted on my taking his coat.

"Better lie down and I'll cover you with pillows," he said. The boards beneath were hard but it was better than being exposed to the damp and wind.

"Lights ahead out to sea!" called Charming, wakening me from a dismal doze. Tearing out of his shirt he began to wave it, shouting at the same time.

"Maybe it's another rum-runner," I thought. Charming blessed me for my 'optimism' but started to paddle. I took duty as shirt-waver and screamed till my throat ached. Suddenly a great searchlight played on us.

"Three assorted cheers," said Charming. "They're heading toward us!"

Ten more minutes and we were bobbing up and down from the swells of a big



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Of Smart Set, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1926, State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared R. E. Berlin, who, having been duly sworn according to law, depose and says that he is the Business Manager of the Smart Set and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Magus Magazine Corporation, 119 W. 40th St., New York City; Editor, F. Orlin Tremaine, 119 W. 40th St., New York City; Managing Editor, F. Orlin Tremaine, 119 W. 40th St., New York City; Business Manager, R. E. Berlin, 119 W. 40th St., New York City. 2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent. or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) International Magazine Co., Inc., 119 W. 40th St., sole stockholder, Hearst Publications, Inc., Hearst Pub. Co., Inc., 705 Call Building, San Francisco, sole stockholder, Star Holding Corporation; Star Holding Corp., c/o Corporation Trust Co. of America, Wilmington, Delaware, sole stockholder, W. R. Hearst, 137 Riverside Drive. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders of any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only.) R. E. Berlin, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of March, 1926. C. E. Stahl, Notary, Queens County, No. 3752. Certificate filed in New York County Clerk's No. 88, N. Y. County Registers No. 7285. (My commission expires March 30, 1927.) [Seal].

ship from whose side a boat was coming to pick us up. Two seamen gave us a tow-line and in a jiffy we were up alongside by the ladder. I swayed upward on it. It was a dizzy climb but a glad one.

A man with an authoritative look stood with his arms crossed looking us over as we reached the deck.

"What are you strollin' around out here for?" he wanted to know.

"Out of gas," said Charming. "We're mighty grateful to you for picking us up."

"Must be crazy or in love to forget about that on these waters," he chuckled.

"What's the chances for a warm drink?" Charming asked.

At this moment a big handsome man came up the ladder from below deck.

"Two customers here, Captain," the mate told him. "All out of gas and willin' to be rescued and call it a night."

Charming introduced us with names of his own choosing and the captain gave us a cordial welcome, instructing that we be led below and made comfortable.

"My wife sails with me now and then and you can find most anything you need in her cabin. When you feel better, if you do, come up and have a little visit."

The wife's cabin was a delight, tiny though it was, with its little brass bed and built-in fixtures. I washed the brine off my face and began to feel human, especially after the hot toddy the captain had sent began to replace the chill with a glow.

Romance was back to its own and sleepiness had left me. I suggested to Charming that we go up and see a little of the night under the pleasanter conditions.

THE captain was at the wheel, dressed in oilskins for rough weather. I could feel the storm in the air and the waves were mounting in size. But the big lumber schooner, heavily cargoed, ploughed through with a rugged nonchalance.

"Like to have you two take a cruise with me sometime when you're tired of Fifth Avenue or Palm Beach or the Riviera," he said. "If by that time you still need a chaperon my wife could join us."

I said I would be thrilled and Charming echoed it.

The captain waved a farewell as we shoved off, some hours later.

"Remember that invitation," he called. He certainly was an ideal sea host.

"I have a suggestion to thwart the magpies about the hotel porch," said Charming, as we sped homeward. "Should they see you coming home at this hour in your evening dress they would twitter about it, so you'd better creep into my place till dark."

If in those first golden hours Charming had appealed as a man and a lover, now he took on an added significance. I imagined myself as the mistress of such a cozy home, showing my 'husband' all the little attentions and the big ones—being everything to him. The thought of Jimmy, sincere and trusting, working away at home with my photograph on his desk, gave me a guilty feeling, but I banished it under the glare of a phonograph record or hid from it in Charming's arms.

Charming was becoming more and more ardent. He did not say 'I love you' in just those words, but he expressed it in a thousand ways. But never once did I hear him plan for days beyond. He seemed to live simply in and for the 'now.' In my heart rang the ominous question. Was this hail and farewell? It had been only a day in a cottage—but it promised paradise for other days still to come.

Though those days to me were platinum and jade in their beauty, I could not ap-

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precipitate what gems they really were until they were a memory.

Came the last night of my two weeks. How I clung to the flying moments, and longed to somehow stay their inscrutable haste! Charming and I had elected to spend it in the cottage of delight. A legion of memories associated with those rooms drove me dim-eyed to the door. Outside, the waning moon wrapped the earth with a ghostly glow.

In the brooding quiet he came up and put his strong arms around me.

"The winds through the trees are playing a wedding march, our wedding march," he wooed. "And the stars are the witnesses to its beauty."

Surrendering to the urge of his hand, I followed to the wide porch couch with its heavily banked pillows. The blind was drawn low at the window and for light there was only the wafer of a moon. He drew me close without any further word, his body hearing the cry of mine.

Scarlet moments in which mad desire to yield to the maelstrom of abandon battled with the still, small voice of warning. Then desperately thrusting away his arms, evading his eager lips, hot with kisses, hotter with words, I rushed away.

As the bus bore me away to the railroad station, my eyes clung to the dear familiar scenes till the hills wailed them from sight. Was this the end of my romance or just its beginning?

FOR the first week I could hardly wait to get home in the evenings in the hope of a letter. My brother joked about it and mother and dad said there were symptoms of a son-in-law about to come into the family. But the weeks melted into months of unbroken silence.

Though, in addition to good old faithful Jimmy, I knew a number of nice boys, I had little heart to go about. I preferred to sit at home with my dream, while over the radio came the love songs of all time.

Taking advantage of winter holidays, I took the train alone up to the scene of my 'Make Believe.' The hotel was closed and the once thronged verandas desolate with emptiness. Snow, and the grey, scudding clouds made bleak the countryside so brilliant and blossoming only a few months before. Retracing my steps over our trysting places I stood a long while by the spring that had rippled a song at our first meeting. Despite the cold, the water still bubbled up, clear and fresh as my memories. Its brave babble heartened and gave me hope.

Fourteen months passed and soon I would be twenty-four. Not of the nature to contemplate going on through the years, unloved and unwedded, I was in surging rebellion against the memory that held me captive.

More and more insistently, Jimmy was begging me to marry him. I did care for him, but I had continued to put him off for his answer, dreading to accept him and then perhaps find Charming just around the next corner. For, in spite of the silence, I could not believe he had not really loved me to the rapturous heights of his words. How could he have made such exquisite love unless inspired by the fires of sincerity?

"You are not acting square with me," Jimmy said. "There is some other man in your life and you are holding me off and hoping he will propose."

It was too true in a sense, but I denied fairly that I was "stepping out" on him.

"Three years I've gone on loving you and there hasn't been anyone else," he continued. "But I'm a human being and I can't do it the rest of my life. Say 'yes' right now and let's not wait another hour.

We'll run right out to Connecticut somewhere."

"Oh, I couldn't to-night!" I protested. "Well, when could you? You're putting me off."

My every sympathy was with him and as he caught me in his arms I came almost to the point of naming the day; but I drew away that I might think clearly. Bitterly hurt at this failure to sweep me off my feet, Jimmy paced the room. Now he was getting angry, calling himself a fool for wanting a woman who did not want him.

As I groped in my purse for a handkerchief, a bit of paper fluttered to the floor. Jimmy grabbed it up and read it before I could prevent him. My palms were moist with nervousness as he sneered at that which he began to read aloud:

*Gently, I've laid my dream away  
In the Attic of Never-Can-Be,  
Where the scent of Forget-me-nots  
linger sweet,*

*Where the bygone joys and sorrows weel,  
Something of me that was fine and high,  
Is tombed with my dream in the attic dust,  
Chained to the Truth and its dull, grey fate  
I loiter the Streets of the Commonplace.*

Quoting outwardly, he handled the verse to me.

"Who wrote it and why?" he asked.

"It's mine," I said hesitantly.

His eyes suddenly blazed. "So that's it, eh? If there isn't another fellow—at least there was one! And you're still crazy about him!"

Impulsively I went to Jimmy but he brushed me off.

"I love you, honey and I don't care if there was another man. And whatever he was to you, it is all right now. Put him out of your mind, say you love me and that you'll marry me."

I did want to tell him just that but again I failed. It would have been like closing the door of my dreams in my own face, forever and forever.

Jimmy and I had been invited to attend a big party in the suburbs that evening but I wanted to crawl away somewhere and cry. I had no heart to simulate gayety or to manufacture small talk.

"We'd better go, Jimmy," and I started for my wrap.

His manner suddenly softened and he gently took it from my trembling hand.

"I understand, dear heart," he said. "I'm just going on loving you and some day it'll be all right. I just know it."

The bell jangled and then a lustrous rap at the door. It was two friends calling for us in their car and there was no escape.

On the ride out through the moonlight I did not cut much of a figure as a companion, though Jimmy bravely kept up a stream of chatter.

A jazz orchestra tilted its crooning saxophone enticements in the big living-room and Jimmy swept me off in his arms.

"I love you, love you," he whispered. "Smile, smile, smile!"

I squeezed his hand and the smile was not forced.

The dance over, Jimmy was snatched away by the host for a moment's talk over the punch-bowl. The hostess at my side excused herself to greet newcomers and I was left alone. Close to the door, I strolled out to the porch. A man, his back to me, a back strangely familiar, stood leaning against the rail.

He turned slowly, his lazy gaze upon me. Like a blow it came—that realization. The man was Prince Charming!

I was half in shadow but he could see me clearly enough. Started, transfixed, a prisoner of memory, I did not move—but a smile must have come unconsciously to my lips.

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A woman's voice called from the garden and he petulantly turned to answer: "Coming."

Then his eyes came back to me and held. With a wary look over the rail he approached quickly and drew forth a card. "I haven't had the pleasure yet—but call me up tomorrow, won't you?"

I did not even glance at the card in my numb fingers.

"Better give me your number—and name," he added hurriedly.

Amazement tied my tongue. The idealized hero of my romance had forgotten the woman who could not forget!

My heart like lead, I turned away, and he with a shrug sauntered off down the steps to probably join the woman who had called him. Before I could restrain myself, my lips had desperately called: "Prince Charming—Charming."

He wheeled like a flash and up the steps; a puzzled look in his eyes.

FROM within came the plaintive wishfulness of "Remember."

"Delight"—it is "Delight" herself!" he exclaimed, taking my hands.

"A 'Delight' too soon forgotten," I answered.

"Come out to the garden and forgive me!" he begged. I was weak enough to let him lead me away toward the trees.

"Oh, I've tried so hard to find you," he declared, but his tone sounded glib and false.

"I left my address under the door," I said in a dead voice.

"I never got it. I swear I found not a trace of you. I thought you had gone away—because you didn't care."

"I have wanted you so much. I longed for you, ached for you," he continued seating me on a bench. "How could you have been so cruel as to leave me that night! You wanted me and I wanted you. How could such a beautiful desire be wrong?"

"What has happened has proved it to be utterly wrong," I answered. "I was just a plaything for the little while. You didn't get what you wanted—so you didn't want what you had."

"But I do—do—do," he breathed.

"Who was that woman who called you?" He shook his head impatiently.

"What does anything or anybody matter now that we have found each other?"

With a passionate oath he jerked me to him and smothered me with kisses now so horribly profane.

I pulled away but he was strong with the strength of madness. I could not escape his lips; his arms held my head in a vise.

Struggling up to my feet I faintly heard the sound of running feet. The next moment some one had grappled with him and I was free. There was Jimmy, his fists doubled for action!

"Here, here—I know what I'm doing," blustered 'Prince Charming'—now a sacrilege on the word. "We were sweethearts and are!"

"We never were and we never will be!" Jimmy understood and he laughed harshly. "So this is the fellow you dreamed of, eh?"

"He had forgotten me, Jimmy."

"He won't forget this," said Jimmy grimly and he swung his fist at the other's face. The fight all out of him, 'Charming' backed away like a whipped cur satisfied to dodge the blow.

"Got it all out of your system, honey?" Jimmy asked as he grinned.

I nodded and hung my head. I laughed, but in it there was bitterness. A man is only a man, but an ideal is a beautiful thing.



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## I Wanted a Thrill

[Continued from page 43]

of thirst?" He coughed—a raspy cough.

I admitted I would like a drink of water. "Heap much firewater," observed The Seraph tentatively. "Li'l Mouse Paleface no like?"

"I prefer plain water, if you please," I retorted primly. So *that* was the reason some of the men and girls were acting so strangely.

New arrivals blocked the foyer. As we struggled back toward the ballroom, my glance met that of a man who was looking down upon the crowd from the stairway landing. His powerful head and shoulders and picturesquely graying dark hair made him a noticeable figure, and his clear, steel-blue eyes rested upon the "Little Gray Mouse" as though she, too, stood out from the crowd.

As we passed beyond range of the stairway landing, I felt an odious touch upon my bare forearm. Stridently audible above the shrieking and banging of barbaric rhythm, the voice of the man who had singled me out during the previous dance ordered The Seraph, with insolent assurance of obedience,—

"Fade away, kid! It's my turn with the little Wood Violet."

To my surprise and alarm, The Seraph surrendered with no more than a glare of rebellion and a weakly expostulatory, "I say, Kaznoff!"

But my new, self-chosen partner made the mistake of counting on my acquiescence. He relinquished his hold on my arm to obtain a new one around my waist, and in that instant I ducked and darted between the dancers, out toward the foyer.

Kaznoff ruthlessly broke his way through in pursuit and I fled toward the stairway, thinking to find refuge in the dressing-room. Then I saw—now alone on the landing—the man who appeared so signally different from the rest of the guests at Tod's. I hesitated at the foot of the stairs, and in that moment Kaznoff's hand fell again upon my arm.

A group of half-naked girls in the ballroom doorway, whom he had pushed aside in the chase, turned to watch.

"Take your hand off!" I demanded of Kaznoff.

But he only laughed and pulled me toward him. The look of his mouth nauseated me.

"Are you hard of hearing?" a cool voice broke in, and Kaznoff and I both turned toward the landing and the figure descending therefrom. I knew the man on the stairway would protect me.

"Keep out of this if you know what's good for you," blustered Kaznoff. It seemed like sound advice to me, for he looked as strong as an ox and as savage as a hungry mountain lion.

**B**UT all of a sudden—no one looking on could have told just how it happened—the big form of Kaznoff lay still upon the floor.

The watching girls screamed. One ran back into the ballroom.

"Come!" ordered my champion. "Never mind your wraps. We've got to get out of here."

I needed no second bidding. As I started out, eagerly obedient, I caught sight of a gray velvet heap on a floor cushion and rescued my cape.

My companion quickly wrapped its soft folds about me and together we ran out upon the street.

"Up Fifth quick," and I was bundled unceremoniously into the cab and whirled away—with a total stranger beside me.

"Bohemians—bah!" came a disgusted but pleasantly homelike voice out of the darkness, as a dull roar followed us from the open doors of Tod's place. "They're just plain toughs. I'm here on business and had a mind to see the sights. But you—in the name of all that's holy—how did you happen to be there?"

"I—I can't tell you," I quavered. At the recollection of the utter absurdity of my projection into Tod's, I felt a hysterical desire to laugh, and did so, until the tears ran down my cheeks and my unknown escort inquired anxiously, "If I bang you on the back, would it help?"

"No, no—I'll stop."

"You mean you *won't* tell me why you went there," he resumed, when I had become quieted. "Well, sometime perhaps you will."

"Oh, no, I won't!" I suddenly realized that this was my *fourth* contact with strange men in one evening—not to mention the taxi drivers. What right had this man to question me, or talk of "sometime" as though so sure we would meet again? How could I be certain that my instinctive trust in him was justified? I had been tossed about, from one to the other, like a rubber ball. I felt soiled and weary and experienced a sudden longing for the seclusion of my own little room, where no man could enter.

"That youngster you were dancing with looks like a lung-er to me."

I interpreted this remark as an attack upon my reticence from another angle and said nothing.

"Did you go there with him?"

At the direct question I felt a faint sense of triumph. He had had to come right out with it—but it wasn't going to do him any good. Exhausted in body and spirit, the effort to keep from weeping until I should be alone made me perversely displeased with my rescuer.

"Perhaps I did—and perhaps I didn't," I retorted in a small, chilly voice.

"Hmm!" he grunted. Then, caustically, "I hope you won't object to stating your place of residence, so we can steer for it. I assure you my memory will not retain it beyond the present need."

Oh—really—that was too hateful of him! I gave my street number and sat up, stiff and straight in my corner, in frozen immobility, until the car stopped in front of Mrs. Migley's. Then, as he assisted me out upon the sidewalk I thought of the financial obligation and broached the subject shyly. "I wish to pay the driver, but—"

"Ridiculous!" he snapped. "I am going on in the cab as soon as I see you safely in the house."

"I—I am very much obliged," I said meekly.

"Not at all." He was uncompromisingly glacial.

"Good night!" All my meekness had vanished.

"Good night!" His voice softened, and as I reached the steps he strode across the pavement and abruptly offered an olive branch. "My name is Bill McNair," he said.

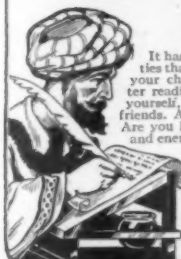
"Oh—good night, Mr. McNair." I wanted to take hold of the other end of that olive branch but was confused by his swift change of front, and not up to the situation. My "good night, Mr. McNair" must have sounded forced, and the fact that it did not occur to me to declare my own name was evidently taken by him as a rebuff.

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Had it not been for the visible evidence of rich, black, velvet flung over a chair—the satin slippers and crumpled heap of silk stockings on the floor—I might have thought, in the prosaic morning light, that I had dreamed the events of the night before, so fantastic and incredible did they seem. But my memory of the man who had whisked me back to safety was a live thing—and it hurt.

But of course it did not matter, I told myself, trying in vain to put an end to futile regretting. He was evidently not a New Yorker and probably had already returned where he came from—and more than likely, to a wife and family of his own. Nice men always were married.

When, far ahead among the throng of toilers hurrying toward the elevators in the roadway skyscraper where I spent eight hours out of the twenty-four, I once glimpsed a pair of outstanding powerful shoulders, my heart gave a sudden bound. But an application of cold reason quickly reduced that ridiculous organ to subnormal, for, so I informed myself, it was undoubtedly only a chance resemblance, heightened by the mental picture so constantly before me.

SUCH self-torture left me in no condition for beginning an office day at my usual brisk pace. Merged in the seething mass of humanity, office-bound, my thoughts were reduced to the mere instinct of self-preservation.

I remained intent upon exercising that instinct until seated at my desk, for it told me, "If you're late you may lose your job—you're only an extra stenographer."

I presented a good imitation of the modern business girl, in my boyish-colored blouse, with my boyishly cut but somehow feminine hair above and, below, the smartly abbreviated skirt and light silk stockings that displayed the curve of my legs. It was with a composed and competent air, although slightly nervous in the diaphragm, that I obeyed the summons of the president, transmitted through his secretary. This request was unprecedented, and at my surprised look the secretary condescended to explain, "Of course it's not for Mr. Crayle. Our Western manager is here and he wants to dictate a report."

"Oh!" I said, faintly.

I was rather a novice at the pothooks; but between the stenographer's cubby-hole and the stately front quarters of the president, I managed to achieve a composed and competent air. Surely not the man who stood over by the window and facing the door, although, at sight of his powerful head and shoulders and picturesquely graying dark hair, the fluttering increased to an almost unbearable agitation. I wasn't mistaken. Behind my employer stood—my rescuer in the night club adventure.

"Miss—er—Mr. Crayle," a kindly, elderly man was speaking, and I mechanically supplied what he had forgotten.

"Ross," I prompted.

"Thank you, Miss Ross," smiled the president. "Will you please take the dictation of Mr. McNair?" He turned toward the figure by the window.

"Fire ahead, Bill—I'll see you at lunch," he said.

And then—Mr. Crayle was gone and I was alone with my rescuer—no, just alone with the Western manager of Crayle, Frost & Co.—and I was only an extra stenographer called in to cater to him. I had prayed for just one more chance to show myself in a friendlier light, but again my palpitating awareness of this composed man of affairs prevented natural behavior. It seemed as though he must hear the pounding of my heart. I could not trust

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my eyes to meet his. My tongue seemed paralyzed.

"Sit down, please." Again he acquiesced too readily to my apparent wishes. One would think we had never met before. I sat down; no poker could have been straighter than my back.

The Western manager pulled out the leaf of the desk for me and seated himself in the president's big swivel-chair.

"The unsatisfactory results we are getting from Supreme Buff and Emerald appear to have their source in a difference of climatic conditions," he dictated smoothly.

**MY LASHES** swept my burning cheeks and my pencil flew.

"The West Coast is—ah—" he hesitated a moment, but I did not look up, and he continued in a tone less successfully impersonal—"the West Coast is vastly more beautiful than the East—and you don't have to travel for years underground like a mole to reach its beauty spots. Twenty minutes on the street car will take you from the heart of a cosmopolitan city to a magnificent beach, where the splendid surf comes rolling in on clean white sands. Or you can reach this beach, on foot or motor or horseback, along paths through a park that could swallow Central Park and not have indigestion—a gorgeous park—man-made, but in the image of Nature."

He broke off suddenly and spoke my name. Then I had to look up.

"Miss Ross—" I saw that while his lips were smiling, his penetrating eyes were very earnest—"you know the old saying, 'Young man, go West.' Well, now it has a wider application, because so many young women are in business life, and they, too, suffer from the congestion, the artificialities and inhibitions of the East. I could get you transferred to our San Francisco office—if you would consider it."

So that was how he thought of me—now that he knew my position! Work under him in an office?—why, I would rather die—any day. But so careful was I to disguise my emotion that my words came out as cold and hard as drops of hail.

"I shall not consider it," I said, in that freezing tone.

I opened my lips to declare, "You needn't tell me of the wonders of San Francisco—haven't I cried for a sight of it many a night?" But I just wouldn't give him the satisfaction.

"I can't do private work in the office," was my chosen reply, "and, besides—" I delivered this stroke with delicate venom—"my 'good' is scarcely the affair of a stranger, is it?"

"You're going out to dinner with me tonight." He delivered this information as a calm statement of fact—an ultimatum. "I'll be here three more nights and you're going to dine with me on all three."

"Oh, indeed!" This inadequate exclamation, couched in a tone of withering sarcasm, was the best I could manage to cover up the great leap of my heart when he so masterfully demanded my company. "I've been keeping track of you," he admitted, adding bluntly, "and I've concluded you need looking after."

"Oh!" I conveyed in that overworked monosyllable a heavy burden of indignant resistance. But just as though the question had been settled in his favor, he plunged at once into the real report, and I had all I could do to keep up with his dictation.

I typed my notes and handed them in, but saw no more of the Western manager until within five minutes of the closing hour, when he stopped at my desk and briefly informed me, "I'll wait for you down at the entrance, Miss Ross."

I lingered overlong in the rites of preparation for the street—a *souffçon* of rouge,

a dash of powder, a reshaping of reddened lips. But in spite of this sophisticated painting of the lily, it was a very wistful, love-hungry girl who came out of the tall office building and met the man she longed to conquer, that her own heart might rest in peace. I saw it clearly now—the path of my desire. If a single boon could be granted me—this one man's full and lasting love—I would willingly walk softly all my days in the paths of righteousness. Out of my wild and sordid adventure I had plucked the flower of happiness, and only asked to be allowed to wear it, forever unfading, upon my breast.

But it was a very disappointed, heart-sick girl who smothered her sobs in her pillow some hours later, for fear her neighbor would hear through the thin walls. For dinner and the theater afterwards had merely provided the scene for more arguments on the desirability of transferring my stenographic services from the New York office of Crayle, Frost & Co. to the San Francisco office presided over by William McNair.

That such a move might in time awaken the desire for a closer relationship in the party of the second part had no weight with me. I was young enough and extravagant enough to demand immediate, unreckoning subjugation. Nor did I place any faith in the type of fiction that unites the working girl and her wealthy employer in bonds of wedlock in the last chapter.

The second night, as we sat on a bench on Riverside Drive, Bill McNair asked in his blunt fashion, "Do you want that young lunker you were dancing with? Is that why you won't listen to me?"

"Why—I—" I hesitated, seeing in this personal inquiry certain possibilities that required careful handling. Should I set his mind at rest on this point, or not? I longed for the guileful wisdom of Circe—Cleopatra—duBarry.

"He might get straightened out physically in California, or Arizona," interjected Bill McNair. "I could arrange that—if he has any guts. But he doesn't strike me as being anywhere near good enough for you—and it's a blamed serious business—tying up to a man for life. I hope that's not what you want of him—is it?"

"No," I admitted, abandoning all thought of alignment with historic sirens. Evidently he was not jealous—merely fraternally interested. If I had to listen to any more of this big-brother stuff I would scream. I changed the subject abruptly by throwing a conversational bomb of my own.

"I came from San Francisco myself," I told him, "so you wasted your time describing the place to me."

"Oh, surely, then, you must want to go back!"

"Oh, no," I said with somber finality. "I'll never go back there and into an office."

"But you're in an office here." He was bewildered.

"I may not be—always. 'You forget I am studying art.'"

"May I come to where you live tomorrow night and see some of the things you've done?" he begged. And I, who had thrilled at his masterfulness, experienced a similar emotion at the humbleness of his plea.

The next night—his last night—I took Bill McNair up to my tiny skylight room. I sat on the edge of my brightly blanketed bed, while he sat under the light in the only chair and looked at the choicest of my verses and the cream of my charcoal and color sketches.

"I don't know much about such things—but I think you've got it in you," he gave his verdict slowly. "What do you most want to do—Crystal?"



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"Give my whole life to art, of course," I answered promptly. And knew that I lied.

"I want to help you." He spoke as though thinking aloud. "Perhaps your chance is here—but I don't believe it. California is the real mecca of artists—and certainly I don't want you to be here alone."

"Crystal—" he came over to me and gently held my face upturned between his hands—"won't you come back and let me help you? Your fare would be arranged for, through the office."

There it was—the same old story! He was looking upon me merely as a poor young stray he would like to help without changing the current of his own life. My little moment of power had passed.

Something inside me seemed to be slowly bleeding to death. The touch of his hands had done it. I loved the feel of him so! Ah—that was what I had wanted—all along! That was the desire I had fought against. Oh—was I just a low creature? Were all my high dreams to crumble like this?

THE bleeding thing inside welled up in my eyes and became tears—tears that in spite of all I could do, spilled over my cheeks and splashed upon the hands that held them.

"Why, Crystal—darling—don't!" Bill McNair held me close now—as close as I wanted him to. And I clung against his coat and cried—and only cried the harder when the dying thing came gloriously alive at his unmeasured words of comfort.

"My dear—my dear—I love you so! I'd do anything in the world to make you happy."

And then, somehow, he was seated and I was on his lap, and he held my hands and talked to me and tried to convince me that he was too old for me.

"I've been tempted almost beyond endurance to take advantage of you—if I could—by making you my wife," he told me, and I realized suddenly that his composure masked an agitation as great as mine. "I'm a member of the firm and we're going mighty strong. There isn't much I couldn't do for you. But it's up to me to stand by, little girl, and see that you're as well cared for by a younger man."

At that I laughed. I tried to lie about my age, but he pinned me down and counted up the sixteen years between my twenty-two and his thirty-eight. So I found arguments of my own.

"Why, don't you see that it's you I need? It's love that makes me so terribly happy. You're thinking of me—not yourself. Oh, it's all so simple—and if you won't marry me—"

A sudden knock at the door fell startlingly upon our ears. I jumped up as though Bill McNair's knees were a hot griddle, and my terrified eyes sought his.

"I don't think it's allowed," I whispered—"and perhaps she heard—"

"I'll fix her." He strode to the door and opened it fearlessly.

"I thought as much," began the irate Mrs. Migley, her little black eyes trying to see everything at once. "I'd have you know this is a decent, respectable—"

"I believe Miss Ross and I have a right to discuss the plans for our wedding in any place we choose, interrupted my Billy, coolly. "Miss Ross will be giving up her room, as we leave for the Pacific Coast after our marriage tomorrow."

"Well, I'm sure I didn't know—"

"Of course you didn't. It's all right." Bill's winning smile completely dissolved the worthy woman's doubts. He softly closed the door on her departing back.



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# I Learned About Men From Him

[Continued from page 47]

my desk right beside Miss Bascome, with her hawk's eyes and magpie's tongue, so I slipped into the cloak-room, and stood with my back against the door, while the earth whirled round and round, and I pressed my icy hands against my burning cheeks. "You never looked more awkward—worse—in your whole life. You acted like a big awkward ninny, Win Martin!" And, though I was perfectly furious at myself, I had sat down and cried into my notes.

Well, it wouldn't do me any good to get into a fever over a perfectly strange man who probably had a dozen girls sobbing with joy when he remembered their phone numbers! Girls with limousines, and becoming furs, and leisure to be accomplished and fascinating. So, when I entered the office, hung up my hat, fluffed my hair and sat down at my typewriter, it was with my mind fully made up to a starved and lonely life of single wretchedness!

The day began just like any other, but in spite of myself, I could not conquer a nervous alertness, a waiting, as if my very soul were on tiptoe for something delightful and thrilling to happen. But toward eleven, when the private door marked "A. R. Boyd, President," swung open, as it had already done some half-dozen times, for the first time I did not glance upward. I was almost painfully engrossed in my work when Mr. Boyd, Junior, approached my desk and muttered something about the misplacement of, "qne of Dad's books."

I forgot duty. I forgot to be self-conscious and prim. I forgot and looked at Ray, even though I knew down inside of me that every look was chaining me tighter to his chariot wheels.

An hour later, when the buzzer on my desk began to hum angrily, I sprang up in dismay. "Oh, I forgot to take in these papers! This is dreadful! He—he'll be very angry," I whispered, and snatching up my partly finished work, I fairly flew into the inner office, with young Mr. Boyd at my heels.

"Now, Dad, don't scold Miss Martin," he pleaded. "It was every bit my fault. I've been bothering her all morning. American girls just look so good to me that I'm a spoiled monopolist, every chance I get!"

Well, A.R. untangled his black eyebrows and cleared his throat and finally smiled. "Nothing too good for you, my boy! We want to keep you here, now you're back!"

And he doted, and beamed, and actually winked at me. And before this I had thought him in genial mood if he remarked about the weather!

DURING the following weeks Ray took full advantage of his father's lenience, for never a day passed that he didn't drop in for a chat. He told me that an old trouble with his lungs, brought on by being badly "gassed" during the war, was bothering him again, and he had dropped business for a while to recuperate. In the mornings he seemed busy, though he never mentioned to me, just what he did then.

In the second week of our friendship, he began waiting for me downstairs in the lobby, and riding out home with me. Sometimes we got off and walked at the end of the line, and I had never before realized how wonderful the quiet scenery of our little suburb could appear just at sunset. And then the question I dreaded, that I had known was hovering upon his lips, came out abruptly, "May I call on you at home, Winifred?"

Oh, what could I say! It seemed to me that I would die of unhariness. My heart swelled with jealous loyalty to my beloved family. But what would this gently-bred man, to whom the refinements and luxuries of life were second nature, think of my home circle? How could I take him into the living-room, where dad invariably sat in his "sock-feet" and smoked his strong old pipe; where Jim and Avis wrangled, and mother, bless her dear, tired heart, always fell asleep and snored gently over the disreputable old darning-basket! If I asked them to change their ways, they would be unbearably hurt. They would think me "ashamed" of them! Avis and Jim would probably act worse than usual! Oh, I couldn't. I couldn't! I couldn't subject them to the criticism of an outsider who wouldn't understand and love them as I did.

So I told Ray stiffly, that I'd be very pleased to have him call sometime, and he left me with a hurt, puzzled look, that struck right at my heart. Perhaps I had lost him—it seemed inevitable that I must lose him, sooner or later. I knew my wooden inhospitality had wounded him deeply.

Ray said nothing more about calling. He remained away for a week, and Miss Bascome kept commenting on this circumstance, and telling me how pale and frazzled out I was looking. Then, Saturday night, when I had given up all hopes and had gone to bed and pulled the covers over my face so Avis wouldn't know I was crying, the phone rang, and I leaped out to the cold hall to answer it. It was Ray, asking me to go with him on an all day picnic and hike the next day.

He offered to call for me, but as usual, my courage failed me and I wouldn't let him come to the house. I told him I'd meet him at the interurban station at ten. I could hardly sleep that night. A whole day with Ray. A whole, sweet, long, quiet day, with just ourselves! It seemed too wonderful to be true! I got up at six and dressed. I fried a chicken, baked little cakes and frosted them, and made potato salad, and poured steaming coffee in the thermos bottle. I packed it as daintily as I could and set out at nine-thirty, with my happiness, I'm afraid, fairly written all over my face.

Ray was there, waiting, and in some way it was so intimate and unconventional, it made us excited, as if we really were leaving the world behind and—going away together—so that I went right straight up to him, and he held me, and we kissed for a long time without realizing where we were or anything but just that we were together and loved each other.

"I didn't mean to, dear," Ray whispered and squeezed my hand hard, then let it go quickly, as our car slowed down for us. We didn't talk. We didn't need words. Ray put his arm across the back of the seat, so that he could occasionally pat my shoulder, while just pretending to point out an interesting hay-stack or cloud-bank. And I was still trembling from his kisses, and couldn't worry about such practical things as where we were drifting, and so forth.

The hike was fun, and as I watched Ray, I knew he had been an athlete in college. It made me jealous and miserable to realize how little I really knew about him, and how easily I had given my love. But that wonderful closeness between us was gone. We finally found a grassy, shaded knoll and sat down as staid and matter-of-fact, as even Miss Bascome, would have wished!

The lunch was delicious. We ate every crumb. Ray praised, and praised me, especially after he found out that I had been up early to prepare it myself. "What of it?" I thought bitterly. "You have

always had servants to do everything on earth for you. I've seen that great stone house and wonderful grounds where you were born and raised! What can you know about the life of poor folks like the Martins, who've had to live on daily wages, and patch and scheme and scrub in order to live in decency?" Someway, I couldn't believe in his sincerity. And yet, when I tried to read into his dear face anything but the most honorable thoughts toward myself, I couldn't do it. Ray was good and honest and true. Yet, why hadn't he ever taken me to public places, to parties, and surely he must have a car of his own? Why, then, did he take me on a picnic like this, when we might have motored to some delightful country inn? I hated myself for such thoughts. I knew they were foolish and unworthy, born of a girl's silly pride. Yet they would persistently obtrude themselves.

"YOU were an athlete in college days?" I asked, hoping to draw him out, and yet dreading to hear, for it could only emphasize the great distance between our stations in life.

"Yes. All that was the breath of life to me, before—" over his face crept a bitter look. It was the first reference he had ever made to his wartime injury. My heart ached in a sympathy that I dared not voice, his look was so stern and bitter. As we rested against a sun-warmed rock, I reached over the jutting ledge for a bunch of sumac, and all but lost my balance and tumbled into the canyon below. Ray's awkward attempts to catch me hindered rather than helped. "Can't expect much from a wreck," he apologized, as we crawled to safety.

"Oh, no, Ray, don't say that!" It seemed too dreadful that he should suffer over what was really a mark of his unselfish bravery.

Once more we were lost in each other's arms—forgetting everything for the moment only, to drift back to the commonplace.

Suddenly he took my hands in his. "Winifred, you can't know what your friendship has meant to me. I was starved for the companionship of a real American girl. One of my own kind. But I won't see so much of you, from now on, for I'm going to be busy. Going to work in real earnest."

"That is fine, splendid, Ray!" I cried. How brave it was of him to go on with life in the same game spirit, in spite of his physical handicap. I longed to tell him so, but it seemed perhaps indelicate to touch upon such an evidently sensitive subject as this, to him.

As he went on talking, my heart began to burst with its increasing ache, for it slowly came home to me that he was trying to say good-bye. Trying to tell me, gently, that we'd always be friends—but—that was all—

We parted at the interurban station. I longed to say, "Come home with me, Ray, dear! Come home and meet the dearest family in the world!" But the words wouldn't come. Someway Ray, and not I, had been the one to put up the bars forever, between us. When I turned away and left him standing there, my heart seemed to break. I couldn't turn and wave to him, though I knew he stood there, watching me with that strange, hungry, bitter look in his eyes.

Jimmy announced one evening at supper, that he was joining a gymnasium class at the new Settlement House that had been opened in our district.

"Gosh! It's the chance of a lifetime!" he told us. "I'm goin' to concentrate on wrestlin' and boxin'. They've got a crackerjack to teach us. A fellow who

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was gassed and wounded but there ain't much about boxin' he don't know!"

"Oh, yes. This young man gave a talk at the Mother's Club, Wednesday. He is such a nice young man, Winnie. I just wish you could meet him," said mother.

"His father is a wealthy man, I hear, and they were instrumental in getting the new Hoover Street playground."

"Why, I guess that must be the same young feller I know," put in dad, just waking up. "We kinda bossed the job of buildin' this here gymnasium, me and him together, and I'll say he's got more sense than the average young whippersnapper. Him and me knowed six by ten was right for them timbers and stuck to it!"

It wasn't long till Jimmy came home late to supper one evening and breathlessly announced that we were all invited to attend an exhibition at the gym and to see a little "sparrin'-match" of which he was to be one of the stars. So, after supper, the whole family jumped into their best duds and set out to see Jimmy put the family name upon the roll of honor. At least, that is how seriously he seemed to take it! It was a nice program, and it brought a lump to your throat to see how much pleasure it gave those little kids to excel in sports.

Then, toward the close of the program it was announced that the physical trainer, who, by the way, was donating his services, would give a short talk.

I was weak with surprise when Ray stepped on to the tiny stage.

Dad dug his elbow into my side and said, "That's him. More sense'n most. He backed me up about them timbers!"

Well, I didn't hear anything hardly that Ray said. I was too utterly surprised and taken back and flabbergasted. I might have guessed, when Jimmy kept talking about him! It was like Ray to be doing work like this.

How disappointed he must have been in me! That explained his hurt look, and his seeming coldness toward me. I had failed to be the big, fine woman who would be

a fit partner for such a man. I sat there biting my lips to keep back the tears. I thought it would never be over so I could get away. And then mother and dad and Jimmy insisted on shaking hands with their hero, and I could see Ray edging his way toward us through the crowd.

I felt like sinking through the floor when he came up and shook hands all round and began chatting in his easy, friendly way with dad and mother, consulting them about ventilation and programs. I was proud of them. And oh, so deeply, humbly, *ashamed of myself*. I wanted to do something big for them, to make up to them in some way for the silly thoughts I had harbored. I was going to cry and knew it, so I tried to slip out all by myself, but Ray followed, with Jimmy hanging to his arm.

"Don't slip away. I haven't seen you for so long!" Ray swung into step and took my hand.

"Oh, Ray! I—" Suddenly I stopped and put my face against his coat. He waved to Jimmy to vamoose and the child did, looking as if he thought the world might be coming to an end. I knew he would run back to report my actions but I did not care.

"Oh, Ray, forgive me! I thought you might not understand them. And I couldn't bear to have them criticised. That's why I never asked you to the house. It was because they are so dear, and good, and I couldn't bear to have them criticised—" I sobbed.

"Was that it?" Ray turned my face up to his.

"Do you know what I thought, dear?" he said slowly.

I shook my head, my throat too full to do anything else.

"I thought—you didn't care—on account of—this—" he touched his hollow chest. "I thought it made me perhaps, obnoxious, to you."

"Oh, Ray! How could you? It makes you real," I whispered.

## The Cross-Tie

[Continued from page 20]

and once I saw her mending a tiny rip in the silver dress with silk raveled from an old stocking of hers. She paid less and less attention to me.

Still tearless, I had put my grief away out of sight, together with a great hatred for Barthel; wild things don't mourn long, but they do remember and revenge. My hate was like a sacred trust for my father, and it didn't keep me from seeing the beauty of the woods I loved, and took refuge in them from Barthel, from the lumberjacks, from every one but Ken. We began to range the country again together, and one day we found the Cave.

Unscalable? Not to me. I found a lynx's track that went up, and a wolf's; and where they went, I could go. We picked our way from ledge to narrow ledge, working along and up a foot at a time; and at last, after an hour's climbing, we sat down to rest in the cool entrance of the Cave. We had no candles, but Ken's flashlight was in the pocket of his coat. We hardly waited to get our breath before going in.

The place was low and dark; Ken's flash showed us a little room half-filled with sand, a smooth-walled tunnel leading out of it. We passed through six rooms in all, linked by short passages, all floored with a fine, gray, curiously glinting sand. It was an old watercourse. In the sixth room, we caught the sound of rushing water.

Ahead of us was a vast, shadowy cavern, vaulted and columned, with long, gray-white spears rising from the floor, and gray fingers reaching down out of the darkness overhead to meet them. Everywhere was the low, musical "tink-a-tonk-a" of dripping water, echoing till it made a rippling melody; and the straight shaft of light from Ken's flash showed us wide streaks and markings in the walls, that sent back dull gleams of blue and glinting gray. But we stopped; for across the tunnel-floor, just before us, was a great cleft in the rock, fifteen feet wide and blackly deep, out of which came the muffled roar and crash of a prisoned torrent.

We stood a moment in sheer wonder. Then Ken stepped softly to the nearest wall, chipped out a piece, and came back with it in his hand. His eyes were wide and glowing.

"The Seven Chambers," he whispered, thinking aloud. "It can't be. . . But there wouldn't be two of them—" Suddenly he turned to me, holding out the wet, gray-glinting stone. "Ever hear of the Lost Lode of Lake Superior? I'm not sure yet, but I think you've found it. Little partner, you're rich—you're a millionaire!"

"Then so are you," I retorted promptly, then I laughed. The same silver had been "discovered" so many times that it was funny.

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"Ken, don't you know that this mine is the joke of the country?"

He laughed boyishly.

"Maybe. Anyway, tomorrow we'll come back and swing a plank across that ravine; I'll bring a team and tackle from the camp. I want to explore the place a bit and get some specimens."

So we went home. At the foot of the cliff Ken thought he saw somebody duck behind a rock, and went and looked. There wasn't any one there. But I had an uneasy sort of feeling that a moment ago there had been.

For me, Ken's "tomorrow" never came.

When I got home, mother was packing, and she tossed my other dress and shoes to me and said to put them on, that we were going to the city that night. Her old stage-manager, Mart Carroway, had written her to come. She imagined that he had a position for her in one of his theaters. Now I knew why she had sung and laughed, and fixed the silver dress. She was happy, happier than I had ever seen her. She was going home to her world that she never truly left when she came with father to his forests: the city. You could see it was life to her.

But to me it was calamity.

KEN would wait and wait and wait for me, and go away sorry and lonely. He wouldn't know why I wasn't there. Maybe he would think I forgot!

At that I slipped out to the back door with some wild idea of escaping, hiding till mother was gone, then going to Ken. He would understand and save me. But mother had been too wise. The back door was locked with a new padlock.

We started for the city that night.

For a while mother and I stayed together, but when she married Mart Carroway, I left her and leased a little apartment of my own. Soon after that came my employment by Lachlan McMann.

He was a shrewd kindly man, with graying hair and keen, deep eyes, who had built a great business on his knowledge of men and lumber; and I liked him from the start. My position was one of trust, and before long I came to stand very close to him, and he to me. He said once, on the eve of a big deal, that it was in my power to make or break him, and I knew, as women do, that his meaning went deeper than just business. But there was no offense in his words, for Lachlan McMann was the soul of honor. He became the only real friend I had in the city.

I determined to make myself as much like a city girl as I could, and even shortened my easy stride to the jerky step the others used, till Ken himself would have said I was city-born. Work helped me forget; slowly my desperate homesickness softened to a deep, steady ache that I could hide with smiles, and I began to think the worst was past. But then something happened that woke it all up again.

Returning from lunch, I found Barthel sitting in my office waiting for me.

He was much changed. Clothes of quality and a clean shave had turned the lumber camp bully, in looks at least, into a gentleman of the business world. But the black bold eyes were the same; I knew by the look he gave me that his new beauty went no deeper than the skin.

"Ah, chérie," he greeted me, rising, "I've waited a long time for you. I have news."

"Oh?" said I, hanging up my hat. McMann was not in his office.

"Yes. It may not interest you, after all. Do you remember, perhaps," he paused maddeningly, "one skunk of the

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backwoods called Kennard Rolfe?"

I turned slowly to face him. No use letting him know how that name set my heart racing. I controlled my voice.

"What of him?" said I, after a minute.

"He is working a great lumber company. That's easy since the railroad came to Trail's-End. He has returned to the city and become a millionaire. And—"

"And what?" I spurred him on when he stopped.

"He is married."

"Married!" It was almost a cry. No one could know how deep that thrust went. But Barthel guessed, for he smiled contentedly.

"Yes. A girl of the city, like himself. One more worthy of him and his new wealth than—" He checked, gave me a look of sympathy strange from him. "I won't say it, *chérie*. It was he who wasn't worthy of you. He could not wait. But I—I have already waited so long—"

"Stop right there, Barthel," I commanded, finding voice and strength in the red anger that swept me. "And get out of here! I don't believe you."

He moved toward the door. No, I did not believe Barthel.

But—what if it were true?

Fight as I would against it, for a week that doubt persisted. It tortured me till I dreaded to go to sleep at night. I grew tired and jumpy, and my work began to suffer. But I couldn't get away from it.

Had Ken done those things? Was he here in the same city with me, making no effort to find me—perhaps not even remembering? He couldn't forget—I knew he couldn't—but what if he had?

If Barthel's purpose was to shatter my new-found peace, he had accomplished it.

Just there, the cross-tie comes in again.

There was a strange thing about McMann's office. It was furnished as befitted the office of a great business executive, as much for beauty and dignity as for efficiency; but between two windows opposite the entrance there was a space of bare wall that made the whole room look unfinished. McMann had long been looking for something to his taste to fill it with. And, going in one morning to take him his mail, I saw, where that space had been, a great picture—a forest picture, with mighty trees and a tall, slender waterfall that might have been ours in the canyon, and by the shore a campfire like a low red star, with two figures beside it. One of them had a white coat. I might have been looking through a window at the country I had left.

I guess I forgot, then, where I was, and my new character of city girl. I know I crossed McMann's office with my old gliding stride, and stopped before that magnificent thing, breathing deep, as I used to when the pines smelled sweet after a storm. Until he spoke, I didn't know McMann was standing at the far side of the room when I entered.

"You step like a girl of the woods," he said casually. "Ever seen the big timber?"

In twenty minutes I had told Lachlan McMann everything: Barthel, my friendship with Ken, father's death, my coming to the city. He listened to me with rare understanding, and when I had finished, he took a letter from his desk and showed it to me.

"This is from a man I think you know."

All I remember of that letter is the engraving on it: "North Star Lumber Co., K. Rolfe, President," and below, the slogan: "Honor Bound to Serve." And the trademark was—two logs lashed together with a silver cross-tie!

So it was all true, what Barthel said. . .

I didn't want to believe it—don't think that of me. But if Ken had taken the mine and the timber, how could I help but believe? In the woods, our word is our bond. A man who will lie or steal will do anything.

I WOULD have liked to put my head down on McMann's desk, then, and cry. But pride held me back. Wild things like solitude for their grievings. So I just sat and stared at the letter, feeling the blood drain from my face, waiting till I could trust myself to speak. And presently I realized McMann was talking to me.

"—the finest, squarest man in the game, Rolfe is. He'll go straight to the top, and when he gets there, the big fellows up there will stand up and cheer him. I'm glad he's struck it lucky at last. He wrote me awhile ago he was just waiting for that to—"

"Get married?" My voice only quivered a little, but McMann noticed and gave me one of his quick, keen glances.

"Yes," he said; and then, quite abruptly, he changed the subject.

"Miss Harriman, you've been looking pretty tired and nervous lately. I've noticed it for quite a while. I believe you're homesick. How'd you like to take a week or so and go back to Trail's-End for a rest?"

Two days later I walked again along the old short-cut to the canyon. I had left my traveling bag in Trail's-End, now a regular town with a railroad, a hotel and a movie-theatre; and I had a light pack on my shoulders. The pine-sweet air tasted so good to me—as water must to a man who has been lost on the desert—that I intended to sleep out under the stars, with nothing but sighing pine-branches between me and the sky. Surely I would sleep well there!

I said Trail's-End had changed. At our river I found another change. Where the log-bridge had been, there was a new one of steel, a massive, beautiful thing that would last while the rocks lasted. I crossed it slowly, and on the other side on a steel plate I found the inscription: "K.R., 1924."

Ken's work. What more had he done?

I looked up at the skyline, half afraid to see it bare of pine; but there they stood, just as always, and safe in the knowledge that I wouldn't meet Ken—he was in the city—I hurried over to our old cabin on the hillside. But one look told me it was no longer our cabin. It was tighter, snugger, with white curtains at the windows, a bowl of wild roses on a table. Who could be living here? Suddenly I knew. Ken was married. This must be his home.

I went hastily away from the cabin then, and wandered off among the pines toward the Cave. It was still early morning, and I wanted to see Ken's "mine."

Afterwards—

After all, what difference did it make?

So I came to the Cave.

A path had been cut up to it; otherwise, it looked just as we found it that first day. It seemed deserted. I dropped my pack behind a boulder and started up.

Halfway there, I looked up again, and there was some one standing on the rocks by the Cave—some one with a white mackinaw.

Ken here? Barthel said he was in the city!

I couldn't trust myself to meet him—now now—not there. I would go back.

Turning, I paused for a last look at that dear figure, so far out of my reach,—and saw some one else on the



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cliff twenty feet above Ken. It was  
Barthel; no mistaking those massive  
shoulders of his. He was coming down  
cautiously. He reached the ledge. I  
saw him start a slow advance on Ken  
from behind. And for the first time in  
my life, cold fear gripped me.

Ken—in danger!

Never stopping to think I'd only be  
saving him for somebody else, I flung  
myself headlong up that cruelly steep  
trail, climbing as never before, slipping  
perilously, but keeping on till I could  
look over the edge of the rocks on the  
Cave ledge. I looked once, then, choking  
for breath, dropped flat so Barthel  
wouldn't see me.

I was too late,—Ken lay motionless in  
the middle of the ledge, quiet face to the  
sky. Over him stooped Barthel, smiling  
contentedly. I bit back a scream as he  
raised the stone he still held as if to  
strike again; but he only tossed it aside.

"Not yet, *mon petit*," he said whimsi-  
cally. "There're some little things—my  
job you took, my girl—if she loves you,  
I'll teach her better—this mine you stole  
—that I want to talk over with you be-  
fore you go."

Still chuckling to himself, Barthel  
stripped off Ken's white coat, dragged  
him to a stunted birch stub, and pulling  
him on to his knees, bound his hands to-  
gether behind the tree. As Barthel  
walked away, I saw he had used the  
cross-tie.

Barthel picked up Ken's mackinaw, and  
sauntered to the cliff edge with it, strok-  
ing the priceless fur with his big fingers.  
With a half-formed plan in mind, I drew  
myself quietly on to the ledge. If only  
Barthel wouldn't look! But a stone rolled  
under me. Barthel started, turned. At  
the same instant I saw a quiver of tensing  
muscles ripple over Ken's lax body, and  
his eyes flickered open.

**KEN** let his head hang as before, and  
closed his eyes. But his body was a  
bit straighter against the tree, and I knew  
he was working with the knot that held  
him.

Somehow I must hold Barthel's atten-  
tion till Ken could free himself. I stood  
up, and the logger saw me.

"So you came, *cherie*," I knew you  
would." He dropped Ken's coat and  
swaggered toward me. Again hot anger  
gave me strength. I ducked under his  
arm and ran the length of the ledge.

"Catch me," I called over my shoulder.

With Ken bound to the tree, I was in  
Barthel's power. I could only pray that  
Ken could free himself in time.

Barthel leaped to accept my challenge.  
For twenty minutes I laughed, and flirted  
with him, and kept out of his reach; and  
not once did he glance at Ken.

I began to tire, at last. The city had  
softened me—I hadn't my old endurance.  
Twice Barthel nearly caught me. Ken  
apparently had not moved.

"No one can get out of the cross-tie—"

Why did I have to remember those  
words just then?

I stumbled. Barthel reached for me,  
and I tried to slip by on the open side  
of the ledge. It was a mistake. He  
dodged back instantly, and I knew he  
had cornered me. He was between me  
and Ken. Behind me was the straight  
drop down the face of the cliff. Barthel  
backed me slowly toward it. Only one  
step left—

Then, gathering every bit of courage I  
had left to fight down that new, strange  
feeling of fear that held me, I played  
the last card I had. I lifted my head and  
met Barthel's hot, eager gaze squarely,

## WRINKLES GONE IN 3 DAYS

*They vanished  
so quickly I  
was astonished  
at the wonder-  
ful results ~*

By Miss Karsten

For years I tried everything to remove wrinkles which  
marred my beauty, hindered my pleasure in social life and  
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let him see in wide eyes and ready lips the love I had for Ken—but Barthel thought, as I meant him to, that it was for him. He backed a step, in sheer wonder, and when I slipped my hands up to his shoulders, he drew a great gasping breath, and reached out to take me in his arms.

IF IT had come to the final test, I don't know even now if I could have let him take me. But my bluff wasn't called. For just then something snapped, and Ken staggered up, and then threw himself across the ledge and upon Barthel in just one motion. Barthel whirled to face him.

For a moment I teetered dizzily on the edge of space, then caught myself and ran to safety in the cave entrance. My part was done. It was Ken's turn now.

And he was lightning itself. Never have I seen anything alive, move so swiftly. Heavier and more powerful though he was, Barthel had no chance against him. In less time than I can say it, Ken had backed him over the cliff, and he clutched and fell, just as I had almost done. There was a rattle of sliding rocks, a thudding crash, and silence!

Swaying a bit, Ken turned, held out his arms. But I shook my head. I was remembering. We had each saved the other, but—he was not mine; could not now ever be mine.

"No, Ken. You're—married—now," I said miserably, answering his surprised question.

"What!" The astonishment in his tone set me hoping again, useless though I knew it was. "Who told you that—Barthel?"

"Y—yes," I had to say. Ken took me by the shoulders, made me look at him.

"Little partner, why did you believe him?"

"I had to, Ken," I almost whispered. "The mine—the timber—"

Ken laughed at that, his deep, vibrant laugh, and the next instant his arms instead of Barthel's were round me, pulling me close.

"Why, little partner," his words fairly tripped each other, "I kept your half for you—the money's in the bank now in your name. I'm cutting timber on my own tract north of here. I didn't know where you were, but I knew"—I thrilled to the break in his voice—"I knew you'd come back some day, so I got your—our cabin ready. Two days ago I heard you'd left the city, and followed."

The truth of it was in his eyes, starry and dark as deep pools. I leaned against him and cried, hot swift tears of pure relief, and Ken stroked my hair, and said sweet, comforting things that wouldn't mean much to you if I told them. Truly the city had softened me!

Then we suddenly realized that Barthel was somewhere in the depths below us. We looked over the ledge, and we could see his form wedged in between two jagged rocks. By the time we reached him, he was writhing in agony. His legs were doubled under him, and a dark red stain formed a blot on his shirt. His eyes fluttered.

"Your father—I kill—I—sorry—" he whispered hoarsely. Then his head fell back and he lay still.

Barthel had paid the extreme penalty at last for his ghastly deed. My father was revenged.

The great Lost Lode turned out to be a fault, and we only mined enough silver to furnish the dinner service for our cabin. But Ken and I are supremely happy.



KAUFMANN & FABRY CO.  
Commercial Photographers  
425 South Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO

Maison de Beaute, Chicago, Illinois  
I, Edward J. Cook, hereby certify that these are actual photographs taken by me while Miss Evelyn Anderson's hair was marcelled with Marvelous Marcelers. The one at the left shows Miss Anderson's hair as she entered my studio. That at the right shows the Marvelous Marcelers in place. The center photograph shows Miss Anderson's hair as it appeared 30 minutes later.

Signed Edward J. Cook

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 24th day of March, 1926.

Emma W. Stolzenbach

Notary Public

A Chicago representative of this paper witnessed a similar demonstration of marcelling.

# Marvelous New Method makes any hair naturally curly in 30 minutes

*No more "appointments" . . . No more tiresome treatments . . .  
No more "wave" expense . . . No hot irons to dry out your hair*

Now you may have as lovely a marcel as the finest beauty parlor possibly can give—in your own home—when you want it, and at a trifling cost.

**W**HERE is the woman, in this busy day, who can afford from her little leisure all the time it takes to make appointments, arrange her convenience to suit someone else's schedule, go through the usual experience of waiting many minutes, and then submit to a long drawn-out process?

Women do that, to have their hair marcelled, so insistent is the real need for loveliness.

But that exasperating method is no longer necessary. It is rapidly becoming obsolete—wherever this amazing new invention called the Marvelous Marcelers makes its way. Just 30 minutes with the Marvelous Marcelers, once a week—in your own home—and your hair is always at its wavy loveliest and best.

**A \$1.50 marcel any time  
for a few cents**

Moreover, how many women really can spare the money, \$1.00, \$1.50 or more, for waving done the ordinary way? Isn't it a fact that even on a liberal allowance, these ironroads are too heavy, with the usual result that you forego many a marcel that you know you ought to have?

Here again, the Marvelous Marcelers are literally one of the greatest boons ever conferred on womankind.

The woman who owns a set of Marvelous Marcelers may keep her hair at all times in the full glory of its beauty, at a cost of a few cents for each complete marcel.

**And the menace of hot irons  
eliminated forever**

Finally, this invention is the most protective of hair quality, texture and lustre ever introduced

Before putting this Marcelling Outfit on the market, we asked fifty women to try it out and give us their opinion. Without exception, they were most enthusiastic about it. Here are part of some of the letters we received.

Miss M. S., Chicago: I recently had a permanent wave put in my hair and since then have had lots of trouble making my hair look right. But with your Marvelous Marcelers I no longer have to bother with water combs and now my hair is always beautifully marcelled.

Miss K. W., Chicago: I have had my hair marcelled so much that it was beginning to get terribly dry and scraggly. Since I have quit applying heat to my hair, it is quickly regaining its old lustre and beauty. I think your marcelling outfit is wonderful.

Mrs. A. K., Memphis: I am cursed with thin, straight hair that is unusually hard to wave. I have tried many home marcelling outfits, but have always been disappointed until your Marvelous Marcelers came. Now I can easily keep my hair in a dandy marcel, just the way I want it. I can't say too much for your new invention.

into modern hair culture.

It does away with the old-fashioned curlers and so-called "wavers"—with dangerous curling irons that sear the hair and dry the scalp—with all the muss and fuss of the old-fashioned water-waving combs.

In eliminating the hot iron peril alone, the Marvelous Marcelers are worth their weight in gold to any woman who prizes the natural health and beauty of her hair.

**Your mirror will tell  
you this is true**

Nothing that we could say about the results which thousands of women today

are obtaining with the Marvelous Marcelers would tell so complete a story of their value as the photographs above. Note them well. Then read carefully the sworn affidavit of one of Chicago's most reputable photographers, as to the circumstances under which those photographs were taken. They could be duplicated anywhere—and are being duplicated everywhere the Marvelous Marcelers are in use.

Marvelous Marcelers will give you any kind of marcel you want—shingle bob, Ina Claire, Horseshoe wave or pompadour, center or side part. They will do this whether your hair is soft and fluffy, coarse and straight, long or short. Regardless of the kind of hair you have, they will give you the most beautiful marcel imaginable. We guarantee this absolutely, and you are the sole judge of your own satisfaction with them.

**Our most liberal, limited-time  
offer to you**

In order to establish this revolutionary invention in the favor of women all over America, we offer the first 10,000 sets of Marvelous Mar-

cellers at a price which hardly covers the cost of making, packing and advertising—only \$2.98, plus a few cents' postage!

This includes a new and authentic marcel fashion chart, and a complete set of Marvelous Marcelers. Nothing more to buy. Just dampen the hair with water and place the Marcelers in your hair according to directions.

Take advantage of this special offer right away, because it may be withdrawn at any time.

**Send no money—  
just mail the coupon**

Even at this special price, you need not risk a penny. Just sign and mail the coupon. In a few days, when the postman brings your outfit, just deposit \$2.98 with him (plus a few cents postage). And when you put in your first marcel, you'll say it was the best purchase you ever made in your life, for your hair waving troubles are ended. Every time you use this outfit, you'll get better and better results and you'll never have to spend your good time and money for marcel again.

After you have tried this marvelous new marcelling outfit for 15 days, if you are not delighted with results—if it doesn't give you the most beautiful marcel you ever had and improve your hair in every way—simply return the outfit to us and your money will be refunded quickly and cheerfully. But don't put it off. Be among the first to take advantage of this special introductory offer. Fill in and mail the coupon today!

**Maison de Beaute**  
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Gentlemen: Please send me your newly invented marcelling outfit, including Marcel Style Chart, and set of Marvelous Marcelers. I agree to deposit \$2.98 (plus postage) with the postman when he makes delivery. If I am not delighted with results I will return the outfit within 15 days and you are to refund the purchase price without argument or delay.

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.... Swift and  
unforgettable —

darts the irresistible glance of the sorceress! Haunting romance lurks in the shadows of her lovely eyes. It is the heavy sweep of long, dark lashes that invests her eyes with velvety depths and unforgettable lure.

There is no beauty of skin or feature equal to the witching glance of a dark-fringed eye. No other charm has the instant appeal of soulful eyes under shadowy lashes.

Your eyes will take on this expressive beauty if you darken your lashes with WINX—a light touch or two and they appear as dark and luxuriant as a screen star's!

Harmless and waterproof, WINX liquid dries instantly and cannot rub off or smear. At all drug or department stores or direct by mail. Complete with brush attached to stopper of the bottle. 75c, U. S. or Canada. Black or brown.

WINXETTE (cake form) complete with tiny one-row brush and mirror, 50c. Black or Brown.

ROSS CO., 249-G West 17th St., New York



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Another 12c brings a sample of PERT moist ROUGE.

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